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VOGUE

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a surprise holiday issue full of fashion, beauty, joy, and applause

why the new romantics swoon:
Jacqueline Bisset, Marisa Berenson

the great Vladimir Nabokov:
a short story about loving

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the movie dream plus
F. Scott Fitzgerald's own account of
the real Jazz Age

Tatum O'Neal plays Charlie Chaplin,
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your holiday tabletop

the year's greatest news-breaker:
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food that takes Christmas out of the kitchen

20 famous people who can enrich your life



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DECEMBER, 1973 (INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

VOGUE

PERRY L. RUSTON, Chairman ALEXANDER LIBERMAN, Editorial Director



AVEDON

COVER: Jacqueline Bisset, new romantic in one of the most romantic new dresses—ankle-length peach chiffon with a camisole top and thin, soft jacket, cut like a bed jacket. Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport (Stern & Stern Textiles silk), about $250. At Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Diamonds with ruby petals, Van Cleef & Arpels. Hair, Benjamin Moss. Makeup—with Charles of the Ritz Revenescence SoftGlow Pressed Makeup #3—by Way Bandy. . . . More Jacqueline, beginning on page 142.

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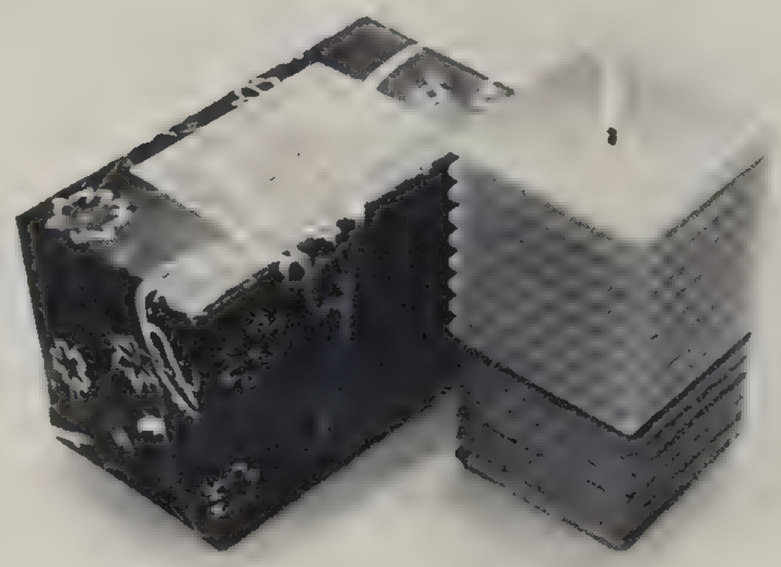
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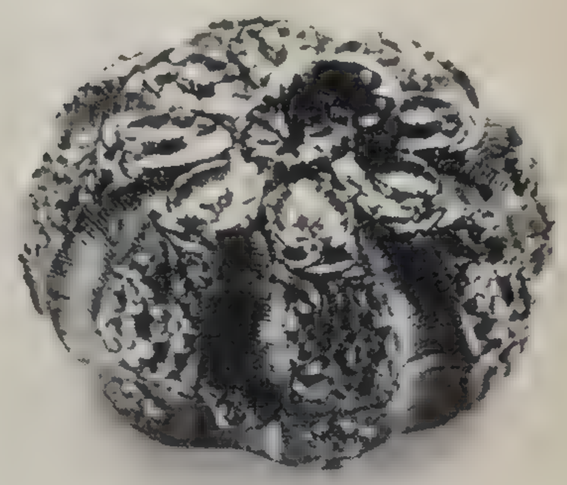
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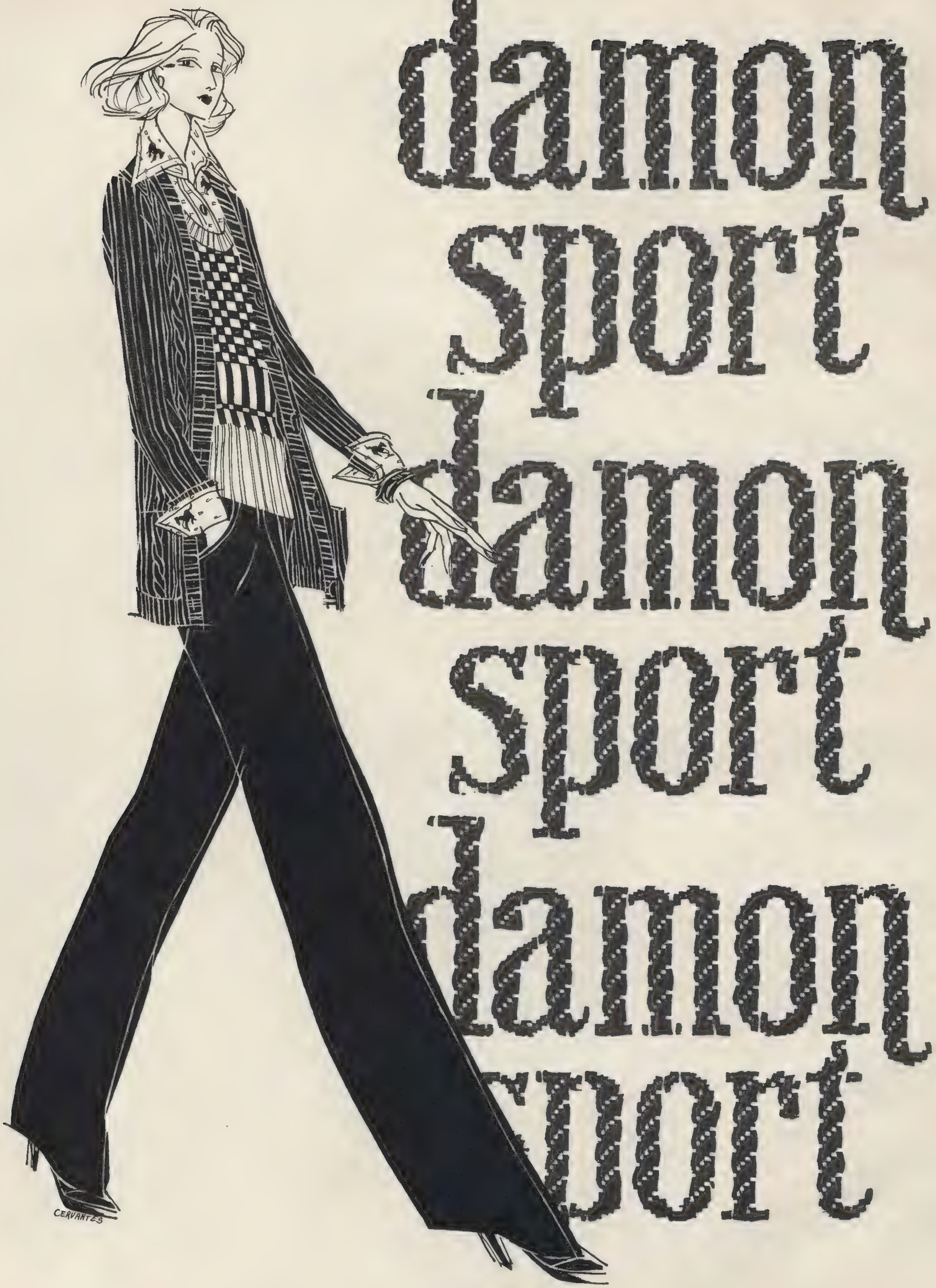


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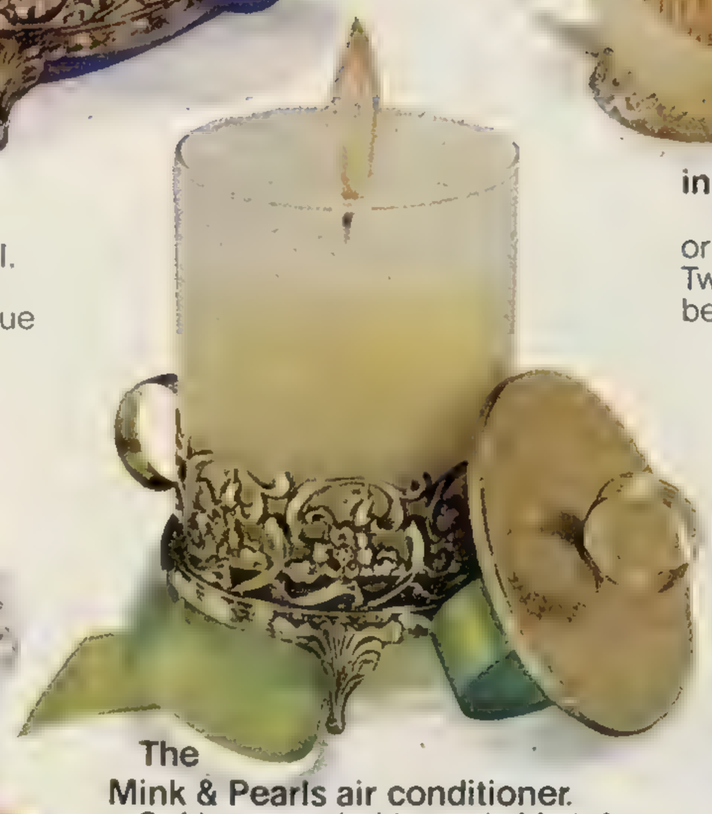
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The only thing better than giving it, is getting it. 5 oz. of Perfumed Dusting Powder and 2 oz. of Eau de Cologne for $12.50.



A nice way to take a powder.
5 oz. of velvet-textured Perfumed Dusting Powder with fluffy lamb's wool puff in a beautiful boutique case, for $7.50.



Little things mean a lot.
The Petite Duet Gift Set of luxurious necessities. 1 oz. of Essence of Mink Oil, plus thirty-five pearl-like capsules filled with golden Mink & Pearls bath oil. Just $3.50.

You ought to be in Mink & Pearls by Jōvan.

At cosmetic counters of America's finest stores. Jovan, Inc., 875 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

"My latest Leslie Fay"

After I couldn't decide what Blue Chip company I should invest in, my broker threw this party for his most prestigious clients so I could make up my mind. Of course, I wouldn't dream of wearing anything but a Leslie Fay.

This Qiana® evening gown is almost certain to help me get a return on my investment. It's gracefully shaped, with a plunging neckline and a diamond-like buckle.

It comes in red, green or black. And Qiana® is so luxurious, you'd never guess that it's practical, too. Sizes 6-16. About $44.

It's my latest Leslie Fay. And it's a gorgeous asset!

For the store nearest you, write Leslie Fay®, 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10018.

Prices slightly higher in the West.

Qiana® nylon is a Du Pont registered trademark.





Participate in the creation of a new classic. Wear Audace.

Parfums Rochas

What becomes a Legend most?



Blackglama

BLACKGLAMA® IS THE WORLD'S FINEST NATURAL DARK RANCH MINK BRED ONLY IN AMERICA BY THE GREAT LAKES MINK MEN. AVAILABLE AT MAXIMILIAN.


86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1973 Paddington Corp., N.Y.
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RARE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
ONE QUART
The Rare One
One of the rare pleasures of Christmas.
J&B
RARE
SCOTCH

Photographed near Del Webb's Kuilima Resort Hotel, Oahu, Hawaii.

Dots for the eyes.

Swiss dots. Made even more eye-catching by joining up with solids and bold plaids. All in 100% Du Pont DACRON polyester. Shirt-jacket and blazer about $32 and $35. Pants and turtleneck about $22 and $14. Sunburst skirt and shirt about $32 and $14.

Be a real eye-opener, just wear a smile and a Jantzen.

Jantzen

A source of pride

DACRON for the easy life

FIDJI,
THE BARE
ESSENTIAL.

ALL IT NEEDS
IS YOU.

Created in France fidji by Guy Laroche

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Put on the Ritz

Real Ritz.
A whole collection of
long-blooming perfume
to dive into,
dress up in. To
make you feel
like a million.



Charles of the Ritz

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in finest department and specialty stores.

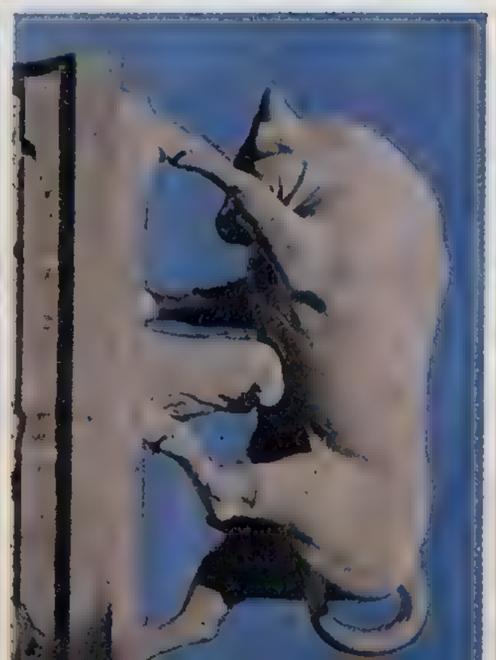
GREECE















S.F.A. people
go where it's fascinating, epic, sunny



Greece is never out of season and neither is hospitality. After all, Xenos means both foreigner and guest. When in Greece, that's you. What could be warmer? The Greek people are outgoing, open, interested in the drama of life and that includes you. Greece, the name evokes a thousand myths and realities from the Acropolis to its myriad islands. Pure magic in a mélange of history, mythology, remarkably clear sunlight and fresh air. Opa!

Blend into Greece's atmosphere easily with a modern discovery geared to travelers, Qiana® nylon. It takes to touring, looks delicate but the vitality is all there. On view, the Parthenon and Qiana*. There's a bit of Grecian goddess in this slender white toga with back-draped panel. One bared shoulder, the other clasped with sparkles. By Kasper for Joan Leslie in Qiana* nylon, exclusively at S.F.A., $120. Fifth Avenue Shop.

You're a romantic sight yourself at Nafplion, in our softly shirred yellow dress. Out you go to create a new myth. Ole Borden for Rembrandt, in Qiana* nylon. Exclusively at S.F.A., $140. Fifth Avenue Shop.

*Du Pont registered trademark
Prices slightly higher on the West Coast

Saks Fifth Avenue

Qiana® soft sculpture, a contemporary art





You're a 20th Century Venus with clothes that pack down to nearly nothing, shed wrinkles, look legendary. That's part of the charm of traveling with silky Qiana* nylon. Island hopping in Greece, you'll add to the scenery in things exclusively S.F.A., varied as the terrain, for occasions as diverse as dinner on that oceangoing yacht to watching spirited taverna dancing where a young man may turn a step into a somersault. And Qiana* is as agile as the dancer in its ability to travel well, its sensuous flow.





S.F.A. understands the traveler's needs from the quick trip to the languorous visit. Perfect for either, the day and night pyjama in two parts. Creamy background patterned with blue as bright as the Aegean. By Adri. In Qiana* nylon, exclusively at S.F.A., $110. Fifth Avenue Shop. Back on the mainland, Mt. Hymettus, famous for honey, and for the Monastery of Kaissariani built on a sanctuary of Aphrodite. You bring her up to date flowering in the midst of wooded slopes. The long shirtdress, very much at ease, bright blossoms and leaves on white. By Matti of Lynne. Qiana* nylon, of course. Exclusively at S.F.A., $78. Sportdress Collections.

*Du Pont registered trademark

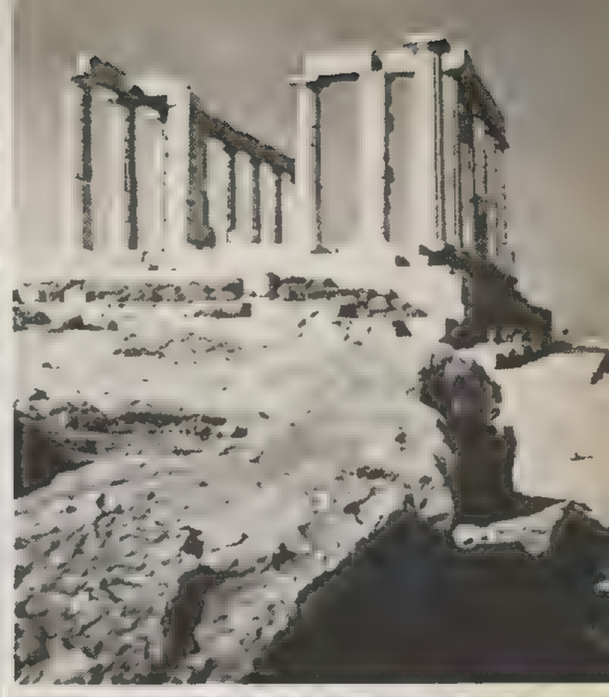
Saks Fifth Avenue

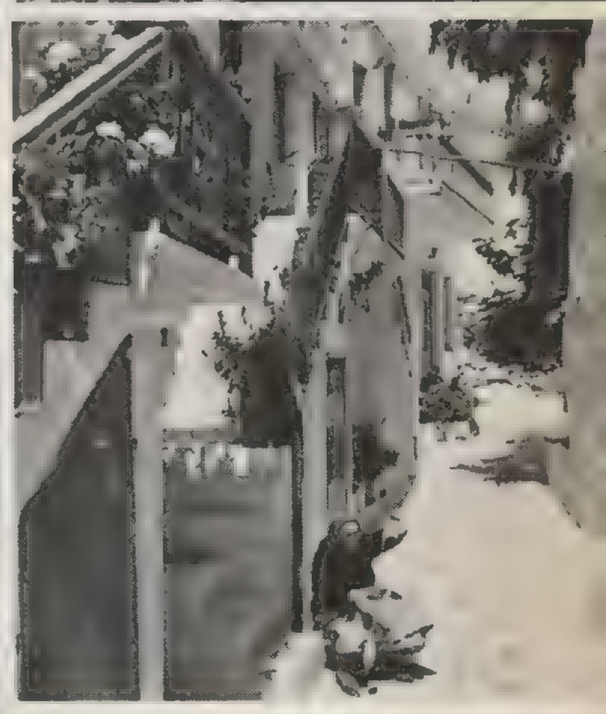


Today's Goddess expresses her divinity through S.F.A.

A little self-worship is good for your image when it shapes up in the right clothes for the right place. And we agree, there's nothing like knowing you look your best. We've something enchanting as the most fabulous site, as casual as an island picnic. Qiana® gets around in both categories, always traveling light.













You're part of the scene. This one, the Temple of Poseidon at Sounion where sailors might offer a last sacrifice to propitiate the Sea God before setting forth. A one-shoulder, pleated dress, red-white-blue with a Grecian spirit. Gene Berk for Paganne. In silky Qiana* nylon. Exclusively at S.F.A., $125. Fifth Avenue Shop.

A quick change of mood. From the Peloponnesian countryside to a quiet moment at a seaside café. You're carefree in a billowy bodice attached to its softly draped skirt. A fresh lime green in Qiana* nylon. Jack Bodi and Ronald Kolodzie for Concept VII. Exclusively at S.F.A., $110. Fifth Avenue Shop.

*Du Pont registered trademark

Saks Fifth Avenue



Importer Jean D'Albret © Div. 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019



ECUSSON IS FOR TWO.

Capture his heart with Ecusson. Linger in its natural, clinging scent. Delight in its embroidered blend of Portuguese and Bulgarian Roses laced with Jasmin. Ecusson is subtle sensuality in a stirring fragrance.



Also available in:
Bath Oil,
Dusting Powder,
Hand & Body Lotion
and Perfumed Soap.

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The perfume that brings him closer…and closer

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Barcelona - Spain

To have

hair that's deeply glowing,
thickly luxurious and
highly cooperative:
The Shampoo



and to hold

it softly but surely through
your active days and nights:
The Spray



Pantene develops Ultra Control.

Who's in charge—you or your hair?

Now Ultra Control is here to put you in control. Developed by the hair care specialists of Pantene, it makes your hairdo do what you tell it to.

The Shampoo. For a healthier glow, more sensuous body than your hair ever knew. Does away with fly-away and helps control split ends.

The Spray. Not a lick of lacquer. No wasteful aerosol propellant. Just a gentle mist that holds your hair firmly through wind and weather.

Both medically tested and blended with imported Swiss conditioners.*

Ultra Control de Pantene®
What the name promises, the product performs.

*Product made in U.S.A. ©1973 The Pantene Company, Div., Hoffmann-LaRoche Inc., Nutley, N.J. 07110.

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BODY BY ROXANNE

Strapless maillot in **Antron**® nylon and **Lycra**® spandex. Sizes 32 to 38 B, C & D bra-sized. About $30.* Wrap skirt of Antron® nylon jersey. S, M, L. About $20.* At better swimsuit departments only. Write Roxanne, 1411 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018.

EVERYTHING THE FRENCH KNOW ABOUT MAKING PERFUME IS SEALED IN THIS LITTLE PACKAGE.



Fleurs du Monde by Parfums Fabergé, Paris. Made, bottled and sealed only in France. Available at selected fine department and specialty stores.

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The look
is pure
Parisian

RENAULD

Fleur d'Allumé

Sunglasses of ultimate chic with a hand-crafted French Enamel Look

Wear them for more than the sun . . . to intrigue, to capitivate, to enrapture; The stunning, metal frames are feather-light aluminium, finished with a patina of glowing, jewel-like, Crystanale colors. Wear them everywhere, richly and beautifully. Most off all, wear them for *his* eyes.

OCTO OVAL REACT-A-MATIC™ WITH CORNING PHOTOSUN™ Lenses that darken or lighten with the sun. With velvet draw string carrying case. $32.00

OCTO OVAL • BUTTERFLY • BOWTIE in colors of Solid Blue • Mahogany • Brown and White Spectator Combination • Marbelized Jade, Brown and Turquoise • Peacock Blue • Gold Linen • all with color coordinated ORAMA IV® Lenses, scratch and break-resistant. With velvet draw string carrying case. $16.50

At fine department and specialty stores or write for store nearest you. **RENAULD INTERNATIONAL LTD.** 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

BRAZIL

THE POETIC COUNTRY WITH A POWERFUL ECONOMY.

Photo: Habans.

Advertisement

Brazil, Its Fascinating Cities

Vital, energetic Brazil—South America's largest and most populous country, is a tourist's delight. Larger than the continental United States and with a heavenly climate and a sun-drenched coastline of 4,603 miles of beaches, the cities of Brazil offer tremendous differences in mood and excitement for the fortunate visitor.

RIO, the beautiful city that always seems to wear a smile. Here, you'll discover the famous Carnival, the swinging sambas, the friendliest people and, of course, the incredible beaches that sparkle like jewels on Guanabara Bay. The first Portuguese arrived on New Year's Day, 1502, and Rio has never lost its gay holiday atmosphere. Enjoy the varied and exciting nightlife. You might start by ordering Feijoada, one of the national dishes that's a truly sumptuous Saturday feast. But first drink a Batida, a cocktail made from fruit juice and a clear alcohol, distilled from sugar, called cachaça. Finish dinner with exotic fruits you may never have tasted before. Rio, like all of Brazil, offers a striking racial variety and there are, happily, no racial problems in Brazil. Rio, the unforgettable city.

SÃO PAULO, 8 million people and the fastest growing city in the world. Here, the tempo picks up—the skyscrapers stretch higher and the architecture delights the eye with its free-floating forms that surge upward. The tingle of excitement and huge industry bristles the air and the many fine museums satisfy your artistic hunger. A harmonious city . . . it has both industry and culture . . . and large populations of Italian, Japanese, Syrian and Lebanese descent.

BRASÍLIA, capital and decision center, this city of the future was conceived by Lucio Costa and executed by Oscar Niemeyer. Built just a little over ten years ago in what was then a green desert, it is today a fantastic living show of modern architecture. Brasília sums up all the national aspirations and strivings of this clean, modern country.











1 Superlative São Paulo
2 Ipanema Beach in Rio
3 Sugarloaf, Rio
4 Fishing boats, Belém
5 Fishermen in João Pessoa. Photo: Berger for Varig
6 Ladeira do Pelourinho Salvador da Bahia
7 Carnival in Rio
8 Brasília Congress Buildings from Foreign Ministry fountain
9 Colonial Costumes in Salvador da Bahia
10 One of the many churches in Ouro Prêto

BELEM, 90 miles from the mouth of the mysterious Amazon, fascinates the visitor with its exotic lures. Old mansions and fishing boats deck the harbor of this great inland port—a city of half a million people—and lures the shopper with laces and handicrafts. Belém is the starting point for trips up the enthralling Amazon and into the heartland of the jungle. Not a place for the sedentary but an unforgettable excitement for the alive and curious visitor.

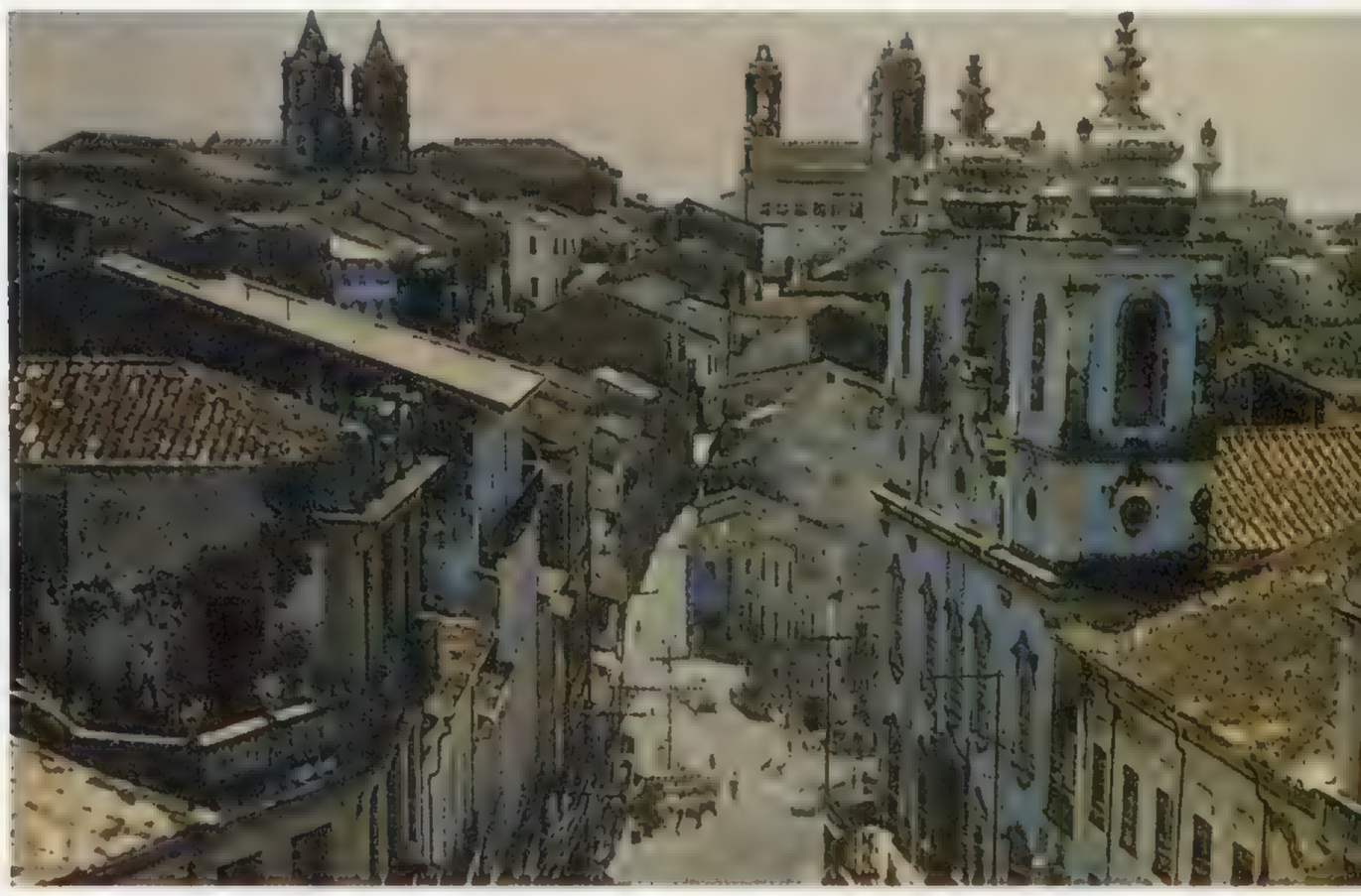
MANÁUS, a San Francisco in the middle of the jungle, was once the rubber capital of the world and is today a free port. A treasure house of colonial architecture, the flamboyant Baroque Opera House is still the setting for performances to enthralled audiences. It is very near the native market where dugout canoes are paddled from the interior and are anchored side by side with ocean-going freighters at the floating dock. Varig jets arrive daily from the various Brazilian cities. Manáus is the central point for jungle hunting and fishing safaris further into the exotic interior.

SALVADOR DA BAHIA, a melange of voodoo and gold-encrusted churches, white beaches and fabulous shopping, is the folklore capital of Brazil. A colonial city with huge modern avenues as well, it is the center of the Afro-Brazilian melting pot that flowers in song and dance. Salvador da Bahia is famous for its food, especially Vatapa, a spicy seafood and fish dish served with a cream sauce made with coconut milk.

SÃO LUIS, a 17th Century city on an island rich with exquisite beaches, it displays in all ways its French and Dutch origins.

PÔRTO ALEGRE, one of the resort gems of the South, is a modern city with German architectural delights and a surrounding circlet of hills that are famous for their wines. Hundred-mile Atlantic beaches are a short drive away. In this heart of gaucholand, do try Churrasco, a great feast of barbequed meat.

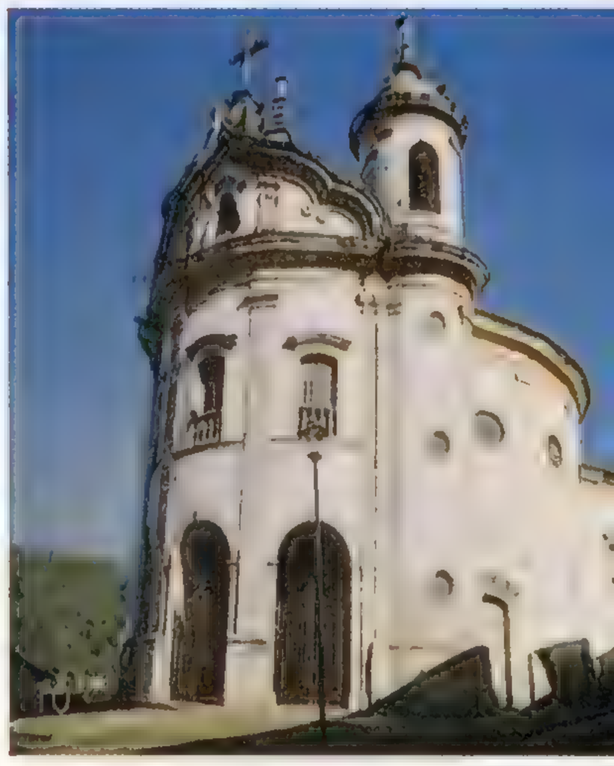






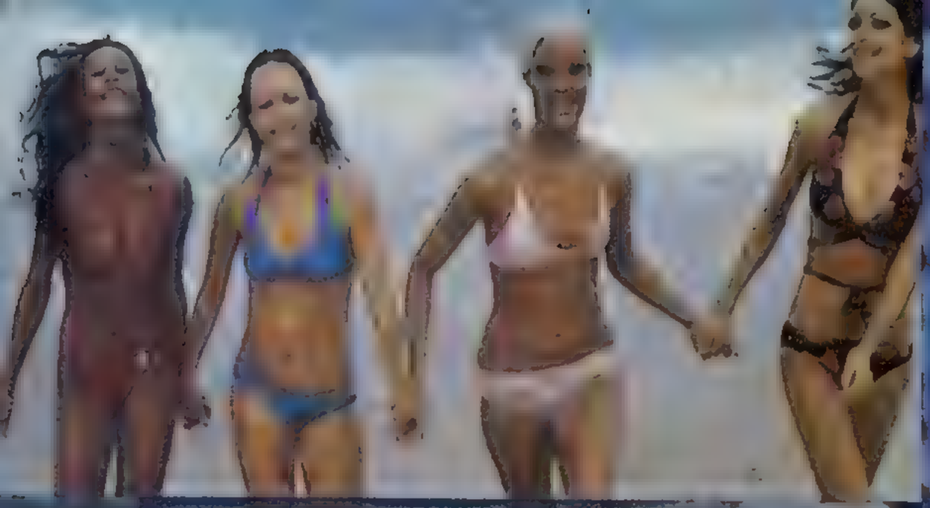








Brazil, The Country With Everything:
Golden Beaches
Modern Hotels
Exciting Fashions







The Girls from Ipanema in Rio
wearing swim suits by Malharia Vencedor

The beach is a way of life in Brazil

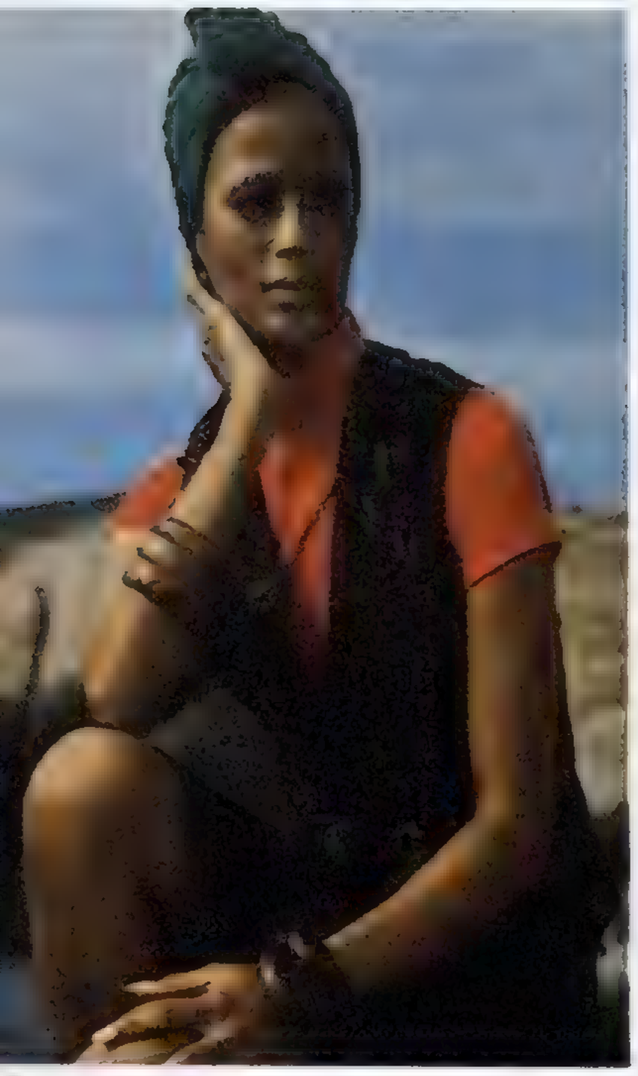
Sunset photos: Jonas Berger for Varig Airlines

Hotel Nacional, Brasília 1
São Paulo Hilton 2
Tropical Hotel das Cataratas, Iguassù Falls 3
Hotel Nacional, Rio 4
Tropical Hotel Tambaú in João Pessoa 5

Sparkling crochet dress by Herminia
Jewels by Reny Golcman

The Luxe of Leathers from Brazil

Below: Coffee bean suede vest dazzled with wool embroidery. Matching suede skirt. By Maroty. Café au lait suede shirtop with printed yoke by Le Bilboquet. Opposite: Coffee bean suede pantsuit by Alfred. Sandals by Francesca. All jewelry by Da Ethel.







1 Platform calf walker, new higher heel by Calçados Scout.
2 Higher heels grace the rust platform sandals by Calçados Reichert.
3 White calf sandals with platform and stacked heels by Calçados D.S.
4 Navy/white sandals with chunkier heels by Francesca (Strassburger).
5 Shoulder/envelope convertible bags by Da Ethel.
6 Shoulder courier bag by Dysman.
7 Calf moccasin with stacked wooden heel by de Nicola.
8 Calfskin suitcases with new lightweight construction by Centro de Artesanato Mineiro.

Women's shoes from Novo Hamburgo—in the heart of gaucholand.

Tiles by 18th Century Brazilian artisans.

Brazil, The Emergence of an Exciting Fashion Industry

1 Heavenly blue chiffon dress by General Modas. Jewels by Burle Marx. Photographed near enchanting Rio.
2 Bare midriff and long skirt in natural crinkly cotton with green leaf appliqué by José Augusta photographed in sunny Salvador da Bahia. All jewelry by da Ethel.
3 Roman stripe elegant silk evening dress by Guilherme Guimarães Macaws by Rio zoo.
4 Green print airy cotton voile pajama by Ru-Ri-Ta S.A. in festive Rio.
5 Red and ivory short silk floating dress by Armando, photographed in exciting Brasília.
6 White ribbed polyester pants suit that's free to travel anywhere by Tricot-lã Têxtil is shown taking in the sights at Ouro Prêto.
7 Folklore sweatertop in black wool by Malhas Anne Rose, Ltd., shown in Pelourinho in Salvador da Bahia.
8 Zing-y halters with toucan and parrot embroidery by Brazilian Knitwear Corp. Pants by Malharia Campos de Jordão...photographed at the great zoo in Rio.



A perfect splendor
of fabulous aquamarines
in beguiling shades and
brilliant diamonds.
By H. Stern.

The Great Jewels of Brazil

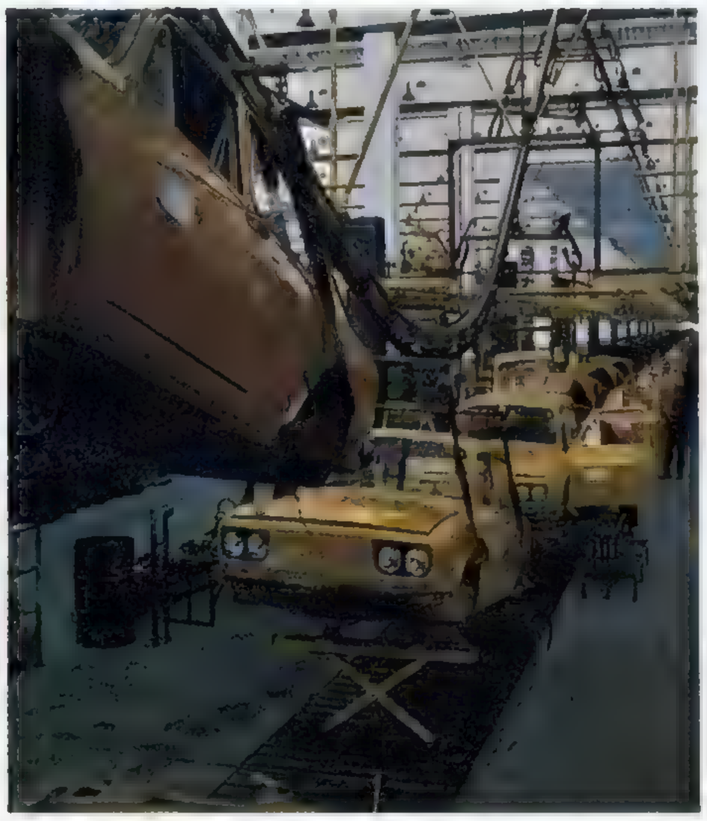
No woman can resist the spectacular jewels of Brazil. Mounds of cut and un-cut semi-precious and precious stones dazzle and delight you. The prices are a joy, too. Brazil is known throughout the world for aquamarines, amethysts, opals and topazes in incredibly beautiful shades. Now another treasure house has been discovered . . . emeralds. These and other exquisite stones tempt and transfix the shopper. Explore the many little shops too and you'll discover great bargains in hand-made jewelry. And do bargain . . . that's part of the fun! What a glorious remembrance of your trip to Brazil.



Up to your elbows
in 18kt. gold bracelets—
some sparkled with
carbochon aquamarines
By Burle Max.

Brazil, The Economic









Powerhouse of South America

The rich cultural and ethnic origins of the Brazilian people . . . Portuguese, African, German, Italian, Lebanese, Syrian, Japanese, Polish, Dutch, Spanish, French—to name the leading antecedents of the population today—have endowed the Brazilian people with an energy and zest that have enabled them to expand the economic frontier and take advantage of their continental dimension as well as utilize their human resources to the maximum extent.

Brazil has the fastest growing economy in the world. This economy has been carefully balanced to control inflationary forces by a group of innovative, highly pragmatic technocrats who have invented new ways of looking at problems and finding brilliant solutions.

As a result of this innate expertise and the stability of economic growth, Brazil has attracted billions of dollars of foreign investment capital. The tourism industry alone is currently constructing hundreds of new hotels and Brazil is keeping pace by building new airports to transport tourists to travel centers. Formerly an agricultural economy, Brazilian industrialized goods have become the dominant factor in exports since 1965.

For instance, the Brazilian automotive industry now produces over a half million vehicles each year. Volkswagen alone, with its only factories outside Germany, manufactured over 300,000 vehicles in Brazilian plants last year. At the present increase rate of 20% a year, it is estimated that by the 80's Brazil will dominate the South American automotive market. However, even these conservative estimates are likely to be surpassed by the amazing productivity of this booming economy.

The mineral wealth of this country is incalcuable . . . there are actually mountains of iron ore and manganese that feed the expanding steel industry which is projected by 1974 to have increased production by 107% in just four years. Less spectacular but equally impressive increases are planned for aluminum, zinc and tin. Tremendous increases are also anticipated for the chemical industry . . . for instance, plastics and fertilizer, alone, are expected to gain by well over 200%!

In order to open up these vast natural resources, the amazing Transamazonian Highway bisects the country from east to west and, when completed sometime in 1974, will unleash the whole Amazon basin with its abundant, untapped resources to civilization and population influx. Three thousand miles long, this miracle of engineering is only one of many planned superhighways. The Perimetral Highway, which will almost circle the country, will ultimately connect Brazil with her neighbors to the north and west. These two roads, plus others, will add to the already powerful transportation network. Roads initiate progress, and Brazil has and will have some of the best roads in the world.

No description of Brazil is ever complete without coffee—and what a superb coffee it is: robust, full-bodied, and as invigorating as the land from which it comes. Brazil is still the largest producer of coffee in the world and exports over 16 million tons annually. São Paulo and some regions to the south of this coffee capital are blessed with the dark, rich, almost purple earth that gives Brazilian coffee its special, cherished flavor.

Other emerging industries with tremendous export potential include the furniture and home furnishings industries which have already achieved a certain world-wide renown, the brilliant textile industry which has begun to be an export factor, and, of course, the vibrant new fashion industry which has captured that wonderful Brazilian flavor. A small but growing new industry is the hand-crafted tapestries, such as those by leading designer, Concessa Colaço, which display all the joy and vivid color that is Brazil.

But none of this enormous progress would be possible without the hard-working, yet always smiling, people of Brazil. You'll fall in love with Brazil. Varig jets arrive from all over the world every hour of the day. Plan to come to Brazil, soon. You'll never forget it . . . or the people.

The Varig way of doing things.

Somewhere at this very moment... high above the clouds of North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa or the bright oceans in between... someone who still believes graciousness and uncompromising good taste are important... is discovering the airline that agrees. The airline is Varig. The someone could be you.



1 Plateau de fromages. Bel Paese, Brie, Camembert, Edam, Emmenthal and Roquefort.

2 Domaine de Longual Tavel 1971. Grand Cru. The finest wine cellar in the sky also offers many estate-bottled vintages such as Gevrey Chambertin '66 and Badstube Spaetlese '69.

3 Smoked Colorado trout in aspic.

4 Lobster en Belle-Vue.

5 Coming in 1974, the Varig DC10-30.

6 Le digestif. Crème de Menthe, Benedictine D.O.M., Chartreuse Jaune, Cherry Marnier, Cointreau or Drambuie.

7 Pâtisserie Française assortie.

8 Filet of young wild boar à la bourguignonne.

9 Deer chops à la Hongroise.

10 Galantine of chicken with goose liver.

These, and similar dishes are included in typical First Class meals. All dishes are prepared fresh the day of your flight.

VARIG
Brazilian Airlines



Such a simple thing as soap...

but I have visited the best gardens of Europe
to find the most pleasurable fragrances
for these Ben Rickert soaps.

I have gathered English Jasmin,
Spanish Gardenia, Belgian Rose, French
Lavender and Danish Carnation and I have
captured their lavish bouquets in my soaps.

They will blossom in your bath...
lasting long and fragrant
from the time you undo their careful wrap
to the last delightful bubble.

I know you will enjoy them.

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Of all
the ways to say
I love you,
mink is the warmest.



Scandinavian Mink Association

Life is too short and winter's too long to go without mink. SAGA MINK From Scandinavia.



Before Chinon, there was just silk.

Chinon.® A sumptuous fabric of a new protein fiber with the look; feel, and till now, unequaled luxury of the finest silk. Yet even more rare.
Brilliant colors, warm deep lustres, remarkably easy to care for elegance. This is the beauty of Chinon.
Oscar de la Renta thanks Beaunit for Chinon. You'll thank him for discovering it. You can find this Oscar de la Renta original, about $365, at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York and branches; Montaldo's, all branches; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and branches; Maison-Blanche, New Orleans and branches.

Beaunit Corporation, 261 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. A subsidiary of El Paso Natural Gas Company.

VIVARA

the perfume designed by
EMILIO PUCCI





Chinon.® A sumptuous fabric of a new protein fiber with the look, feel, and till now, unequaled luxury of the finest silk. Yet even more rare. Brilliant colors, warm deep lustres, remarkably easy to care for elegance. This is the beauty of Chinon.
Mollie Parnis thanks Beaunit for Chinon. You'll thank her for discovering it. You can find this Mollie Parnis original for $300, at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York and branches; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.

Beaunit Corporation, 261 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. A subsidiary of El Paso Natural Gas Company.


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...rarest alabaster alligator
made "unendangered" by
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Before Chinon, there was just silk.

Chinon.® A sumptuous fabric of a new protein fiber with the look, feel, and till now, unequaled luxury of the finest silk. Yet even more rare. Brilliant colors, warm deep lustres, remarkably easy to care for elegance. This is the beauty of Chinon.

Adele Simpson thanks Beaunit for Chinon. You'll thank her for discovering it. You can find this Adele Simpson original, about $325, at Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.

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Pierre Cardin for Mike Forrest

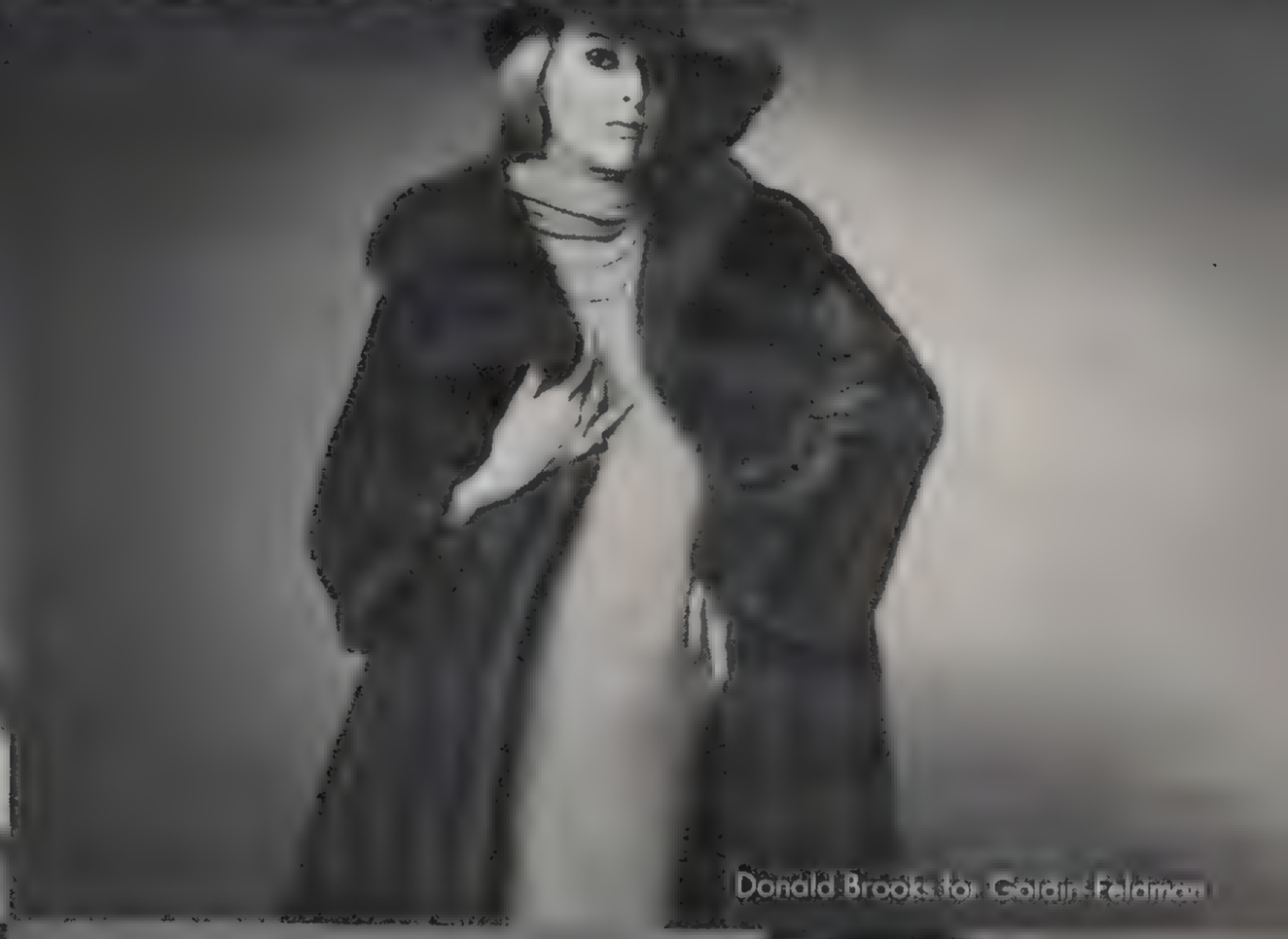


Halston for Dan Grossman

The unconventional browns. A sure way not to look like everyone else in mink.



for Alixandre



Donald Brooks for Goldin-Feldman



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GREECE TODAY

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GREECE TODAY

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this page: the column in motion via myriads of pleats. Calbari's vivid silk geometric print with a taut orange leather belt moves into a season of gala evenings... with or without its stole. Calbari Bros., Ermou 10, Athens 118, Greece.

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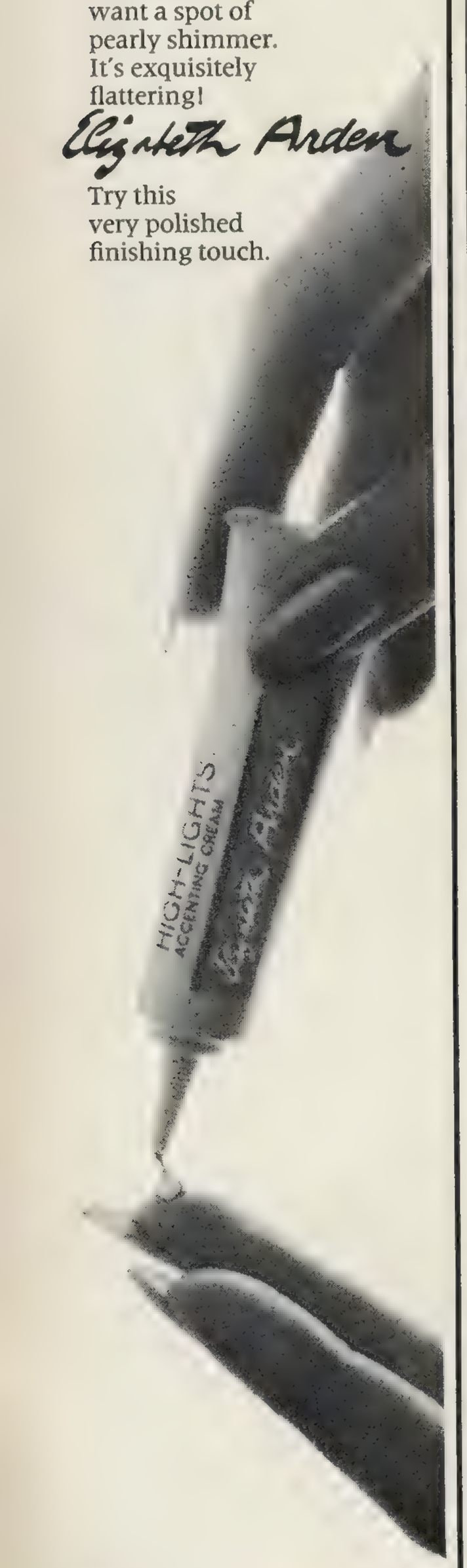
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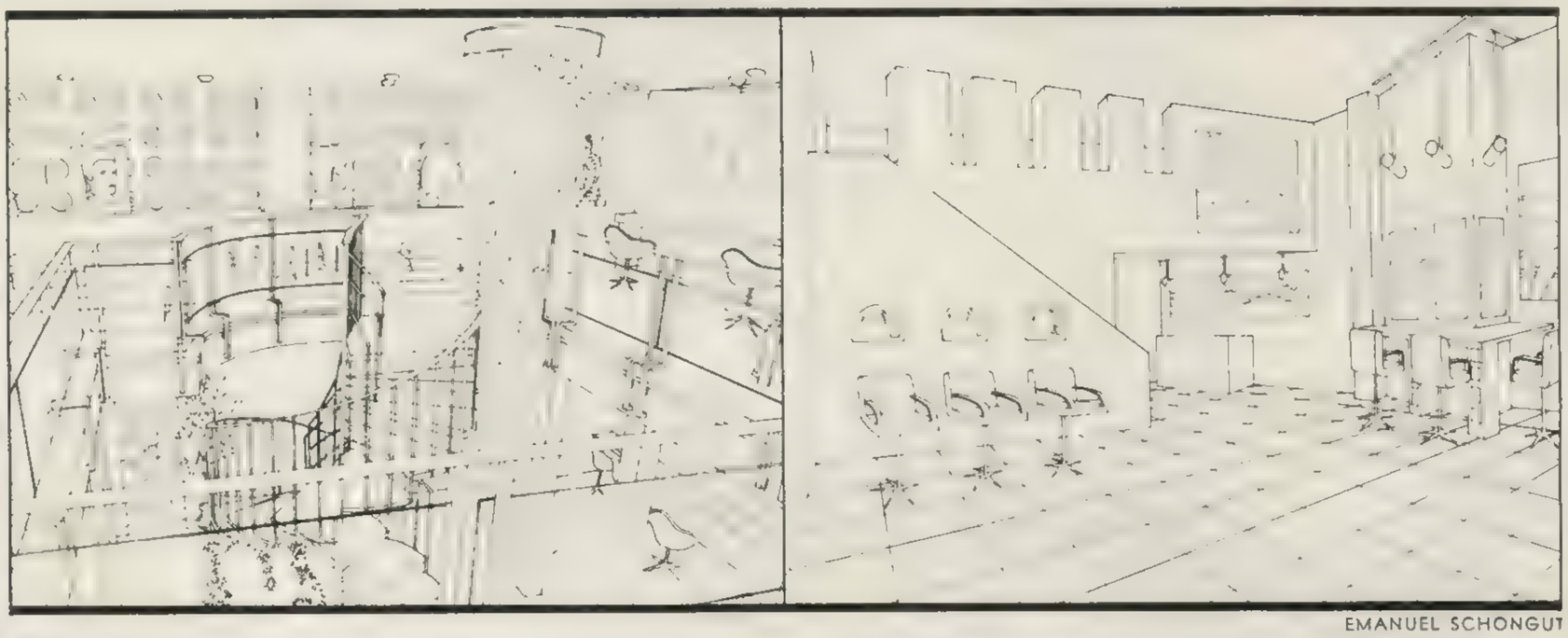
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VOGUE BEAUTY CHECKOUT

New Ideas, Beauty Tricks, Products, Places, Things

Is anything new under the sun? Occasionally, yes—below, some of the neatest new ideas we've heard of in a while



EMANUEL SCHONGUT

West *New in Beverly Hills, former Sassoon star* **Bernard Daley's** *handsome brown-black-and-white salon. Daley's simple, superb cuts for women . . . up-the-chrome-spiral-staircase, an area for men.*

East *New in N.Y.C.,* **Maurice Tidy** *(top scissors to Vidal Sassoon for 17 years)* **& Co.** *Great hairwork in a knockout suède, grey, and Burgundy salon that converts to a gallery for young artists and designers.*

New from **"i" cosmetics**—the people who practically started the natural trend in beauty things—**Once Upon An Apple,** an idea to give children a head start on beauty . . . even if that's the *last* thing they think they want! Wrapped in two bright Crayola-colored four-packs are eight yummy-smelling bath and skin-care products, all full of natural ingredients to help early skins along. The kits—and the beauty boodle—as deliciously child-tempting as a candy apple.

New: if you've already got Mineral Mud Wash on your face, you're ready for **Arizona Natural Resources'** next and newest beauty aid, **Down-to-Earth Cactus Moisturizer,** designed, naturally, to smooth out dry, prickly skin spots everywhere.

New and good news for your feet from **Aris** is their newest **Isotoner, Foot-Lax**—two stretchy little anklets you pull over bare feet; then sit, walk, even sleep while the gentle stretch-and-friction Isotoner action does its soothing massage-like thing.

News from a favorite young beauty is her favorite trick with **eyebrows**—instead of plucking or waxing, she carefully snips hers into shape with tiny, sharp nail-scissors (first, she brushes brows straight up so hairs are clearly separated).

We don't know a woman in the world who hasn't fallen in love with a makeup color, only to find when she wants more of it, it's no longer available. Now **The Research Council of Make-up Artists** will duplicate your can't-live-without color—whether it's a lipstick, eye shadow, foundation, or almost any other cosmetic—with fine, high-pigment professional ingredients. Prices are reasonable (a lipstick is about $2.50), but minimum order is a dozen . . . so you may want to share with a friend. Write RCMA, 52 Spaulding St., Lowell, Mass. 01851.

Newest idea from **Mary Quant**—a girl who never seems to run out of new ideas—specs: six new spectacle frames designed by Mary in great shapes—thick, round, square, thin, even twisty-rope circles that "lasso your eyes," all in purely-Quant colors . . . Sweet Pea, Orchid, Rosy, Russet, even a pale misty shade called Love In Bloom.

From the **Magic Focus** people, a great new pocket-size edition of their **super-magnifying mirror** in a small snap-shut case—optically perfect, it makes everything, at last, perfectly clear. . . .

"Waxing," says **Alise Spiwak,** "is an art . . . good hands are the first requirement." New find for us, Alise has a long list of clients who have been coming back for her services for years. "She's painless," they swear . . . but "nonsense," says Alise, "it's impossible for waxing to be painless!" Nevertheless, her good hands and technique seem to keep discomfort amazingly low. Alise spreads thin, warm, liquid beeswax on a small area, quickly removes it by pressing clean strips of muslin into the wax and pulling off fast. You can find Alise at 20 E. 68th St., N.Y.C.; (212) LE 5-6878.

Some things are not so much "new," as better. One such is **Schick's Quick Curl,** a new update on the old curling iron. The rod is Teflon-coated so it won't stick to hair; the tip is covered so you can't burn yourself; the cord swivels, so it doesn't tangle up.

For the man in your life, two new entries in the thank-heavens-he-won't-have-this-and-probably-he'll-love-it category: From Yves Saint Laurent, new **YSL-For Men Face Bronzer,** a clear tanning answer to the winter-blah pales, with a helping of moisturizer, to help weather the elements. . . . He'll never spend it on himself, so it's up to you to splurge $150 on an enormous new 33-ounce bottle of **Gran Valor,** a new-here fragrance from Europe—sophisticated, modern, long lasting. ▽

If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Gwen Verdon won't brush with anything else?

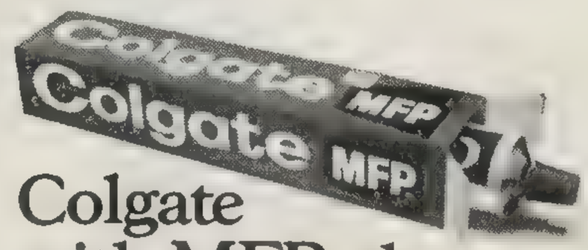


The *Sweet Charity* of Gwen Verdon is well known to many people. For even while starring in Broadway hits from *Damn Yankees* to *Redhead,* Gwen's life has been people. Teaching. Working with the under-privileged. Giving. That's what Gwen Verdon is all about.

Gwen brushes with Colgate, a toothpaste for people who like people. Colgate freshens breath as long as a leading mouth-wash as clinical test results show. And the taste is brisk and clean.

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If you like people, be sure you brush with Colgate. Gwen Verdon wouldn't think of brushing with anything else.



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VOGUE BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Hardworking Helpers To Keep Hands Young

Hands, as much as faces, are tip-offs to age—but new advances in care are now making it easier to keep busy hands from showing their years of service

The trouble is that the skin on the backs of hands is extremely thin. With very few oil glands, so it dries up easily . . . and very little flesh underneath that skin to support moisture. When bad weather sets in, hands have a particularly hard time holding on to their "youthfulness"—but now, thanks to technological advances, hands can find the going smoother. Some of their triumphs in the lab are noted here—any one of them can also be used on feet, elbows, all over you. . . .



Touch of Sweden Hand Lotion is the result of a lot of thinking by the Dow Chemical Company. They've made a super-rich lotion to help plump skin full of young-making moisture without any sticky aftertouch. As Dow explains, most hand lotions are about 80 percent water—the other 20 percent consisting of moisturizing oils that help skin cells retain moisture, and form a barrier between skin surface and air to retard moisture evaporation. Here's where stickiness could happen, but in Touch of Sweden—because of a special patented additive, a polymer—it doesn't. Instead, all the moisture goes in where it belongs, and quickly, so you needn't skip lotion if you're rushed. . . . **Direct Aid** is directed at unusually dry skin, and is the newest lotion from that old hand at making lotions, Jergens. Aimed at severe roughness, chapping, itching, and soreness of skin, this lotion contains hardworking emollients and moisturizers, plus allantoin—a substance that promotes healing; it also has a pleasant balsam-ish scent. . . . New **Avocado Lemon Hand Creme** is one of the California Naturals by Max Factor, and takes a natural approach to softer hands. This has a lemon-chiffon scent, is enriched with avocado oil that does marvelous things for you whether you eat it or wear it—and is especially valuable to the skin. . . . Again from Max Factor, a hardworking hand help called **Swedish Formula Herbal Hand Creme.** Delicious in every way—its fresh-garden scent, its rich mixture of emollients that protect hands from loss of moisture, its restorative quality that makes beautiful skin out of roughness, redness. Also a fast worker, it massages in quickly, and won't leave a filmy residue. . . . To give hands the benefits of the famous aloe vera plant, there's **Alo-Hands,** a lotion made from that plant's moisturizing gel. Rich and very concentrated, a little of this goes a long way to make hands look as if they were washed daily in the fountain of youth. Made by Alo-Cosmetics.

Great for hands but geared to allover skin care are some of the new and industrious body lotions that extend the idea of hand lotions (you wouldn't want soft young hands attached to scruffy wrists and arms). One ambrosial one is **Herbal Body Lotion** by Frances Denney—white, fragrant, and fortified with glycerine, it works as a shield between skin and hostile elements to overcome dryness and scaliness. . . . **Alberto Balsam Lotion,** made for dry skin and dry hands, works to prevent these problems by giving skin a reservoir of moisture to draw on, claims to penetrate six cell-layers deep into the skin. Extra rich, the results should be extra youthful. . . . **Keri Lotion** is for hands, body, even face—contains lanolin to moisten up the tissue of the skin, helps chapping and chafing, is also recommended for infants. Pleasant, white, and therapeutic, it's made by Westwood Pharmaceuticals, Inc. . . . To get all your soft young skin while bathing, there's **Vaseline Intensive Care Bath Oil.** A couple of capfuls in the bath help bring back the vital moisture of skin, soothes roughened areas. While you're in that tub, don't keep your hands working all the while—let them soak up benefits, too, by holding them just under the surface of the water where the oil floats, then lifting them up through the oil several times to absorb as much as possible. . . . Since hand care gets into nail care, there are creams by **Anita of Denmark** that do both—day and night. The night cream is loaded with rewards: natural collagen protein, vitamins A, D, and E, all mixed into a skin-loving formula that soothes hands, supplies nourishment to nails. The day cream is a gel that repels pollutants, seals in the night cream's benefits.

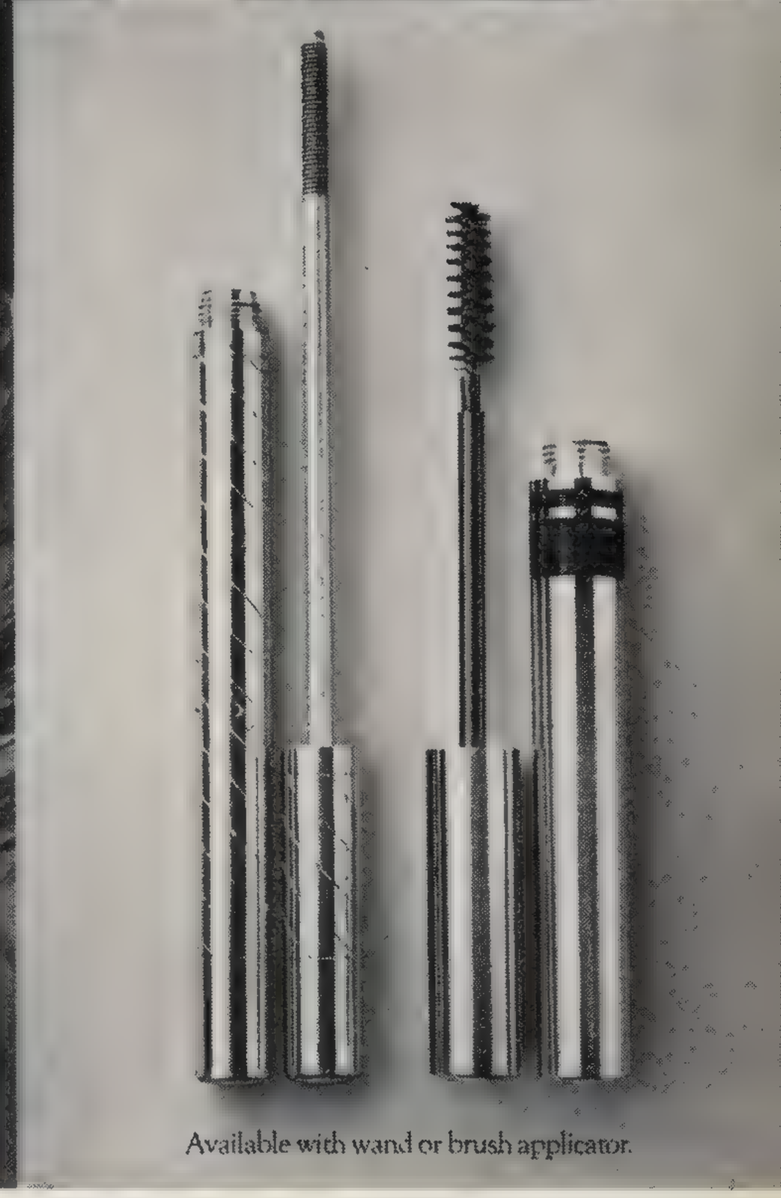
After your hands, and the rest of you, are blooming from all this care, another youth-maker could be the revitalizing of nails (they get dry, too). **Viva Nails** means the "sculpturing" of strong new nails made of clear liquid applied over natural nails. These are available in Saks Fifth Avenue salons throughout the country. Another nail-builder is Mona whose **Lash and Nail** treatments are in the Glemby salons of stores in New York and Chicago. Mona's nail-making is done with a composition of powder and liquid, brushed directly onto real nails, disguising breaks or weaknesses. After either of these treatments, polish can be applied. This brings up more news—Helena Rubinstein's **Strong & Icy** protective nail polish in 12 frosty colors: it conditions and moisturizes nails, fights splits and breaks.

Helena Rubinstein creates Long Lash.

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From December 1 through December 31

VOGUE Horoscope

If you were born when the Sun was in Sagittarius:

You are a progressive idealist whose sincere optimism encourages those around you to believe in good fortune. Now, you have the history-making planet Neptune in your sign; this will inspire a desire to reach a high goal. The full moon, an eclipse on the 10th, will end a period of indecision and start you on a new gamble. Pursue this venture vigorously until early March, 1974. Your ruler, Jupiter, in Aquarius is good to you, providing the potential for fame and a new way of life.

Aries March 21–April 19

Love: Your dynamic manner may sometimes seem too demanding to the person you love; ease up until after full moon, the 10th. The new moon, on the 24th, begins a new love cycle.
Work: Mars, your ruler, still in your sign pressures you to force co-workers to keep your own pace; this could cause friction. You can enforce your program at new moon, December 24.
Health: Your strength will be tested at full moon, December 10; unless you are moderate, this may be a trying period physically. Be patient until new moon, the 24th, when harmony returns.

Taurus April 20–May 20

Love: Your patience with those you love is usually remarkable. Now, strangely, you may decide to abandon someone; wait until after full moon, the 10th, to be sure of your course.
Work: You seem determined to have a showdown with a business partner. Your ruler, Venus, in Capricorn may limit your evaluation, causing you to mis-weigh the advantages.
Health: The influence of erratic Uranus on your ruler, Venus, will test your well-being during the first week. To protect your physical balance, coast until new moon, December 24.

Gemini May 21–June 21

Love: Versatility is a strong part of your nature. Now, with your ruler, Mercury, in sardonic Scorpio, you may express a stinging bit of sarcasm to the person you love.
Work: The first week, you are driving hard to complete a chore while demanding that your co-workers keep up. Your swift pace could defeat the others; quiet persuasion is better.
Health: You are inclined to be nervous when your energy is balked; not until after full moon, December 10, will the pressure lift. Then you will feel at ease again.

Cancer June 22–July 22

Love: Instinctively you sense the needs of others. Now with three planets angling against your sign, those you love want the utmost from you. New moon on December 24 ends the test.
Work: You are being forced into many directions and feel confused as to whom you should work with, a difficult situation for you. Deal with the immediate; time turns the tide.
Health: When you are forced to move against your own pace, you tend to become upset and may blunder. Remember, the scene changes during the last week, restoring your good health.

Leo July 23–August 22

Love: Now, while your ruler, the Sun, is in a Fire sign—Sagittarius—you feel romantic in everything. At full moon, December 10, you respond to a new love; but since Venus (love) is in Capricorn (the past), don't give up the old one.
Work: While Jupiter, the good-fortune planet, is in your seventh house of partners, you will attract important co-workers. Be alert, cooperate, take advantage of every opportunity.
Health: You should feel good now, with new associates about; the situation offers you new ways to radiate sunny well-being.

(Continued on page 90)

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VOGUE HOROSCOPE Continued from page 88

Virgo August 23–September 22

Love: You are verbal and analytical in expressing your affection. Now, your ruler, Mercury, is in skeptical Scorpio and may prompt you to scoffing remarks that could lose you your love.

Work: Your natural ability to organize and to get the best results from co-workers will be especially valuable during the first week, helping you to solve many major financial problems.

Health: After full moon, December 10, your ruler, Mercury, changes signs, entering Sagittarius and bringing you a shift to better health and vitality to enjoy the social scene.

Libra September 23–October 23

Love: Your nature, ruled by Venus (peace), makes you agree rather than be involved in dissension. During the first week you may have to use tact to avoid parting from someone you love.

Work: Two eclipses this month, on the 10th and 24th, will bring an increase in trying situations with co-workers. When disagreements arise, resist offering an opinion. The new moon on December 24 dissipates the storm clouds.

Health: You may be depressed by the turbulent times early in the month; the new moon, on the 24th, restores your spirits.

Scorpio October 24—November 21

Love: Your demanding nature expects from the person you love a response equal to your own. The first week, your ruler, Mars, is tested, may thwart you. Patience prevents alienation.

Work: Do not take any action that could endanger your position. Remain cautious until the new moon on December 24; then you can press your claims for advancement in your work.

Health: Until the full moon, an eclipse on December 10, exercise caution in travel. Refuse to enter into any program in which your health and energy might be overtaxed.

Sagittarius November 22–December 21

Love: Your forthright attitude in romance often ensnares you. Be discreet in declarations of love until after full moon on December 10; refuse to be forced into consent.

Work: Responding to a new opportunity, make an agreement that becomes effective after full moon, an eclipse on the 10th. Initiate new relationships with partners at new moon, 24th.

Health: Insecurity in dealing with others disturbs your well-being, but Jupiter (optimism) in Aquarius stimulates you to travel about—this suits you and improves your health and spirits.

Capricorn December 22–January 19

Love: Your amazing self-control is especially valuable now, while Venus (love) is in your sign and tested by Mars (quarrels), challenging you. Stand firm until the eclipse on December 10.

Work: You have never shirked your duties; but now, with your ruler, Saturn, in Cancer (your opposition), you may be loaded with extra chores. New moon, the 24th, brings a change.

Health: Take care not to overwork this month, and avoid crowds and social commitments that could be depleting. You will feel completely restored on the new moon, December 24.

Aquarius January 20–February 18

Love: The rather egocentric side of your nature seems to be emphasized in romantic affairs. Now Jupiter in your sign brings love happily—if you will relax your inflexibility.

Work: While Jupiter (good fortune) remains in your sign all month, you should find an increase in opportunity for advancement and be supported in all of your new business ventures.

Health: Jupiter replenishes the bloodstream and improves the health of those born in any sign it occupies; now, while Jupiter is in your sign, you should be feeling very well indeed.

Pisces February 19–March 20

Love: A mood of discontent holds you when love passes you by; a short holiday trip might be a good idea. Now, with Jupiter behind your sign, you may enjoy a romance that is secret.

Work: Your ruler, Neptune, in Sagittarius (travel) may lead you to a program that involves moving about; accept it. The project takes on excitement at new moon on December 24.

Health: Since yours is a Water sign, you will feel out of sorts while the Sun is in Fire Sagittarius—until the 21st. Then the Sun moves to Earth Capricorn, and you are restored.


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—"When I'm in a Vitabath, I just let the phone ring, and ring, and ring..."



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—"Me, I like Vitabath and nightgowns."

—"It's like swimming nude in the sea—it's an experience."

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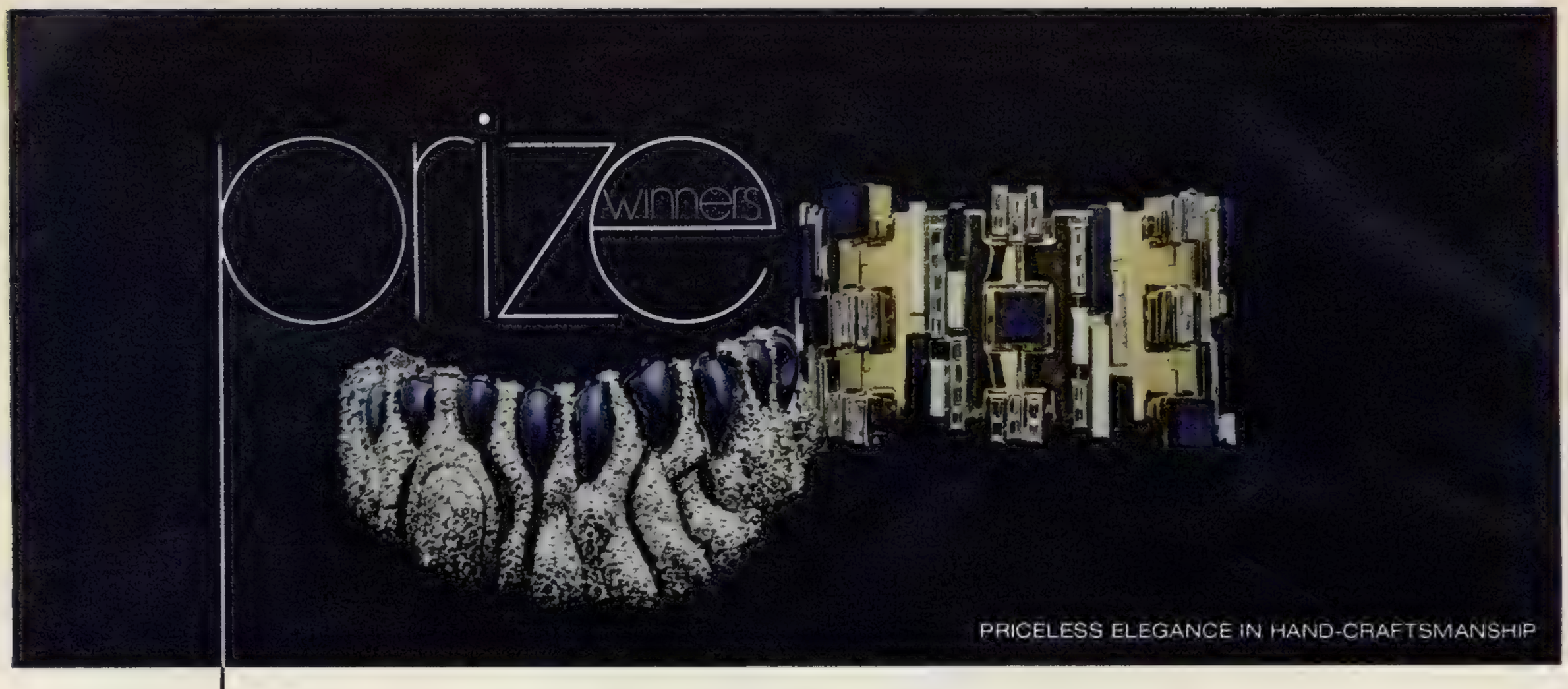
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VOGUE MOVIES by Rosalyn Drexler

Catch The Big Names

François Truffaut, Satyajit Ray, and a new one to grab, Martin Scorsese

I love movies but am not keen on movie festivals. A festival is like a grab bag; the blind hand gropes in the dark for something wonderful, but is more likely to come up with a stale candy or a shrill metal whistle. This is because once the thing is organized it must be supplied, it must be fed, and year after year there is the good: *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie,* by Buñuel; *The Hawks and the Sparrows,* by Pasolini; *An Affair of the Heart,* by Makavelev . . . to name a few; and the bad, too many to single out. What happens is that the old familiar names (good and bad) are the ones who can raise the money to make the films; and so we are hardly ever surprised by the discovery of a new and brilliant talent, at least not at the New York Film Festival.

One big name, humanist Satyajit Ray gives us **Distant Thunder.** The characters in this movie actually go about living, rather than talking about it. The concerns here are about hunger (very real) and then about the caste system—touched upon lightly, by Gangacharan (Mr. Chatterji), who is the only Brahmin in his village. Chatterji is married to Ananga (Babita), a great beauty who has other qualities; she is kind and respects an old man from another village who comes to ask for food. She gives him her portion and a mat to take a nap on.

The picture opens with Ananga's hand gently moving through river water as she stands in it bathing. She loves the water. She frightens her friend by swimming under the water: "I live a charmed life," she explains. But no one can live a charmed life when war is near and supplies of rice are dwindling. She and other villagers are excited and interested when planes fly overhead making the sound of thunder, but they do not connect the airplane event to war. The war is far away. They can't imagine it, but they suffer its effect. The course of terrible happenings takes place in the beautiful Bengali countryside that contrasts with the horror that famine leaves in its wake.

The Mother and the Whore is directed by Jean Eustache and produced by Pierre Cottrell who also produces Rohmer . . . only the French with their long lunch breaks and extended evenings have the time to discuss the gamut of possible relationships between men and women without having to live them. Question: Why does a young man at the apex of a triangle resemble a pole-sitter? Because he waves to his mother and sweetheart during the day but embraces himself at night to prove he's only human.

One of the best films of the Festival is **Day For Night,** Truffaut's ode to film. Truffaut, who is known by his intimates as Truffle because he leaves a good taste in the mouth (something like fungi newly released from the earth), gives us a film within a film . . . warm, sunny Riviera locations, and every frame composed with the effortless craftsmanship of the born filmmaker.

Mean Streets run through the Little Italy underworld . . . Mulberry Street is not all sausages and custard-filled pastries. For the young punks who live there (and for those studying the violin but who want to be contenders), this neighborhood is ferocious and frightening. Go there only if you have dreamed a lucky number. And wear "shades" because this is a brilliant movie, directed by Martin Scorsese.

A film that's opera-acted and might have been titled Pussy Perverse is **The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant.** Not even at Bonnie and Clyde's on Halloween could you get to see Lesbians such as these, dressed in gold breast cups, gold neck bands and chains down the back, with wigs galore, glossy lips, and (Continued on page 222)



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by
Christian
Dior

A lasting, stimulating, outdoors fragrance with a sparkling green scent of citrus and herbs.



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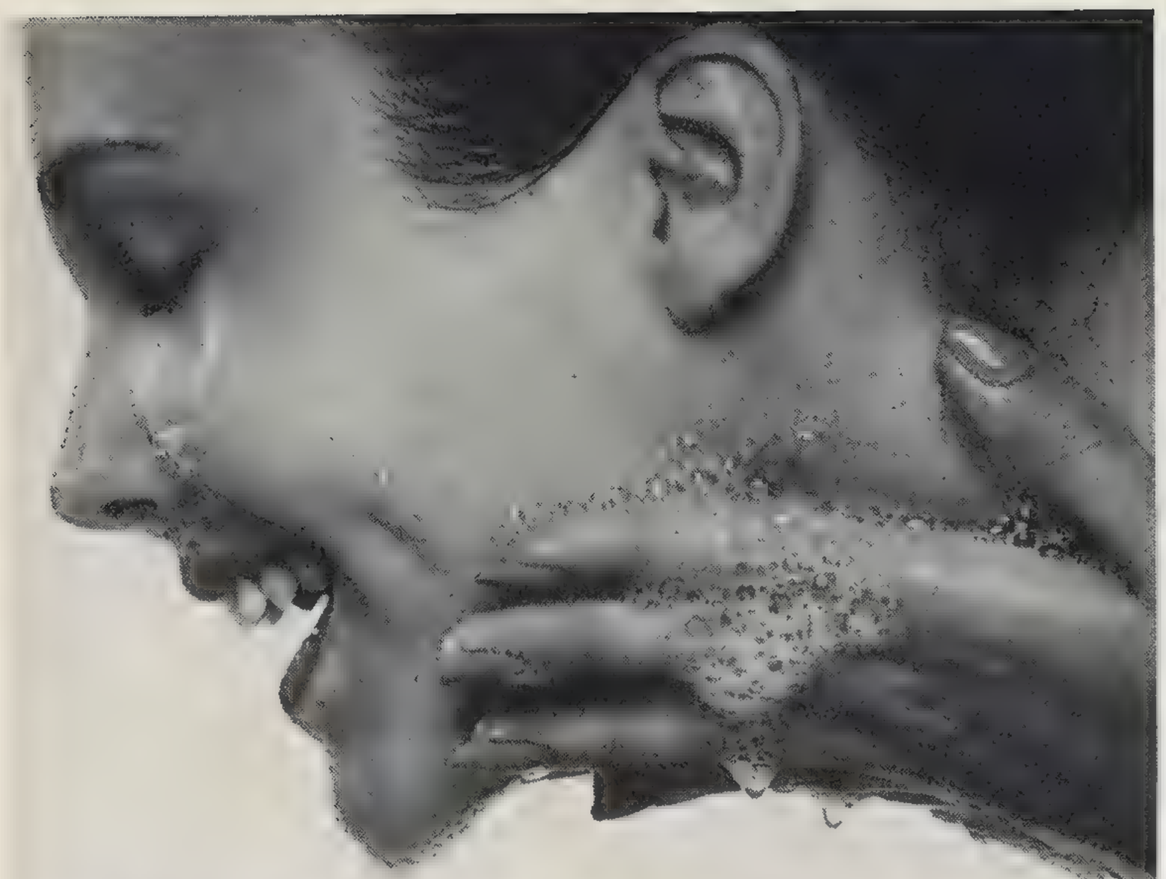
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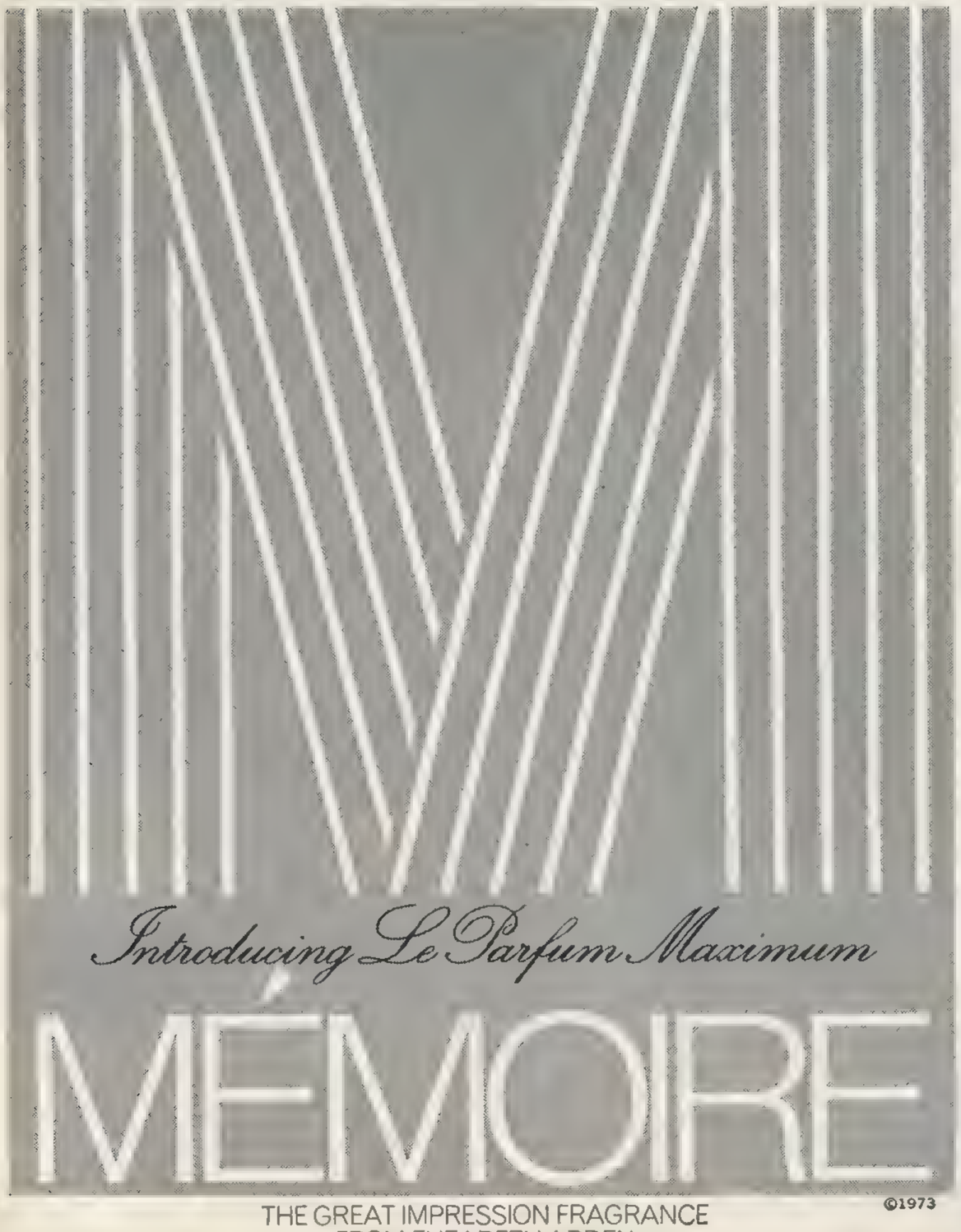
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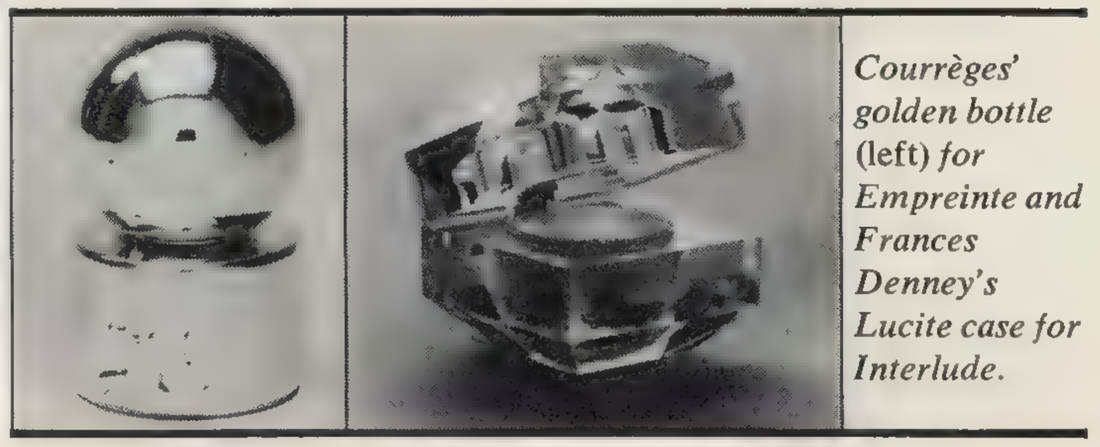


THE GREAT IMPRESSION FRAGRANCE
FROM ELIZABETH ARDEN

Perfume—For Gifts: For You

A host of new ideas for Christmas giving, or getting—to change your own mood at holiday parties

NANCY MORAN



Courrèges' golden bottle (left) *for Empreinte and Frances Denney's Lucite case for Interlude.*

André Courrèges' new perfume, **Empreinte,** is as modern and as striking as his clothes. The first whiff is crisp, fresh lemony, but the undertones are rich—a blend of jasmine and rose. Courrèges packages Empreinte in perfume and toilet water in starkly sculptured, cylindrical golden bottles. Perfume is $50 an ounce, at Bonwit Teller and I. Magnin.

Rigaud, the French perfumer and maker of those fine scented candles we've all been using for years, is introducing **Evereve** here. Evereve gets its strong floral note from honeysuckle, gardenia, ylang-ylang, rose, and jasmine, and was named by French writer Louise de Vilmorin because it is as female and as alluring as Eve; $40 an ounce.

Amour Amour, the fragrance from **Jean Patou** that American women have been buying in France for almost fifty years, is now available here. Inspired by the rich, adventurous flappers of the 'twenties, it is a sensual blend of narcissus, roses, and jasmine; $30 an ounce.

Feraud 2, launched in France a year ago by designer Louis Feraud, is a floral, with woodsy undertones, perfume, packaged in modern, crystal-cut glass; $40 an ounce.

Jean D'Albret gives perfume a new dimension with the introduction of **Ecusson Body Nectar.** A concentrated essence of oils, the nectar can be applied all over leaving a fragrant sheen on the skin; $15 an ounce. The nectar also comes in that other D'Albret fragrance, Casaque.

Interlude from **Frances Denney** makes a new appearance in solid cream for Christmas. Packaged in clear, crystal-cut Lucite, it is one of the prettiest presents to put under any tree. Solid Interlude strokes on the skin, leaving behind not only scent but shimmer; $10 for one-fourth ounce.

Audace, that enticing fragrance **Madame Rochas** introduced last Christmas, now comes in a collection of bath products. And there's everything you could possibly wish for: Triple-milled soap (three cakes, $7), bath oil (eight ounces, $8), dusting powder ($7.50), fine spray talc ($6), moisturizing body cream ($7).

Alexandra de Markoff has also added a collection of bath products for fans of **Enigma.** The dusting powder ($8), the soap (three for $7.50), and the bath foam ($10) all have the same spicy, semi-Oriental fragrance of the perfume.

And for the man or men who matter to you, **Monsieur Houbigant** has brought out a **Musk Oil.** Jean-François Houbigant actually introduced a special Musk Pomade in 1795 at his shop in Paris, but this one is more refined. It is smoothed on the skin, as well as on moustaches and sideburns. It's masculine and very sensuous; $5 for five ounces. ▽

Wally, Brooke, and Brian Carey of Rye, New York



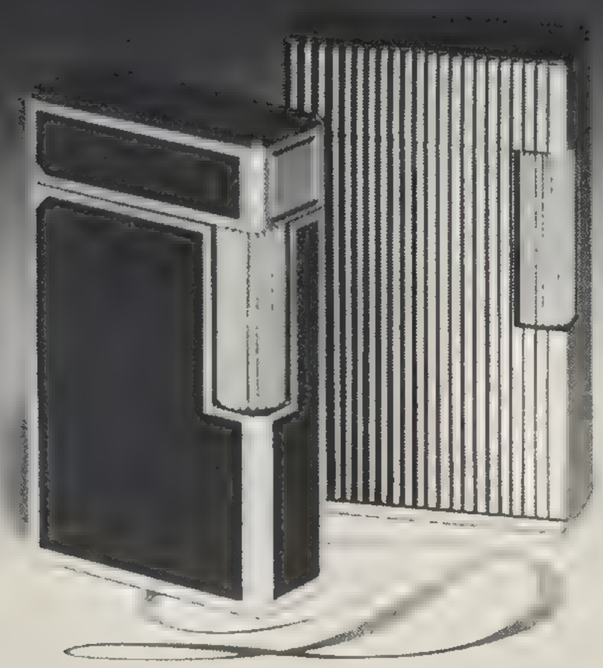
BRECK at CHRISTMAS

wishes you the joy and wonder
of the Season as seen...
with delight...through
the eyes of our children



Gold Formula Breck®—the only leading shampoo that isn't mostly detergent

The S.T. Dupont Lighter.
$1500 and down.*

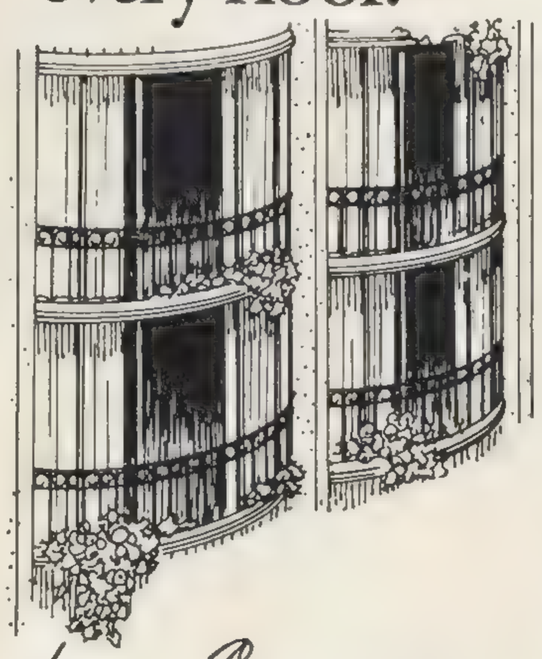


All the lighters in the S. T. Dupont collection are superbly designed and beautifully crafted. They vary from $1500 to $65, because you may choose solid gold, Chinese lacquer, gold or silver finish.

*Price varies with the market price of gold.

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Building Beauty—the Personal Approach

A small company goes about its beauty business by making products that keep their promises and turn customers into lifelong friends

"Women everywhere, they ask—they plead—for new ways to improve and preserve their looks. They are intensely interested in new products." Speaking—with a slight accent—is tiny, auburn-haired **Susan Winkler** who started life in a small Hungarian village, is now chairman of the board of **Eve of Roma.** Full of enthusiasm for the beauty business, she loves to meet her customers and enjoys putting product sales on a one-to-one basis—her representatives are taught to take a personal interest in their clients. Understand their needs. See that they buy what's right. Then explain how it should be used. "What a pity—after women buy a beauty cream, they use it so carelessly. They forget their own responsibility, assume they have bought magic instead of science. They let the cream sit on the shelf and wait for a miracle. American women are under-disciplined in beauty; a woman should study and be taught how to treat her face."

Susan Winkler—we tend to think of her as Super-Susan—has done plenty of studying. She learned a lot about the chemistry of cosmetics as a young girl in Hungary where her family had a pharmaceutical business. She went from Hungary to Hollywood, then got married. Lived in Rome for awhile, there became a devotée of the Eve of Roma salon at 116 via Veneto, and a personal friend of the original Eve. The business, by then, was owned by Gillette, and after Eve's sudden death in 1969, they wanted to close up shop. Women all over Europe and America were disconsolate—wondered how they would live without their favorite Eve of Roma products. That's where Super-Susan stepped in—her husband, an industrialist, bought the business from Gillette and put her in charge.



Susan Winkler, chairman of Eve of Roma, whose beauty interest combines old-world dedication and fascination with the advances of modern research.

Among those products that women feel they can't live without: **Expression Line Oil,** a light, sheer mixture of many oils that discourages lines around eyes, mouth. **Herbal Lotion** to wear under makeup, to moisten and refine skin. **Whipped Cream Mask,** white and fluffy, is a milk protein mask that lightly stimulates circulation and so helps ferret out impurities imbedded in the skin. **Apricot Lotion,** a skin-tonic that one British beauty says saved her skin from adjustment pangs when she moved to America. **Eve** fragrance—elegant, lingering, with hints of fresh mountain-side flowers. **Patina Sheer Base** is the latest product from Eve of Roma, a foundation makeup that is deliberately poured by hand in the Sardinia factory to achieve a special airiness and sheerness in the texture.

It Becomes You.



It becomes you and it becomes *you*.

Forgive the word play. But it helps convey the double meaning, the double subtlety of a truly great fragrance like . . . Germaine.™

Germaine *becomes* you with its dry, sophisticated, fresh-cut bouquet and its contemporary jasmine high note. A modern blend of uncommon scents.

Germaine becomes *you* and only you because you do things for Germaine. The essence of your body combines with Germaine to create a new essence of who you really are. Who you want to be. Never who you shouldn't be.

And, Germaine works its wonders many ways. You can dab it, spray it, creme it, cologne it, splash it or lavish it. Because Germaine is a perfume or a spray perfume or a creme perfume or a perfume strength cologne or a cooling, refreshing body splash with emollients, toners and moisturizers.

Your Germaine Monteil® Beauty Consultant knows what to do and what to don't with fragrance. Most important, she knows how to make sure you know what you must know before you decide.

Her knowledge, experience and personal training are . . . yours for the asking. Everyday . . . at fine department and specialty stores.

So is The Beauty Register!™ That's Germaine Monteil's way of letting you sample many fine cosmetics . . . regularly.

Sign up when you drop in . . . to see what you and Germaine can do for each other.

Germaine Monteil

Give Knirps. The aristocrat of umbrellas.

Knirps®



Hand-engraved Skeleton Watch, 18k gold, $2,300. Skeleton Pocket Watch, shown enlarged at right, 18k gold, $6,500.



Just think, for the price of a Rolls Royce you can own a good watch.



The Grande Complication tells the second, minute, hour, day, date, month, leap year—even phases of the moon. Minute repeater chimes hours, quarter hours and minutes.

The Audemars Piguet "Grande Complication" watch costs $25,000. If you want one, you'll have to wait two years.

Because this watch represents the sum of our knowledge and skill. But there in the palm of your hand you'll have what hundreds of years of Swiss watchmaking have all been leading up to. Of course there are Audemars Piguet's that are somewhat more available, at the prices of Ferraris, Mercedes, Cadillacs, even Fiats.



Few women will know the pleasure of reading the time from diamond hands.

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"Today's woman can create sunshine all around her by the clothes she wears, the fragrance that is her own ambiance, her own atmosphere. I have created this new parfum just for her."

—Hubert de Givenchy



GIVENCHY III
the beautiful environment

From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



REC'D CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC. Richmond, Va.

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964 ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ARE RESTORED.

PARENT CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS: ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home, and when this picture was taken, she was already doing better. Her legs were stronger... she was running with the other children, learning to write her own name.

Every day desperate reports like this reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help?

For only $12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the Project where your child receives help. Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

Please, won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

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I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____
☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____
☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

VO78DO

VOGUE FOOD by Maxime McKendry

Kitchen-free Christmas

Avoid that last-minute stampede to the stove . . . preserve, pickle, freeze—now

To avoid another Christmas like last year's is apt to be your New Year's resolution as you emerge, disheveled and cross, from a battlefield of dirty dishes . . . torn wrapping paper . . . hopelessly entangled decorations in a lopsided tree, whose pine needles are forever imbedded in the rug.

Even where a holiday is no longer considered a holy day, a little leisure . . . a lazy morning in bed with coffee, papers, and telephone . . . is totally divine compared to the profanities one mutters in the kitchen while preparing early for the festive needs of others who are still sound asleep. The trick is to try to have your (Christmas) cake and eat it, too; to be rested, relaxed, and looking your best even after catering to the gathering of the clan. . . .

How? As the store ads say, "Shop early for Christmas or Chanukah"—and cook early, too—one project at a time—and refrigerate or freeze in reasonable-sized batches that are labeled, to serve at a moment's notice. You can pick and choose, make your menu to suit your fancy, and suit your guests.

Saffron apples and almond cream

eight servings

This can be prepared a day or two in advance and refrigerated under plastic wrap. It's terribly pretty: delights all ages.

8-10 Golden Delicious or any other hard, sweet apples, peeled, cored, cut in 1-inch chunks
Enough white wine to cover bottom of pan
½ cup honey
1 teaspoon saffron

Cook ingredients in a covered enamel pan until apples are tender but not mushy, then simmer uncovered to evaporate juices. Pile in center of flat, shallow serving dish and cool; chill until needed. Almond cream: Whip 2 cups heavy cream with ¼ cup sugar until it peaks; stir in ½ cup ground almonds and 6 drops almond extract. Before serving, arrange cream in a ring around apples.

Bob Colacello, Italian-American, super-*paparazzo*, and man-about-town . . . never forgets a word that's said, including his own. . . . His mother, Mrs. John Colacello, suggests this dish as part of the traditional Italian Christmas Eve fish dinner.

Eggplants stuffed with anchovies

six servings

6 very small eggplants,
tops cut off and insides scooped out
1 can anchovy fillets, minced
1 cup prepared bread crumbs
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
Vegetable Oil
1 cup meatless tomato sauce
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Chop the scooped-out eggplant "meat." Mix with garlic, salt, pepper. Make a well with bread crumbs and cheese. In the center, add eggplant and anchovies. Mix well and stuff each eggplant with some of the mixture. Quick fry in a pan with some vegetable oil. Add tomato sauce, cover, and simmer until tender. Cool and freeze for no more than two weeks. To serve, defrost and heat.

(Continued on page 108)

On the first day of Christmas, my true love said to me:



"Don't give up the ship!"

You know how you feel when you're given a bottle of great Scotch. Well, that's how everybody else feels. Make someone happy.

"You've got to be really tough to be America's largest maker of better soft-sided travelware; you've got to stand firm and not yield to temptation.

"When my craftsmen tell me to make a hard plastic exterior because it's easier and less expensive, I say no. Because a hard suitcase will crush your clothes. When they tell me to put a zipper around our bags, instead of our patented, flexible, aluminum 'Dura-Frame', I'm tough; zippers snag and break. And when you have to pull a zipper over tight conditions...ouch!

"I will not make luggage the easy way. I want travelers to be able to put more clothes in Ventura travel-cases than in any other. I want luggage that wears as well as it looks. We may be the originators of soft-sided travelware. But that doesn't mean we can be soft about how we make it. I'm a hard guy to work for—but you get better luggage because of it."

Walter Bialo, *President of Ventura Travelware*

It's really hard to be soft



Ventura
the soft *luxury* travelware

Left to right: From the Ventura Ms. Collection: Slim Garment Bag, Gro-Duffle (closed and expanded), Sholda-Tote and Jr. Pullman. At better stores exclusively. About $30 to $175. For free "Tips on Packing," write: Ventura, Dept. WBV, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101. Also available in Canada. ©1973.

For memorable Christmas eating . . . succulent corned mutton-ham, a 19th-century surprise, updated

Corned mutton-ham

A leg of mutton
1 cup coarse salt
1 cup light-brown sugar
3 tablespoons saltpeter

Rub the salt, sugar, and saltpeter into the mutton and put it in a large pan; in a day or two, it will create its own brine. About twice a day, rub the salts and sugar in the pan into the meat; turn it over every few days. Leave the mutton in its pickle for at least a week—although ten days, two weeks, or even a month is better. When the pickling process is finished, wash the meat well, then simmer it gently in water to cover, at about 15-20 minutes to the pound. Add onions, potatoes, carrots, plus 2 tablespoons minced parsley and dill, to broth during the last stages. Refrigerated, the meat keeps like ham. Saltpeter is sold at drugstores; and if your butcher can't supply a leg of mutton, it's usually available (order in advance) from Sam's Meat Market, 543 Ninth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10018. Ask for Gerry Shapiro.

Saffron bread

This is a very old English bread, probably made in the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century. It used to be made sweet, and you can still do this by adding ½ cup sugar and ½ cup raisins and currants. The sweet version makes a delicious tea bread and is very good toasted. The crust is shiny and golden and the crumb a delicious yellow. Makes 1 loaf:

¾ cup milk
¼ teaspoon saffron
1 package yeast
4 tablespoons lukewarm water
3½ cups flour
2 teaspoons salt
2 eggs

Add the saffron to the milk and scald. Let it cool. Dissolve the yeast in the lukewarm water. Sift together 3 cups of the flour and the salt. Make a well in the flour; spoon in the eggs, milk, and yeast mixture; and blend. Add enough flour to prevent its becoming sticky. Knead, adding more flour as needed, until the dough is smooth and elastic. Put in a greased bowl in a warmish place and leave to rise until it is double in bulk (about 45 minutes). Punch down and shape into a round loaf. Place this on a greased baking sheet and leave to rise until it has again doubled in size.

Bake at 375° for 25-30 minutes, then cool on a rack; freeze.

If you decide to use raisins, knead them in after punching the dough down the first time. The sugar should be mixed in with the flour at the beginning.

The unwatched bird

Rub a 3-pound chicken all over with oil (sesame oil gives the nicest flavor; do not use butter, which will burn). Season the cavity with salt and pepper. Mash 2 tablespoons butter with 1 tablespoon dried tarragon and coat the inside of the bird. Sew up the openings with coarse thread. Oil both sides of a sheet of aluminum foil and cover the bird with it, like a hood. Place in a 500° oven for 15 minutes; reduce heat to 250° for another 40 minutes. There's no need to baste. Take a deliciously scented bath for 15 minutes, a nap during the next 40. All you need is a timer. The chicken will be crisp and delicious.

Recipes for Corned Mutton-Ham, Saffron Bread, and Saffron Apples and Almond Cream were adapted from Maxime McKendry's *The Seven Centuries Cookbook: From Richard II to Elizabeth II*, McGraw-Hill Book Company.

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saw the Vision of the world
and all the wonder that would be

Tennyson



From left to right: Silver Square $235 Buckle Watch $395 Cubist (top) $325 Clasp Case (bottom) $250

Serge Manzon is a renowned Parisian designer. A man whose visions become reality with amazing and trend-setting consistency. He created a collection of watches, so advanced, so contemporary they will surely become the classics of our time. Totally unique. They are crafted, sculptured, really, of solid silver. That precious metal whose soft lustre and patina is equated with good taste and understated elegance. Longines has married Manzon's vision with their unrivaled movements to produce a collection of watches unlike any that have come before. Manzon Collection watches are available in 11 interpretations. Some of them electronic. Most of them unisex. All of them exquisite. We are proud to offer the Manzon Collection, by Longines. A new avenue of distinction to people of style and sophistication.

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John's Island is pleased to announce the opening of The Island House on the ocean, offering studio apartments with bath and Pullman kitchen for rental. Reservations are now being accepted for fall and winter. For booking, rates and further information, please contact Mrs. Mary Gerber, Rental Manager, The Island House, 400 Beach Road, John's Island, Vero Beach, Florida 32960. (305) 562-9981.

john's island

VOGUE TRAVEL by Despina Messinesi

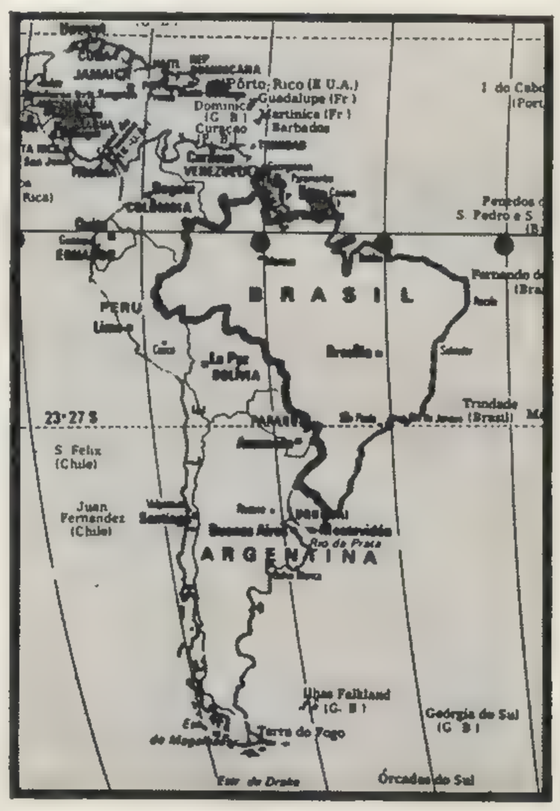
Suddenly, It's Brazil—Better Than Ever

Marvelous new resorts are opening all over the country, even in the lush jungles of the Amazon region . . . and on Rio's superb beaches everything happens

In Brazil, everything is overwhelming, exaggerated, yet possible and down-to-earth. It's a now place that works hard by day and plays at night. In the evening, men dress down for dining out; they wear open-necked sport shirts—no ties, no jackets—a commonsense formula suitable to tropical climates. It's a man/woman country, where men keep steady grips on their women and women look wide-eyed and adoringly at their men.

"Flying down to Rio" is just the beginning of a trip to Brazil. Now there are exciting resorts you can fly to all over the country—even in the Amazon region. And, in time, you will be able to drive around Brazil, a country bigger than the United States before Alaska and Hawaii were added. Already, a 1,300-mile-long highway links Belém in the northeast to Brasília, the country's young capital city, created in a wilderness plumb in the middle of Brazil, now transformed into an architectural masterpiece.

Rio de Janeiro, an electrifying blend of big business and languorous resort living. . . . Cariocas (as Rio girls call themselves) in minimum bikinis—a major wardrobe investment—walk through the city streets wrapped in sarongs. . . . Brazil's Atlantic coast, about 4,500 miles long, is almost all



Brazil, a country bigger than our first forty-eight states, has forty-five hundred miles of coastline.

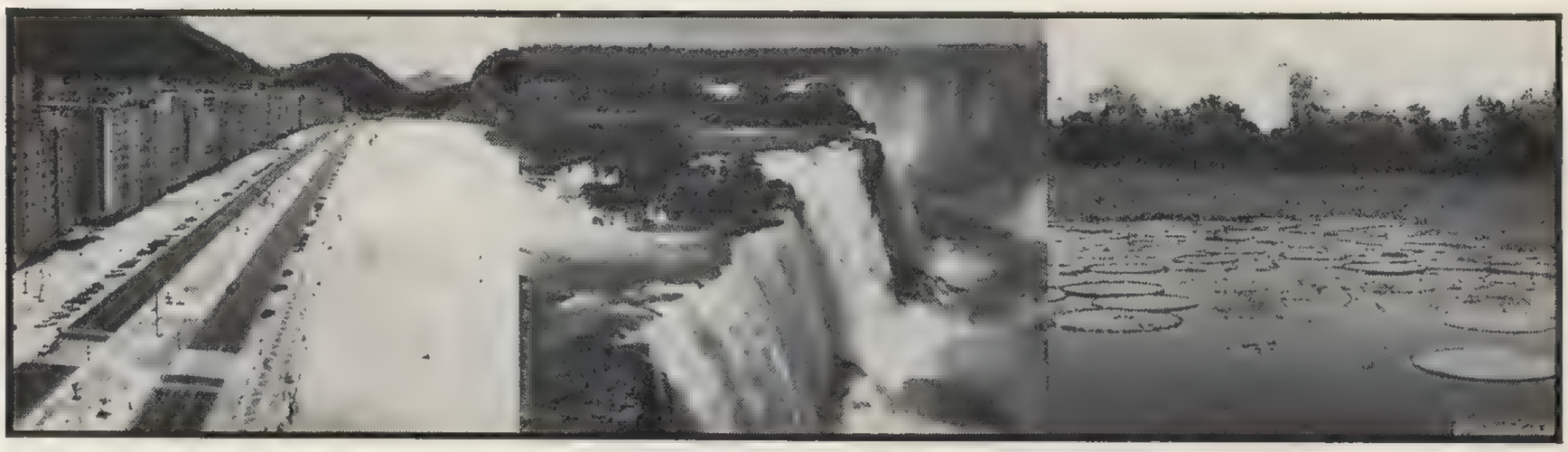
beach. . . . Rio's Copacabana Beach, widened by landfill and bordered by a dizzying navy-and-white mosaic sidewalk designed by Brazil's great landscape artist Roberto Burle Marx, is only one of a series of beaches—Leme, Ipanema, Leblon, Gávea—that run into one another.

Everything happens twenty-four hours a day on the beaches: At sunrise, the landscape is alive with people doing Yoga, jogging . . . around midday, soccer games, bodies in rows like cookies baking, chess matches; overhead, sea gulls and kites shaped like Byzantine eagles . . . at night, the glimmering lights of fishing boats, stars . . . at all hours, strollers, lovers, the constant, rhythmic pounding of the sea.

On the beachfront, streamlined apartment buildings, with smoke-tinted windows and marble and granite façades. . . . Leme Palace Hotel, modern, with excellent service; telephone operators speak English; balconied rooms offer mesmerizing views of the beach, like a wide-angle color television screen you cannot bear to turn off.

Rio is green with parks, streets lined with Imperial palms, Japanese almond trees that grow new leaves before the old ones drop off. Tunnels pierce peaked green mountains. . . . Turreted Victorian houses break the skyscraper skyline. . . . Faded-pink turn-of-the-century buildings house government offices.

Any pretext—in offices, at the hairdressers, in shops—brings out small, half-filled cups of Brazilian coffee, which Brazilians drink very sweet. . . . In Ipanema, people stand three-deep at Morais, a famous sidewalk place, for sherbets and ice creams made from exotic fruits. . . . People do the same at Achille's nearby, but here the (Continued on page 116)



In Brazil, three patterns: Left, *Rio's classic beauty, Copacabana Beach, touched up by man.* Center, *Iguaçu Falls, ten miles of thundering waterfalls.* Right, *in the Amazon world, lily pads four feet across.*



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Marco Beach Hotel & Villas

One of America's great resorts a Deltona property

Samba school is like an M-G-M extravaganza starring Carmen Miranda and Fred Astaire

specialty is *salgadinhos*, salty pastries filled with shrimp, chicken, ham (twenty cents each). . . . For pots of fresh-brewed afternoon tea, pastries, gentle tea music: Colombo's on Copacabana.

At the discreet Ouro Verde Hotel, the upstairs restaurant—stark white, furnished in brown leather, wicker—gets top honors for food. . . . At the center of Copacabana, the "grand hotel" style of the Copacabana Palace Hotel is being updated and a new switchboard installed, to everybody's relief. Its bar, freshly decorated in brown, is a regular drop for drinks. On the mezzanine, Renault, a hairdressing salon filled with Cariocas and visitors, sounds like a tower of Babel.

Behind the rock of The Two Brothers on Gávea Beach stands the very new Hotel Nacional-Rio, designed by Oscar Niemeyer, round as a lighthouse, twenty-six stories high. . . . Going up next to it, an Inter-Continental Hotel. Both are close to the Gávea Golf Club, once a coffee plantation. . . . At the far end of Leblon Beach, a Sheraton is almost completed.

Proof of Brazil's vigorous pace: innumerable dawn wake-up calls at hotels. . . . Standard breakfast: four kinds of fruit, cheese, ham, rolls, jams, tea or coffee.

Brazil's vitality is contagious, touching every facet, including the arts and daily living. All the visual arts are booming: paintings, sculpture, tapestries bring astronomical prices.

What not to miss in Rio: Samba school groups rehearsing for Carnival. The contagious beat of a samba band throbs through a crowded hall. Frenzied dancers, even those sitting, twitch, involuntarily drum their fingers, then bounce up and dance alone in place. Lean men with a Fred Astaire nimbleness and chic; irresistible Cariocas with T-shirts, tight pants, round fannies. . . . Sit on bleachers, not at tables, on the dance floor. (For more Brazilian scenes see pages 166-185.)

Hound the hotel concierge to find out where and when one of Rio's many samba school clubs will be practicing. Anybody can go: women pay about fifty cents to get in; men, about $1.50.

Going to On The Rocks, a restaurant in an unfinished skyscraper, equals the suspense of a Hitchcock thriller. You walk through dimly lighted concrete corridors with sharp turns, go up and down stairs, in and out of elevators. Then you arrive at a small restaurant with a huge terrace carved in cliffs, open to the sky. From there you look down on Rio, reflected like a spill of crushed gems in the sea.

During the winter season—July through September—temperatures average around the seventies, reach to the eighties. . . . Smog, humidity, and tropical rainstorms make it seem chillier than it is. . . . Cariocas are enormously sensitive to the so-called cold; for North American visitors, a shawl or sweater works.

Seeing the rest of Brazil: Early morning airplane flights from Rio and São Paulo, cities especially susceptible to smog, may be delayed. Brazilians who zip around the country choose, when possible, mid-morning and noon take-offs. . . . Food and service on flights within the country—all one class—are outstanding. Even on short trips, stewardesses on Varig, the Brazilian airline, wearing yellow dresses designed by Louis Ferraud, serve—depending on the hours—free drinks, small sandwiches, and *salgadinhos*. Meal-flight menus include hot soups; pâtés; wines; bottled water; the works.

Brazil's best buys, gem stones: Tourmalines, aquamarines, topazes, amethysts in colors you never believed existed. . . . You can't miss the leading jeweler, H. Stern, who has shops all over Brazil, the place to go for good luck charms. . . . Haroldo Burle Marx's small shop around the corner from the Copacabana Palace Hotel has great gems in gold settings. . . . Joe E. Jack Band, a shop not on the tourist circuit, is where those in the Brazilian Foreign Office and other diplomats go for presents to give to visiting VIP's.

For the best Brazilian food: The rooftop restaurant at Rio's Empire Hotel . . . enormous shrimp fried in palm oil with bananas, (Continued on page 118)

Last year, Fielding's Guide said we were possibly the best. When they see what we've added, they're going to go bananas.

Fielding's Guide to the Caribbean plus the Bahamas by Jeanne and Harry E. Harman III, 1973 edition, called Romana "This newest and very possibly best entry in the current Caribbean Hotel Grand Prix."

That was before we added Casa de Campo, a second resort hotel at Romana.

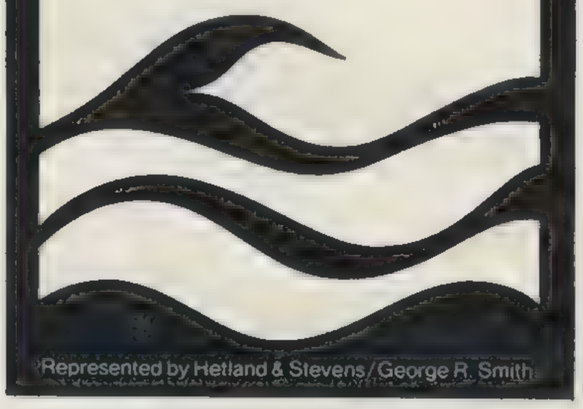
Casa de Campo is a series of vacation cottages nestled along the fairways of our now-famous Pete Dye golf course. The guestrooms are all weathered wood and native tile, with huge louvered wooden doors that open to the cool ocean breezes. The place is out of sight.

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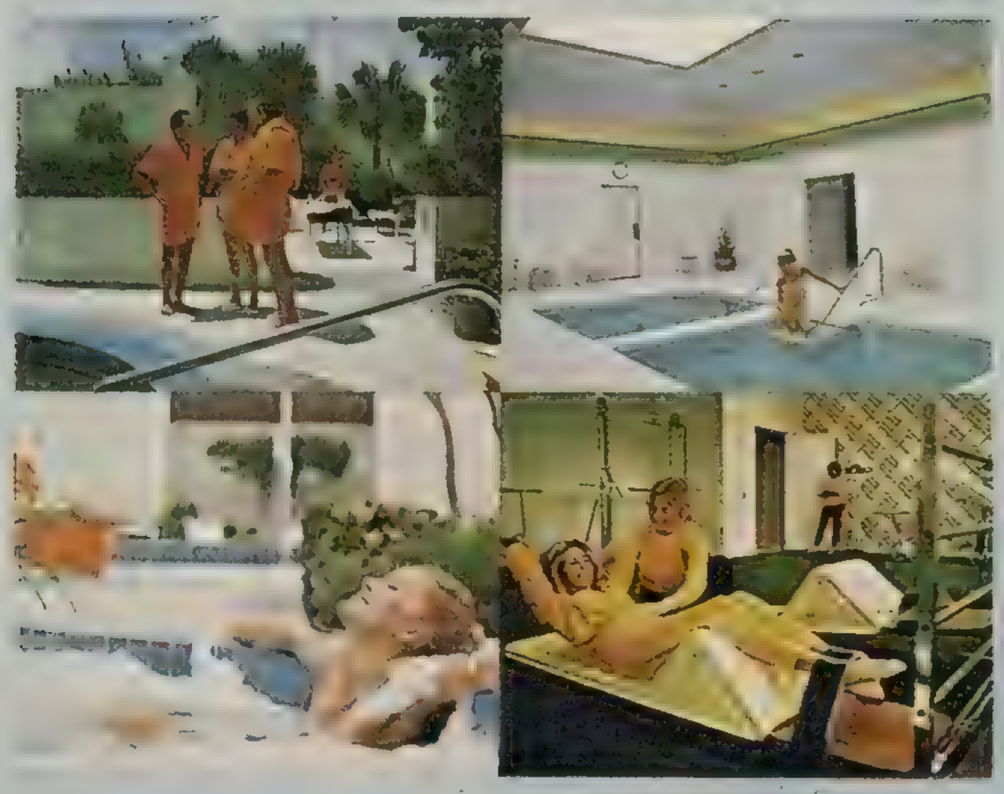
As you might guess, this unusual trip will book rather quickly. Be sure you're aboard. See your travel agent now. He'll handle the arrangements, and give you a handsome brochure describing the cruise in detail. Or write: Sitmar Cruises, 3303 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90010.



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rice . . . delicious desserts made with pumpkin, coconut milk, carmelized coconut. With everything, instead of rice or potatoes, Brazilians eat *farofa*—manioc root fried in palm oil, mixed with hard-boiled eggs.

Delicious Brazilian white wine is Château d'Argent. . . . Served everywhere is *chopp:* draft beer. . . . Imported scotch is expensive. . . . Taste *Fruta de Conde,* a fruit that looks like a nubbly green tennis ball outside, pale yellow inside, lots of seeds, a delicacy eaten with a spoon. *Note:* At top restaurants, count on about $7 to $8 for lunch; around $10 to $15 for dinner. When the bill includes service, tip about half of the service charge.

Brazilians speak a throaty Portuguese. In hotels, front-desk clerks speak English, but elsewhere, with sign language, you can coast along admirably.

Varig Brazilian Airlines, which flies you to the country, becomes, on the ground, Tropical Hotels, your innkeeper. Their six hotels stand in spectacular places that visitors, as well as Brazilians, dream about seeing. . . . The Tropical Hotel Santarém, not yet six months old, is in the Amazon region at Santarém. From its balconied rooms, you can see, beyond the hotel's pool, the Tapajos River, a broad, Mediterranean-blue stripe flowing next to the Amazon River, which is the color of potato sacking.

At the air-conditioned hotel, a hilltop spread of civilization in Amazon country, everything is white and yellow, including the uniforms of the unusually pleasant staff, all local young people. In the high-ceilinged lounges, white wicker blends with yellow hammocks converted into chairs —one end hangs from the ceiling, the other is attached to two legs rooted in the floor. In the small town, many shops stock nothing but hammocks, piled from floor to ceiling, folded flat as sheets.

Other Tropical Hotels: Hotel das Cataratas on the brim of Iguaçu Falls, those thundering waterfalls in a jungle filled with extraordinary birds . . . charming rooms, colonial furniture, fireplaces in the lounges. . . . In the burgeoning Northeast, Tropical Hotel Tambaú, round as a wheel, at João Pessoa, on a beach, misty with heat and sun . . . fresh crab dishes, Dutch churches, straw markets. . . . Hotel da Bahia in Salvador, Brazil's mystical city of legends, has palmy beaches, superb food . . . chocolate-colored Bahianas in kerchiefs, full skirts, walk with a swagger. Promised for Christmas 1974, the twenty-million-dollar Tropical Hotel Manaus on the banks of the River Negro in the State of Amazonas —all the luxuries right in the jungle where orchids thrive; it will also have thatched cottages on stilts, in quiet inlets.

Varig flies from New York to Rio every evening at eight with additional evening flights on Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, leaving at ten. The nine-hour trip is just long enough for a leisurely dinner, uninterrupted sleep, and breakfast. Returning from Rio, planes take off every night at eleven, which gives passengers a full last day. Morning flights take off from Rio on Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, arrive at seven-thirty in the evening. Make reservations ahead; flights to Rio are heavily booked. No visas are necessary for United States citizens. New York to Rio roundtrip economy fare, $726; in first class, $1,080; fourteen- to twenty-eight-day excursion fare, $553.

Now through May 25, 1974, except during Carnival week in February, Varig's special one-week winter tours from N.Y., $582 for each person sharing a double room, including breakfast, at either the Nacional-Rio or Copacabana Palace Hotels. Same arrangements but timed for Rio's frenzied Carnival: an eleven-day Carnival tour leaving New York, February 20, 1974, $715. The 1974 Carnival dates: February 21-25 coincide with our George Washington's Birthday weekend. Why not spend it in Rio?

On all Varig flights, you can expect excellent service; and on the return Rio flights, caviar, crab meat, draft beer served in steins, and even *farofa.* ▽

For further information on Brazil and Varig Airlines, write Vogue Travel, Department B, P.O. Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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Latest can't-do-without-it vitamin…light that can stop cold sores short …what you should know about breast cancer…the too-common cold renamed

For that old pain, a new no-hands test

Don't be surprised, should you have symptoms that suggest a case of appendicitis, if your doctor checks you by having you stand on tiptoe, then come down on your heels. A New Mexico surgeon, Dr. George B. Markle IV, has developed this stand-up test method that he says is more accurate and objective for detecting abdominal problems than the rebound test, in which the doctor presses and releases the abdomen. At the Carlsbad Regional Medical Center, reports *Medical World News*, Dr. Markle's test was checked against the rebound method and gave correct diagnosis in many more cases.

And here's… the Head Cold of the Month

'Tis the season for coronavirus: doesn't that sound fancier than "common cold"? Chances are that when you get the sniffles sometime between now and the end of February, it will be a different kind of virus-caused cold than the one you might have caught in November. The National Center for Health Statistics has given figures on a newly discovered group of viruses said to be a major source of late-winter colds in adults. This particular agent, called coronavirus, takes about a day longer than other viruses to incubate after you've been exposed to it and produces a slightly shorter period of illness than the average cold caused by that old standby the rhinovirus. So far, cold scientists have found twenty-four strains of the coronavirus, while the rhinovirus family has about ninety known members. You sneeze more with a rhinovirus cold, have more head congestion with a coronavirus. Whatever kind of cold you have, it should run its course in two to seven days. If it lasts longer than a week, your illness may not be a cold at all but an allergy or sinus infection. Any longer-lasting cough should be checked by a doctor, in case the problem is a more serious infection.

Getting rid of cold sores—a now-possible dream

An ugly, itchy blister on the lip caused by the herpes simplex virus is a recurrent, though non-serious, plague to many otherwise beautiful smiles. People who are especially prone seem to be able to catch a cold sore, or fever blister, in response to stress, fever, nerve strain, menstruation, sunlight, or friction on the lip. *Emergency Medicine* magazine has reported some promising new treatments.

A group of Texas doctors, led by Dr. Troy D. Felber of Houston, uses a method called photodynamic inactivation. Catching the sore at the pre-blister stage—herpes sufferers know the warning tingle—the doctor paints the area with a red dye solution; he then exposes the cold-sore site to an ordinary cool white fluorescent light. Later, the patient bathes the area in light at home. The simple treatment has hurried the disappearance of sores in most cases and cut down recurrences by half.

A different treatment is used by Dr. Samuel M. Chou of West Virginia University School of Medicine in Morgantown. He touches the tingly spot with ether or chloroform several times during a day. Using this method on his friend Dr. G. Robert Nugent, who has been plagued by lip herpes eruptions for years, Dr. Chou stopped sores from blossoming and prevented new outbreaks.

Can you avoid breast loss in cancer surgery?

Many women are so afraid of surgery that they put off going to a doctor when a breast lump appears. "Don't delay," says Dr. George Crile, Jr., one of the world's authorities on breast cancer. A breast lump or any suspicious sign calls for immediate medical examination. Then your doctor should—and usually will—discuss fully all the known facts, including any treatment he proposes. Six out of every one hundred American women will have breast cancer sometime, but the disease is curable when it's detected and treated early enough.

Women are often terrified of a disfiguring radical mastectomy, a surgical operation in which the entire breast is removed, along with a good deal of additional tissue, glands, and muscles; but there are other cancer-removing operations that call for removing much less tissue, leaving arm and shoulder muscles intact. Because a woman's statistical chances for cure are about the same with the lesser operations as with the radical one—though in some the radical operation may be indicated—Dr. Crile thinks the patient has the right to know and to choose, with a doctor's guidance, the surgical treatment that is best for her. If a surgeon refuses to consider any operation but the radical mastectomy, you also have a right to consult another doctor who knows and can perform the various types of breast surgery and who can help you make an informed decision.

Dr. Crile's new book, *What Women Should Know About the Breast Cancer Controversy* (Macmillan), gives information he believes you should have about breast cancer: different treatments, chances for cure, problems and advantages of the different methods of treatment, and an important list of do's and don'ts.

Vitamin news: B6 is the next big one

Expect to hear more talk about vitamin B_6, or pyridoxine, in 1974. Nutritional and medical researchers have published new data on the importance of B_6 in normal, healthful diet as well as in treatment of disease conditions. B_6 has a variety of functions in the body: It helps you to use protein, so a high-protein diet should include more B_6; it helps utilize fats and carbohydrates; and a supply of B_6 is essential to maintain and repair body tissues.

A Texas doctor, John M. Ellis, who has used B_6 in treating illness since 1961, believes the vitamin is linked with prevention of rheumatic aches and pains, swelling, diabetes, and heart disease. In his new book, Vitamin B_6: The Doctor's Report *(Harper & Row), Dr. Ellis tells about patients relieved from severe disabilities by therapeutic doses of B_6. The necessity for this vitamin was highlighted a few years ago, when a number of babies on a certain infant formula developed convulsions; it was found that the formula had been processed with high heat, inadvertently destroying the vitamin B_6. When the vitamin was restored, the babies got well.*

The government's official recommended dietary allowances call for a daily two milligrams of pyridoxine for adult women, two and one-half milligrams during pregnancy. To get the required amount, eat liver, lean meats, whole grains, nuts, seeds, wheat germ, and bananas. Remember that high temperatures destroy B_6—and some nutritionists believe that Americans face a general deficiency of B_6 because of commercial processing of cereal foods, removing up to 90 percent of the natural B_6.



©1973 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

Skin peeling and beauty. Here's how Clinique tackles it.

7th-Day Scrub Cream was formulated by a leading dermatologist to perform as a skin-sloughing booster, **to help speed the removal-for-beauty of skin-dimming dead surface cells.** In the Clinique scheme of things, this special subtle abrasive in cream form—**allergy-tested and 100% fragrance-free**—provides the extra cleansing and polishing nudge all skin needs year round.

Winter and summer, whether you happen to be suntanned or not, **it helps nature put your best skin forward** by quickly and gently clearing away the dry surface clutter that makes skin look dull, coarse and uneven.

You may find you'll use this **systematic skin cleansing** once a week or every other day.



How often do you need it? Ask the Clinique Computer.

Programmed by dermatologists, it asks you the 8 essential questions that result in accurate identification of your skin type and its true needs. The heart of the Clinique system of skin care, **the Computer** determines the proper Clinique products and procedures for you. Then a regime of **three minutes in the morning and another three minutes at night** results in better and better looking skin—skin radiant and ready for Clinique makeup. **Clinique is the future of beauty and it's already arrived.**

CLINIQUE

Clinique Laboratories, Inc., 767 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

It was Some Party. Ballantine's was there.



A NOVEMBER night in 1935. The Chicago Auto Show. Snappy, sleek cars and hopelessly auto-nuts people. At the International Amphitheatre, a crowd waits to see what delights Detroit has offered just in time for Christmas. "Ashtrays in the backseat? Fingertip control? A radio? How marvelous!"

Ladies in polo coats look longingly at a LaSalle and talk about moving to the country. Those who already owned cars try not to look smug as they whisper about a new kind of restaurant called a "drive-in."

A line forms to try out the speaking tube in a Packard limousine. Couples sigh over a gift-wrapped Pierce-Arrow. America was having a love affair with the automobile.

Ballantine's was there. A stylish sort of scotch. Like those grand cars, a scotch for people who prefer classics.

Give the scotch that was there



Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N. Y. C.

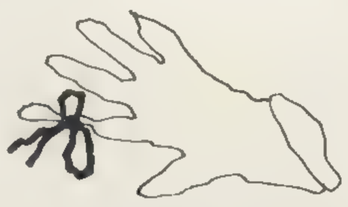
© '21'

VOGUE The Neighborhood SHOPPER

To quote a harassed friend of ours, "Christmas is at our throats again." It may also be at your face, figure, hands, and hair. Take note, then, of penny-priced presents to buy *for yourself.* (And a few to keep on hand for the drop-ins you never dreamed would come bearing gifts!)

Hand-y helpers

Bedford Shelmire, Jr., M.D. has written a book called *The Art of Looking Younger* in which he tells you everything you've always wanted to know about beauty and probably have been too busy to ask. Among other subjects the doctor has strong opinions about hand care, including an explosion of some of your old theories. Rubber gloves, for instance, are no good unless you buy them a size too large and wear cotton



ones underneath. Lined ones won't do, he says, because the linings soon become soiled and they are not sufficiently absorbent. Dr. S. also reminds you to wash the cotton gloves *frequently*. . . . Our P. S.: check into something called *While-U-Sleep Beauty Gloves* made of 100 percent virgin cotton. They can be worn inside the rubber ones while your hands are in water or slipped on at night after hand cream is applied.

Be your own catalyst

"Skin incense" is a new way to wear fragrance in an Oriental-inspired liquid whose potency is released by the heat of your own body. And there's no telling where *that* can lead! Yardley originated it and named it, with unflagging optimism, "You're the Fire."

Brunette bombshell

What do you, Raquel Welch, Mary Tyler Moore, and most buyers of haircoloring have in common? Dark hair, that's what. We're witnessing the emergence of the brunette in fashion, particularly those who've discovered True Brunette. This return to dark beauty is more than a whim. Brunette colorings have become more softly formulated, more diversified and natural looking. Women who feared the "shoe-polish black" effect of tinting have no more worries. You know, of course, that Clairol is ready with a range of dark, shampoo-in tones.

Shopping cart chic . . .
Christmas life savers

Savvy lady we know always keeps a few extra unmarked gifts on hand at this season, thereby earns the reputation of being the most thoughtful woman in town. Here's what she's wrapped up for off-the-cuff largesse this year:



A super new *all-round hairbrush* that styles, stimulates, and does away with snarls and tangles. . . . *Eau de Love Spray Concentrate* in an enchanting half-ounce size, and *Love's Fresh Lemon* in the same small-gift version. (Any Love is better than none at all, no?). . . . A *Foto-Rama Tissue Box* for the young and/or sentimental. It's a clear plastic cube that slips over a regular tissue box and can hold photographs of the loved ones on all four sides. . . . *Wicker baskets* in which she's packed two splits of champagne. . . . *Disposable butane lighters* in wild colors like purple and green, uncarded and tied in pairs. . . . A collection of things called *The Thing*—eye shadows, lip and cheek glosses, and mascara, all housed in clear Lucite cube stands. Practical toys for pretty grown-ups by Cutex. . . . A nifty gift-boxed combination called



The Executive Martini. Inside, a small ice bucket, carafe, and a bottle of Boodles British Gin. Looks expensive, but isn't. . . . Consideration for your Christmas-shop-worn feet in *pHisoDerm,* a liquid skin cleanser that helps soften and replace moisture. Good for all-over body cleansing and conditioning, too, it's supersudsy and emollient-filled, suitable for the whole tired family. . . . Or if you can't walk another step, send for *Caswell-Massey's Apothecary Catalogue* and order all kinds of things you never heard of. Lots of imported beauty and fragrance products, and all fascinating. For instance, would *you* have thought of Malabar Glory Soap from India, real goose-quill toothpicks from France, Italian wax ear plugs, Belgian barrettes, or Smith's Snuff from England—complete with miniature scoop and a booklet called "The Story of Snuff"? That's only a *sampling* of the originals in this jet-age Farmer's Almanac—518 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. 10017.



R. O. BLECHMAN

Lemon Aid

New twist in nail care: Lemon Protein Nail Conditioner. Also Lemon Nail Polish Remover and Cuticle Smoother. All have do-good ingredients and the fresh-fruit fragrance that Max Factor chose for a sweet-smelling hand-care regimen.

New happiness: indoor gardening

Even ungreen thumbs are producing botanical bonanzas via controlled lighting. Ingredients: house plants, special fluorescent tubes, and containers to buy or build yourself. All are readily available at the stores next door. Result: some-near-miraculous horticultural achievements, even in rooms that never see real daylight. For expert advice, send for the Department of Agriculture's Home and Garden Bulletin number 187. It's a 15-cent best seller.



Think happy . . . look pretty

You know all about pH, right? That's the acid-alkaline balance your skin needs to look great. Well, a treatment line called *pH plus* not only takes care of the acid balance but throws in collagen protein, vitamins, wheat-germ oil, and other assorted goodies. The *Firming Facial Masque* in the collection contains such stunning ingredients as natural earth clay and peppermint. You think you can almost see it helping to firm your face. Redken is the creator and its perky female president says the mask works better still if you think happy thoughts while you wear it. (If the psyche's calm, can the complexion be disturbed?) The beauty salon is where Redken products are to be found.

I cannot remember when
I've had more fun
than I had this day
playing in the flowers in the sun
I bloom more brightly when I am the beach feeling

CATALINA®

NIGHT FLOWERS bloom in DuPont nylon and LYCRA® spandex maillot, with matching cover-up of nylon jersey knit.

Lycra® is a registered trademark of DuPont

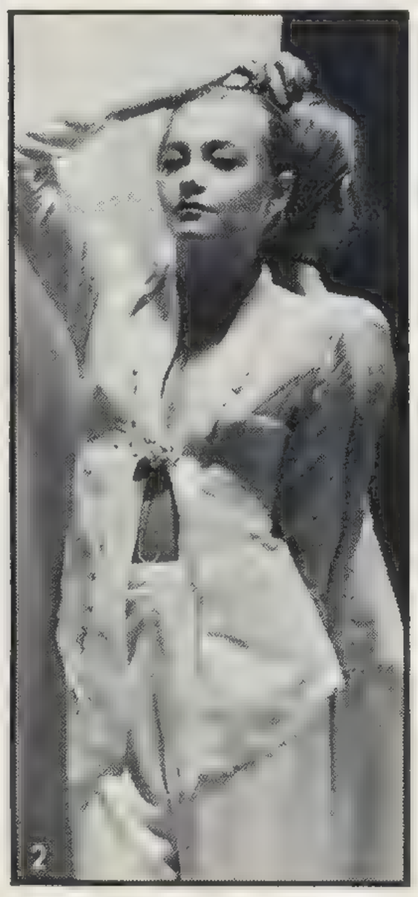
VOGUE BOUTIQUE



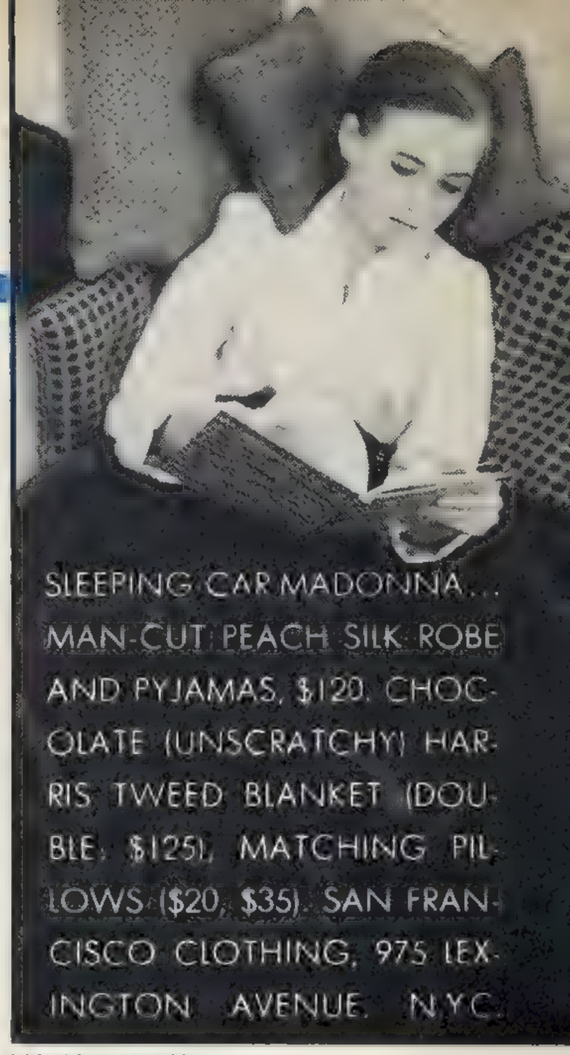
SENSUOUS LUGGAGE—Halston's Ultrasuede collection for Hartmann in cocoa or Burgundy. 10 pieces to choose from, $105 to $300, at Martha, 475 Park Avenue, N.Y.C.

DECEMBER SEDUCTIONS

A collection of sensuous things from an antique baby dress to cones of lavender to a treasure of an organdie wedding shirt from China—the reason: the delight of finding presents with their own poetry built in. . . . CHINATOWN DISCOVERIES, *below: a fan* of tortoise wood with birds and cherry blossoms, $1. You might give several in an octagonal *black silk basket* ($1) with brilliantly colored three-dimensional Chinese figures decorating the sides. . . . *Lacquer-red envelopes* embossed with gold dragons and Chinese characters, birds and figures (10 cents each). Tie a packet together with ribbon, add an enameled brass letter opener, $1. . . . *Below right,* Diane Love's EVENING ENVELOPE of copper, aquamarine, black Japanese ceremonial brocade, $44. 851 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.



2. SENSUOUS—Patti d'Arbanville's white flower-embossed organdie Chinese wedding blouse, $92 (silky pyjamas, $10, D.D. Dominick). Obiko, 3294 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.



SLEEPING CAR MADONNA... MAN-CUT PEACH SILK ROBE AND PYJAMAS, $120. CHOCOLATE (UNSCRATCHY) HARRIS TWEED BLANKET (DOUBLE, $125), MATCHING PILLOWS ($20, $35). SAN FRANCISCO CLOTHING, 975 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N.Y.C.

BARBARA BERSELL







PHILIP VAN AVER

SPECIAL POETRY—handcopy a favorite story in a beautiful book (Fitzgerald's Winter Dream?) like the raspberry quilted Indian books with écru ribboned paper ($3-$7), Sona, 11 E. 55th St., N.Y.C. . . . Venice: Legatoria Piazzesi for the most beautiful paper-covered books, frames, boxes, rare book paper—very faded and "fin de siecle" (to do whole rooms). Andy Warhol and Yves Saint Laurent stock up every time they go.



4. UNTITLED POSTCARDS, 159 Prince St., N.Y.C. Collections of incredible cards—uniquely "art postcards" . . . customers heavily art-world people! (Saul Steinberg made a limited-edition lithograph from them.)



SCENTS!

N.Y.C.: Sachet pillows with Redouté flower drawings, $10. Diane Love. Aphrodisia (28 Carmine St.), every herb, spice, oil, bark, seed, flower imaginable. Fill small baskets, tie with satin ribbons: a super sensual present. **3. PARIS:** Diptyque, 34 Blvd. St. Germain: cinnamon soaps, Edwardian bath vinegar, Eau Diptyque (a spice garden), hand-woven lavender cones.



SENSUAL PALATES

NEW YORK: Christmas dinner from Mr. Babbington and Friends (the super chef of made-to-order food)—wild squab with apple-truffle stuffing, broccoli in dill butter, endives, French chocolate cake with Grand Marnier, fresh strawberries, crème Chantilly. 400 E. 75th St. . . . **6.** A huge chocolate bear (from an old German mold) or chocolate doves, $20. Kron Chocolatier, 126 E. 83rd St. . . . **7.** Jean-Jacques Bloos's 2-foot gingerbread man (a Dutch tradition), $5. **8.** From E.A.T., 1064 Madison Ave., crocks of tarragon from Provence; home-made pâté; a basket of sausages, salamis; spiced pecans in a flowered box! LONDON: Ultimate Chocolates! Charbonnet et Walker, 31 Old Bond St. Made-to-order for the "devourer." For ladies: a tiny eyelet hatbox of chocolates with tiny golden tongs. Chocolates are numbered, come with a key—never a palate-error! PARIS: Fouquet, rue François Premier. Custom caramels; six-inch slabs of Chinese tea printed with characters, flowers—chip off and use, or frame.





9. An incredible fern tree of moss, baby ferns, and flowers in a wooden tub. $100. Jean-Jacques Bloos, 1025 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.

5. Daisy Alpert in her white organdie-and-lace Victorian baby dress, $34. Wendy's Store, 1046 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.



White Shoulders

Evyan Perfumes, Inc.

Background: Ladies in waiting to Empress Eugenie — Winterhalter Painting from the Royal Collection, Buckingham Palace, London.

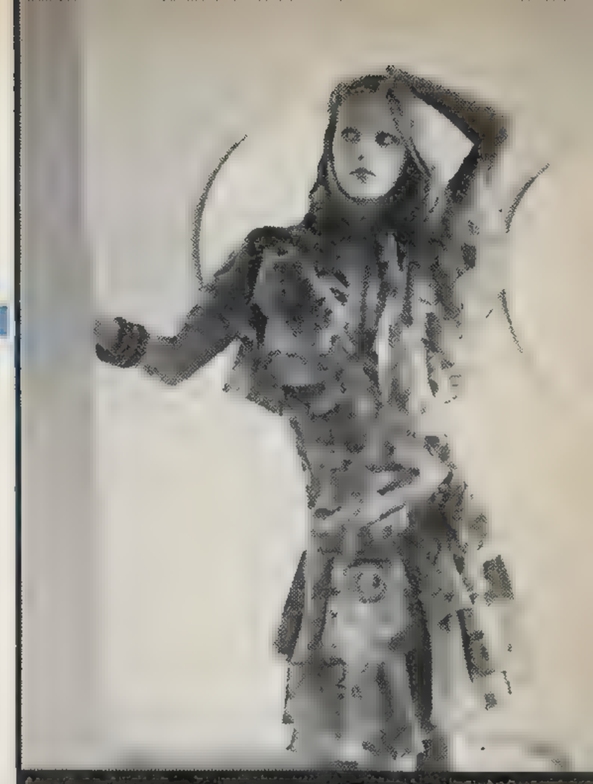
VOGUE BOUTIQUE



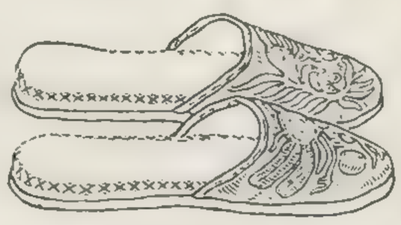
1. Lingerie—lingerie in the finest sense—ultimate romanticism. From China, two-piece pyjama of bias white silk . . . a peplumed camisole top that ties in back like a baby dress . . . hand-embroidered palest pink rosebuds . . . hand-finished hems of minute scallops. $50. Obiko, 3294 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

DECEMBER FRAGILE EVENINGS

Romantic . . . floats of chiffon, thinnest silk, crêpe de Chine . . . lightly embroidered palest gardens of flowers . . . lace in gentle touches, wisps of ostrich feathers that move as you breathe . . . colors barely there in washed pastels. . . . Lingerie dressing, for dancing, sleeping . . . for all manners of evening seduction—the point . . . to have a DELICIOUS boudoir feeling at night.



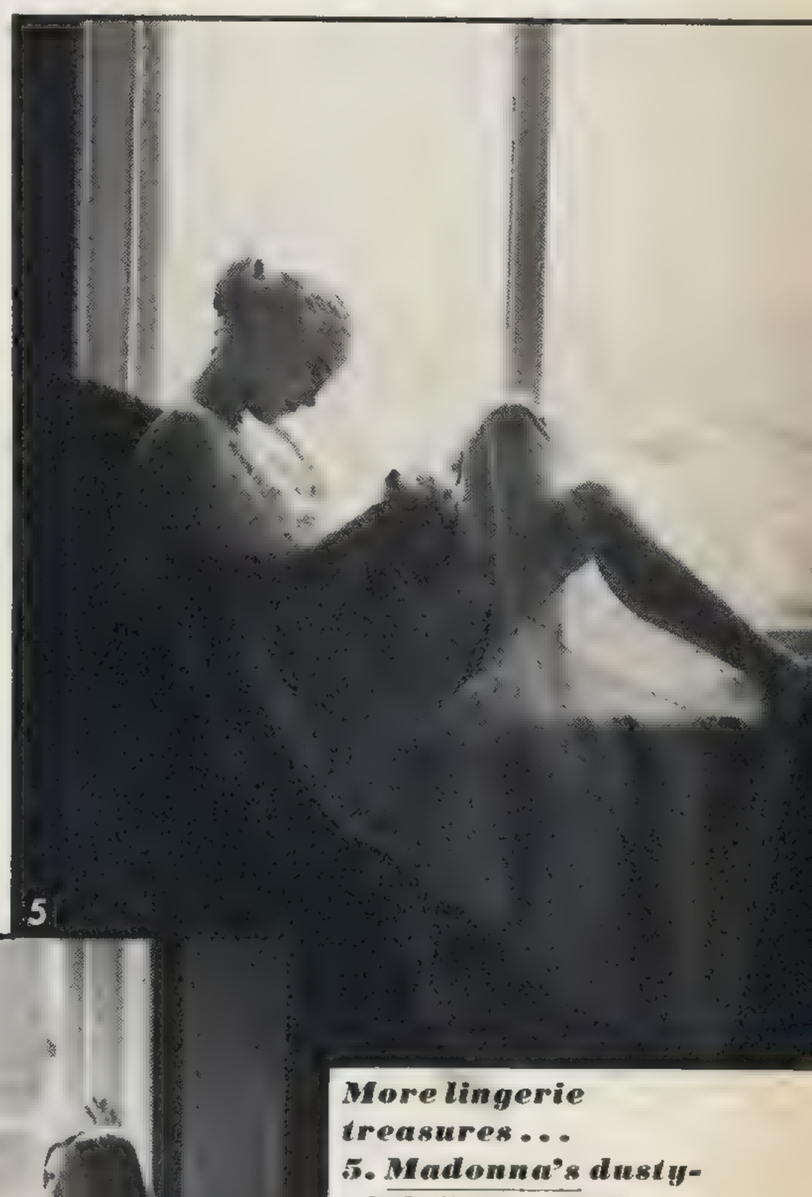
FRAGILE—THE MOST GENTLE DANCING DRESS—A WRAP OF BIAS RUFFLED CHIFFON, LIGHTLY FLOWERED PERIWINKLE AND LAVENDER. $225. KAMALI, 787 MADISON AVENUE, N.Y.C.



CHINESE SATIN SLIPPERS FOR BOUDOIR DRESSING . . . birds and dragons on a wash of blue, rose, and pistachio satin. $1.50. Chinatown, N.Y.



ROBES DE CHAMBRE 2. Palest aqua crêpe de Chine embroidered with a garden of tiny flowers, $265. . . . 3. 1920's turquoise silk wrap—the back, painted orchids. $95. Both, from Madonna's one-of-a-kind lingerie collection; 220 E. 60th St., N.Y.C. Also at Eclectic, 329 North Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, California.



More lingerie treasures . . . 5. Madonna's dusty-pink Georgette "pre-Raphaelite" gown, lace-trimmed, sheer as a powdered veil; $85. At Madonna, also at Eclectic. 6. Kamali's sapphire-and-silver ostrich-edged silk brocade wrap, to wear as a dressing gown for Récamier moments . . . as an evening wrap over pale chiffon. $365.



SPARKLE . . . The thinnest strand of a gold chain, one tiny golden star. To have as the gentlest neck jewel, to never take off. $69 (as a bracelet, $30). Ophelie, 673 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. . . . And then Cartier—Paris, for a diamond in the shape of a heart, the size of a baby's thumbnail, to wear on a thread of platinum.

DREAM-DRESSING . . . 4. 1940's nightgown, bias white satin edged with écru lace (also, pale pink and blue). $50. Obiko, 3294 Sacramento St., San Francisco, California.



TREASURES ARE FOR SLEEPING . . .

Places to know . . . PARIS: Candide, 4 rue de Miromesnil—classic (remember Margaret Sullavan?) silk wraps and pyjamas . . . for dinners around a Christmas fire! VENICE: Maria Mazzaron, where Empress Farah Diba finds her handmade embroidered linen sheets (this supercedes Jesurum in Venice, which supercedes Porthault.) ROME: Tommasini, via Sistina for perfect warm, wrappy, crocheted dressing gown with wonderful ruffles in soft white wool.

BARBARA BERSELL

Equipage. A new men's fragrance from Paris. By Hermès.



VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

DECEMBER . . . LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK, ETC.



1

NOËL TREAT

London: BIBA is unbelievable! A wonderland-store, six floors . . . totally and superbly Art Déco from the clothes to the decor to the record covers to the packaging—the Christmas place to end all . . . and a London tourist attraction to vie with the Changing of the Guard. . . .



2



3

DE VILLENEUVE

1. Page from Biba "newspaper" listing attractions. . . . You can buy anything—foreign newspapers, cosmetics, yards of veiling, furniture, health food, wallpaper . . . and midnight dinner in the fifth-floor Rainbow Room (straight from a Fred Astaire film set). Clothes and everything, wonderfully designed by Biba herself—Barbara Hulanicki. . . . **2.** Twiggy in Biba evening—cream satin gown, matching satin coat reversed and cuffed in black satin, in the Mistress Room. . . . **3.** In the Rainbow Room, Twiggy in Biba black sequins slit to "there." Biba—A JOY! Biba, High Street, Kensington.



5

MARY RUSSELL

PARIS LUXE

PARIS: Romantic chain—tiny green-enamel butterfly with diamond body, sits in hollow of neck—Van Cleef & Arpels. . . . PARIS-LUXE: Frothy silk panties, teddies, and, yes, garter belts! Men love them. By Lilliane Dreyfus, Vog Boutique. **4.** Saint Laurent's secret love: costume design. His sketch for Anny Duperry in Alain Resnais's film *L'Empire d'Alexandre*, Yves' favorite era, the '30's.

5. Maureen Kerwin, new Paris star on the rise. Watch for her opposite Belmondo in* The Inheritor. . . . *Black see-through dishy nightgown by Fernando Sanchez, at Saks Fifth Avenue. $75.



4



6

PATRICK HUNT

6. London fragile: Rebecca Fraser, English-romantic, her dream dress—bias ruffles of cream silk chiffon, tiny pale flowers at the neck. By Pablo and Delia.

MOSCOW

WOMAN'S BASIC INSTINCT TRIUMPHS. SHOPPING, TAKEN FOR GRANTED IN WESTERN COUNTRIES, IS A THREE-HOUR ORDEAL EVEN FOR THE MOST SIMPLE PURCHASE—BUYING A PIECE OF SOAP OR OVERPRICED, UNDERQUALITY CLOTHING MEANS WAITING IN A SERIES OF LINES. SMART SHOPPERS LOOK FOR DELIGHTFUL SURPRISES—A STRIPED COTTON EASTERN BED SHEET TO BUY AND USE AS A FABRIC. . . . THE POINT: A WOMAN IS A WOMAN EVERYWHERE; SHE WILL BRAVE ANY ODDS TO FEEL OR LOOK BETTER.

JACK NISBERG



9



7

BILL CUNNINGHAM

***NEW YORK . . . the Film-Festival stars: 7. Jacqueline Bisset, François Truffaut—their film:* Day for Night.**



8

ATMOSPHERES . . .

PARIS: **8.** Trente-Quarante (30/40): new restaurant, rue St. Anne, attractive 1930's and '40's decor: chrome Art Déco lamps, pink walls, fabulous food. . . . Ask for drink "une rose" (mixture of Campari and vodka), wear your favorite lingerie look. . . . **9.** L'Assiette au Beurre, 11 rue St. Benoit. 1900's Belle-Époque decor, costumed waitresses, very expensive, and very "the place to go." ASPEN: **10.** The Parlour Car, an 1890's Presidential railroad car restored to its Victorian perfection—mahogany, stained-glass, velvet . . . great food! And they will pick you up in a horse-drawn sleigh. LA TURBIE: south of France, high above Monte Carlo . . . Chez Jerome, tiny "very in" restaurant with bougainvillaea-covered terrace.



10

"The reasons why you dress the way you do,
may come as a surprise to you." Dr. Joyce Brothers



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You may want to be loved, and not know it. You may be using your clothes to say "I want to be near you"—without even realizing it.

KORET OF CALIFORNIA® designs for whatever kind of woman you want to be: a sashed body jacket...and a leggy length of pants, both in 100% texturized Trevira® polyester by Texfi K, Inc. Plus a printed accent shirt to show, when you button low!

Be wanted. Be needed. Be noticed.

TREVIRA makes it easy™

Vogue's Point of View

In the worst of times the best of humanity shines; steadfastness above turmoil, concern above apathy, courage above connivance, faith above fanaticism. What in easy days is carelessly passed over as "the way things are" is suddenly and un-carelessly re-assessed, worth against dross. What has happened this astonishing year to make us consider the real meanings of patriotism (not chauvinism), honor (not obedience), and love (not adulation) brings to the celebration of this Christmas a curious and solemn gift: in difficult times we re-learn to communicate, to send messages of belief, and to find again that what weighs us down lifts us up.


A MON SEUL DESIR



THE ENVIRONMENT OF FAITH

Medieval tapestries, a modern chapel express the spirit, joyful and solemn, of Christmas, 1973

In the Middle Ages, religious symbolism was so pervasive that all events—battles, harvests, coronations, births, deaths, and marriages—were given meaning through religion. So much a part of daily life was religion that even the worldliest pursuits, like the precious hedonistic entertainments that flourished at feudal "courts of love," had to have a religious interpretation.

Although the fabulous French tapestry series of *The Lady with the Unicorn* deals with the erotic theme of the legendary beast whose single horn suggests an obvious human analogy, the message was meant to be a divine metaphor for worldly affairs. The hunt of the unicorn, who can only be caught by a virgin, was considered a symbol of the chase of courtship, but it had another meaning, too: in medieval bestiaries, the unicorn symbolized Christ, the virgin was the Virgin Mary, and the hunter stood for the angel Gabriel. The hunt itself was an allegory of the Incarnation, the impregnation of the Virgin by the Holy Spirit at the moment of Gabriel's announcement.

The Unicorn tapestries were designed to decorate a palace rather than a church, but like church frescoes they create a total environment, a world of brilliant color and profuse detail. Nothing could be more opposed to the sensual decorative charm of the *mille fleurs* than the brooding, ascetic magnificence of Mark Rothko's dark, nearly monochrome paintings (shown on the following pages) that create a modern religious environment. The only chapel created by a major American artist, the Rothko Chapel in Houston, Texas, has become for Americans the equivalent of the Sistine Chapel or Matisse's chapel at Vence: a sacred shrine to which pilgrimages of many miles are made.

There is no literal symbolism or story-telling allegory in Rothko's vast paintings. Many who have no affiliations with organized religion come to the chapel to meditate, to contemplate, to experience the grave, calm seriousness of Rothko's incandescent color. The paintings, either single panels or triptychs, seem to glow mysteriously from within, an allusion perhaps to the tradition of light as a sign of divine illumination. Although there are no windows in the chapel, sunlight pours through a ceiling oculus. As the quality and amount of light varies from dawn to dusk, so, too, do the somber, awe-inspiring paintings appear different at different times of the day.

The other-worldly atmosphere of the Rothko Chapel is very different from the pleasure-loving spirit of the Unicorn tapestries. Mark Rothko was a Jew, and Jews are prohibited from painting images of God. For this chapel dedicated to all religions he painted abstract fields of color and light that act not as picture icons but as metaphors for a divine presence. In their serenity and majesty, they suggest a transcendent power, a spirituality above and beyond the sensual and the everyday. In such times as ours, the Rothko Chapel is a refuge from chaos and worldliness, a place where all can reflect on timeless universal questions in peace. —BARBARA ROSE

The environment of faith in the Middle Ages

THE LADY WITH THE UNICORN

For the first time in history, two of the world's greatest museums, the Louvre and the Metropolitan, are collaborating in showing together their priceless medieval tapestries. This exhibition of French tapestries of the fourteenth through the sixteenth centuries will come to New York early in February, 1974. It marks the first time most of these unique treasures have ever traveled anywhere. Included will be *both* the *Lady with the Unicorn* series from the Musée de Cluny in Paris (one of which is illustrated at left) as well as the Cloisters' *Hunt of the Unicorn*.

The environment of faith today

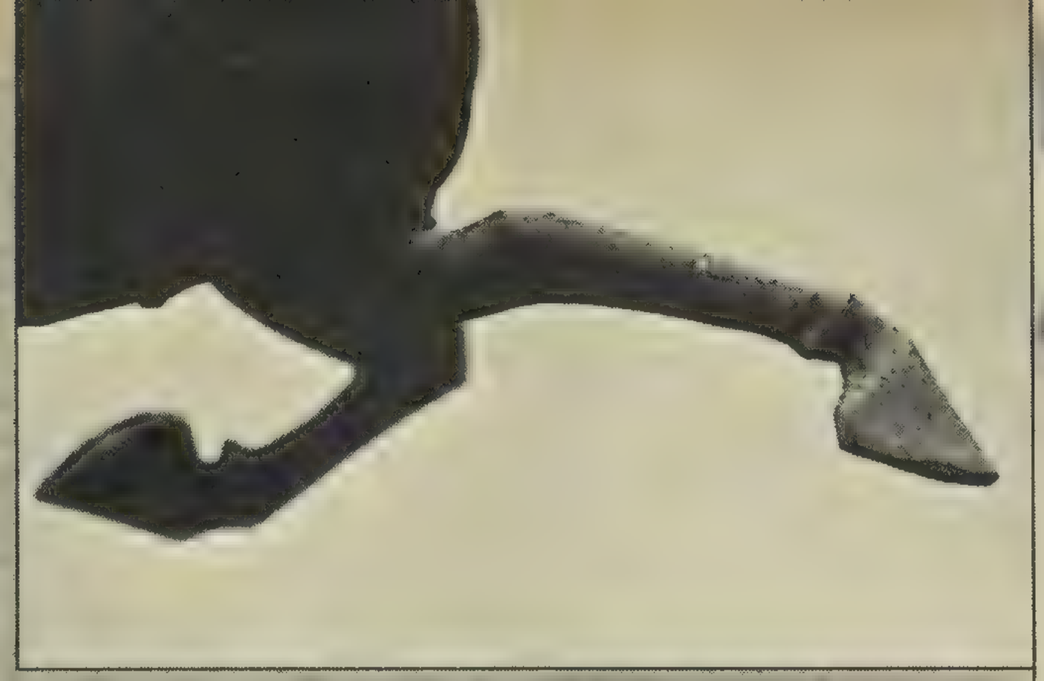
THE ROTHKO CHAPEL

HORST

In an octagonal building of rough, unadorned cement, the fourteen paintings by the late Mark Rothko—the culmination of his life's work—surround viewers in an atmosphere of dark, mysterious, colored light; their rich black, magenta, and brown in contrast with their simple format and lack of specific image. Commissioned by

Jean and Dominique de Menil for this chapel, they provide an austere environment for the solemn and profound occasions, including all religions, that occur in the chapel: this month, a unique coming together of great thinkers in sociometry, religious activism, biology, and philosophy to search for wisdom and common identification.





STYLIZED LEGS, GALLOPING FROM ONE LIFE TO ANOTHER



HORSES POISED FOR THE CHARGE

the Exaltation of motion

frozen in an ancient Chinese procession

The startling sense of movement, caught in bronze nearly two thousand years ago by anonymous Chinese artisans, seems the antithesis of funerary art. Yet in ancient cultures that exalted grace and elegance as well as energy such vitality celebrated the assurance of a life after death—a triumphant arrival in another world. This lance-bearing soldier was one of a group of cavalry soldiers, horses, and chariots excavated by the People's Republic of China in 1969 in a tomb in Wou-Wei. These and many other treasures were assembled in an exhibition that stunned Paris this summer, went to London this fall, and is expected to continue its travels in Europe, and possibly on this continent, in 1974.

MARC RIBOUD



NATALIA BESSMERTOVA

the Exaltation of motion

living in a great Russian dancer

The poetry of hand and arm movements, the breathtaking leaps for which the Russian ballet is famous are the spectacular feats of grace and discipline of Natalia Bessmertova, one of the great dancers of our time. Dressed here as Giselle, one of her most inspired performances, she dances as well Sleeping Beauty and Juliet, scored a tremendous triumph when she came to New York last spring with the Bolshoi Ballet to appear in the Sol Hurok Gala. When, with her husband, the Bolshoi's artistic director and principal choreographer Yuri Grigorovich, Bessmertova returns to the United States, admirers will be waiting. The date may be sometime in 1975.

AVEDON



HER SPECTACULAR—AND RUSSIAN—LEAP



THE NEW ROMANTICS

independent, vital, bright— and unabashed to be beautiful

There was an uneasy moment a while ago when it seemed just possible that women might believe that to be feminine, beautiful, attractive could diminish them as people. That's behind us now, thanks be. For if women had become so convinced, they truly would have diminished themselves as people who are, in addition, women. We do mean addition. Living with greater independence, greater energy, health, and self-assurance than at any other time in history, women have learned they are not a "second" sex. So they get on with being and using the best of everything available to women. The New Romantics on these ten pages wear feathers as well as jeans, carry fans as well as books, and are not afraid that clear, good minds might be lost behind allure. Nothing could make a New Romantic swoon other than events, ideas, objects so beautiful or so enlightening or so astonishing that an aware man would swoon beside her. In looking romantic now a woman is not belittled—she is be-muched.

ISABEL DE ROSNAY

newest of the New Romantics

Nineteen, just married, Isabel has bloomed into international view as one of the most breathtaking beauties anywhere, with Latin-dark eyes (her grandfather is the powerful Bolivian Antenor Patiño) and proportions that would send Pygmalion back to the drawing board. She accepts and takes care of her beauty —and gets on with living. "Extremely intelligent and intuitive, good sense of humor," said her husband, Baron Arnaud de Rosnay, asked to name three of her qualities—fast. "Composed, contained, with great strength and determination," said a friend. As for Isabel? "I am fascinated with everything beautiful." Major interest: esthetics. Specific interest: nineteenth-century art, especially the Pre-Raphaelites. Isabel travels, skis, plays a mean game of backgammon, and, like many of the New Romantics, thrives in an urban setting, finding in the bustle and rush fuel for energy.

Enough to make romantics old or new swoon: Isabel's engagement ring with a miniature by Dali (a swan that, inverted, becomes an elephant's head) sealed under a flat diamond with two round diamonds in a setting designed by her husband. Isabel's hair: Suga of Suga Salon. Her makeup: Way Bandy.

AVEDON



THE NEW ROMANTICS

JACQUELINE BISSET

star-bright and beautiful, she's this season's movie rave...

For romantic, don't read soft. For Jacqueline Bisset the words are direct, determined, spontaneous. She may fly to Paris on the spur of the moment to do something frivolous—shopping, staying up half the night. Most of the time, it's work: films (she's done more than a dozen) and, later, following a film from city to city, coast to coast because she believes in it. Now, it's *Day for Night*, Truffaut's delightful movie about making movies: as Julie Baker, she's one of its main delights. Wherever Jacqueline happens to be: "I've decided there's no point in being miserable—there's so much around you everywhere. You have to make your own life, your own charm." She does . . . beautifully. Part of that charm—not only outstanding looks but a natural, easy style. On these four pages, some of the things she likes best. All of them worn in an individual, modern way—the way all New Romantics love to dress.

This page: With her great-fitting jeans, her "good luck" jeans shirt. Here, with the flash of gold, diamonds, and lapis—today's great way to wear real jewels. These, from Bulgari at Danaos Ltd., Hotel Pierre. Hair, these four pages, by Benjamin Moss. Makeup, by Way Bandy.

AVEDON





THE NEW ROMANTICS

JACQUELINE BISSET

This season's movie rave...

"I'm not a luxury person, but I love luxurious fabrics, soft fabrics." And, of course, she loves being in jeans. So... Jacqueline Bisset's idea of heaven—and ours. Jeans with the most beautiful shirts in the world...a few simple jewels...hair in the same romantic mood, down or swept up. It's the most modern way to look in the most modern fashion.

Left: Jacqueline's own blue-jean skirt and a beige silk crêpe de Chine shirt gathered on a yoke for extra softness. From Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, N.Y., $100....Right: With her jeans, this-year's poet's shirt in white georgette, with a flat, opened collar, very full sleeves. By Geoffrey Beene, of rayon (Kabat Textile fabric). About $110. Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; Maison Blanche; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. Jewels, right—diamond-and-enamel earrings, gold-and-diamond bracelet by Bulgari at Danaos Ltd., Hotel Pierre.

AVEDON



THE NEW ROMANTICS

MARISA BERENSON

modern as tomorrow, yet she thrives on seclusion and sentiment

She's a seismograph, registering the latest tremors in the current of the moment—the newest trends, places to go, ways to look. Wherever Marisa is, she is the epicenter of the scene. It has something to do with a marvelous body, ivory skin, dark chestnut hair, and enormous, deeply expressive eyes triumphing, *left,* over a blaze of color . . . more to do with an unerring sense of modern style, a lightly worn worldliness and ease. Surprising, then, that this most modern of modern girls neither smokes nor drinks, always leaves the party early. Lodestar for the action people, she really blossoms in the shelter of family, close friends, and the tiny Paris apartment that she has cluttered with books and pictures, flowers and sentiment. Top books there now are works on Gainsborough and eighteenth-century painting. Scattered about the room are powdered wigs, fans, ribbons, and laces—all part of a total-immersion program for her next movie, Stanley Kubrick's film of Thackeray's *The Adventures of Barry Lyndon,* in which this twentieth-century beauty will play an eighteenth-century beauty. . . . Beyond her public and publicized world, Marisa is intensely private and very feminine, which just might be the most modern traits of all.

Left, Marisa in Stephen Burrows's feathered jacket ($250) and sequined dress, Henri Bendel. Accessories, next to last page. Right, Marisa in a short silk georgette dinner dress by Oscar de la Renta (Werner fabric). About $355. Late December, Saks Fifth Avenue; Maison Blanche; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Cartier jewels. David Evins shoes. Feather boas by Madcaps for Saint Laurent Rive Gauche; each, about $50. Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Carita coifs.

HELMUT NEWTON





THE NEW ROMANTICS

REBECCA ANN KING

Miss America 1973—new kind of girl for old kind of title

Miss America has grown up. For the first time in the history of the contest she didn't cry when she learned she had won the crown. Intelligent, vital, proud of her country, Rebecca Ann King from Colorado reckoned she had nothing to cry about, especially as she wanted the title for the most contemporary of reasons—the prize money to enable her to continue her law studies after her year in office. Loving the easy uncomplicated Halston dress she is wearing here, Rebecca Ann is equally happy wearing her "mountain clothes"—jeans and sweaters . . . believes she won the title not so much for any outstanding talent or beauty but for an all-round ability to tackle anything—and, perhaps above all, for her stamina.

For Halston, this has been a great year, too, crowned by the acquisition of his business by the progressive giant, Norton Simon. This has led to the creation of a new company, Halston Enterprises, giving him the freedom to direct his considerable energies to many new areas of expression, not the least being beauty—Max Factor is a part of the group.

Halston's ivory sequin halter dress of silk chiffon (Kabat Textile fabric). About $720. Late January, at Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's; Marie Leavell; Giorgio. . . . UltraLucent Whipped Creme Makeup, Geminesse Enriched Bronzewood Frost Lip and Nail Colors. All, by Max Factor. Hair, by Kenneth. Makeup, by Sandra of Kenneth.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



LIVING HAPPILY EVER AFTER—

Carmencita and Don Alfonso

A charismatic young royal couple... in a glorious palace in Spain

In November of 1970, I photographed a dark-eyed, long-limbed Spanish girl of nineteen for Vogue. She was María del Carmen Martínez-Bordiú y Franco, daughter of the Marqués de Villaverde, one of Europe's most brilliant heart surgeons, and the eldest granddaughter of Spain's Generalissimo Francisco Franco. Anyone could see she was beautiful, but with each day of location shooting I found her beauty deepening. She was fun to photograph; a warm, natural girl, co-operative, professional, and an ideal subject—she was Carmencita. Communication was immediate, our rapport established, and we became good friends.

Early in 1972, Balenciaga was asked to come out of retirement to design a wedding dress, and preparations began for a chivalric wedding. Carmencita was marrying His Royal Highness, Don Alfonso de Borbón y Dampierre, Duke of Cadiz. Don Alfonso is the eldest grandson of Spain's late King Alfonso XIII, and a direct descendant of Louis XIV (le Roi Soleil). If that's not enough in our days, he is a very contemporary, talented young man: a former ambassador to Sweden, president of the Institute of Spanish Culture, a pilot, banker, lawyer, master of six languages, a champion athlete, and extremely handsome! Carmencita and Don Alfonso were to become the Duke and Duchess of Cadiz—as Suzy said, "royalty's most beautiful and prestigious couple in the world."

When I took their wedding portraits, Carmencita was a poised beauty, radiant in her Balenciaga white satin, and Don Alfonso was dashing in his gold-laced ambassador's uniform. So, again, I looked at Carmencita through my lens and learned more about her. She's a strong woman who had a strict upbringing, which explains her sense of organization and self-discipline. Yet, through all that strength and conviction shines her great femininity. She conquers all she sets out to do. She's full of fire. During the sitting, she turned to me in that wonderful dress and said, "What I like most are blue jeans and sweaters, but now that I am married, should I dress more seriously?"

(Continued on next page)

Above: *The Duke and Duchess of Cadiz—both superb riders—about to set off from the courtyard of the Pardo Palace outside Madrid, where they live with the Duchess's grandfather, Generalissimo Francisco Franco. They will ride under the magnificent oaks in the vast park—once a royal forest, now part of the National Park of Guadarrama—that surrounds the Palace, a royal residence since the Middle Ages.* Right: *The Duke and Duchess in classic Spanish riding-costume.*

Photographs and text by Raymundo de Larrain



Carmencita and Don Alfonso

(Continued) The truth is that she is beautiful in anything she puts on—with or without makeup—for she possesses a charisma, a certain confidence that carries her along.

Three months ago I returned to Spain to photograph Carmencita and Don Alfonso, this time with their ten-month-old son, Francisco (they call him Fran), in one of the most beautiful Spanish palaces, El Pardo, where they live with her grandfather. When I arrived, Carmencita was playing with her son in the swimming pool, teaching him to paddle. They were having a grand time, Fran laughing at the excitement around him, his parents watching him as his eyes widened in wonder at all the photographic equipment and assistants. Carmencita is a devoted mother, a woman with so much love to give that, she says, "One child is not enough. I'd like to have two, or three, or maybe four."

Contrary to what most people consider typical of a Spanish lady, Carmencita rises early every day. I asked her why, when she could sleep late. She replied, her eyes flashing, "I have things to do! I have a child to care for and spend time with. I can't stay in bed and get fat."

(Continued, next page)

This page: The Duke and Duchess of Cadiz and their son, Fran (short for Francisco), in one of the splendid state reception rooms at El Pardo. The eighteenth-century tapestries portray scenes from Cervantes' Don Quixote.
Opposite: The Duchess in a gold-topped dress by Pertegaz, gold-diamond-enamel chains by Bulgari. Coiffure by Duran; makeup by Tavian's of Duran.





Carmencita and Don Alfonso

(Continued) In fact, she exercises a great deal. She waterskis with speed and style, and is an expert horsewoman. She continued, "I answer mail, organize our schedule, see to the decorating of our new apartment. I must get going in the morning, or I would not have a life!" I should have expected such an answer from Carmencita; she's not just another beautiful girl on a pedestal.

My photographs of Carmencita are not enough. A shutter-snapped split second is superficial. Certainly her youth, vibrance, gentleness, and warmth project past the pages her image is on—but I admire her, too, for her spontaneity, her genuineness, her simplicity, her intelligence, and her tenderness. These qualities make her beautiful in my eyes . . . and in the eyes of the world.

This page: Still looking like a young and radiant bride, the Duchess in Valentino's white organdie dress—tucked, ruffled, flounced—with a violet ribbon sash, a nosegay of violets. Dress made by Molinari in Madrid. Diamond earrings with sapphire drops, Bulgari.
Opposite: The Duke and Duchess in one of the state rooms of the Queen's Gallery at El Pardo. Eighteenth-century tapestries with country scenes after Teniers and Wouvermans; immense chandelier of crystal, gilded bronze.

Vladimir NABOKOV

"BACHMANN": A JUST-TRANSLATED SHORT STORY

By the master storyteller, probing a woman's obsessive love for one special man

There was a fleeting mention in the newspapers not long ago that the once famous pianist and composer Bachmann had died, forgotten by the world, in the Swiss hamlet of Marival, at the St. Angelica Home. This brought to my mind the story about a woman who loved him. It was told me by the impresario Sack. Here it is.

Mme. Perov met Bachmann some ten years before his death. In those days the golden throb of the deep and demented music he played was already being preserved on wax, as well as being heard live in the world's most famous concert halls. Well, one evening—one of those limpid-blue autumn evenings when one feels more afraid of old age than of death—Mme. Perov received a note from a friend. It read: "I want to show you Bachmann. He will be at my house after the concert tonight. Do come."

I imagine with particular clarity how she put on a black, décolleté dress, flicked perfume onto her neck and shoulders, took her fan and her turquoise-knobbed cane, cast a parting glance at herself in the trifold depths of a tall mirror, and sunk into a reverie that lasted all the way to her friend's house. She knew that she was plain and too thin, and that her skin was pale to the point of sickliness; yet this faded woman with the face of a madonna that had not quite come out, was attractive thanks to the very things she was ashamed of: the pallor of her complexion, and a barely perceptible limp, which obliged her to carry a cane. Her husband, an energetic and astute businessman, was away on a trip. Sack did not know him personally.

When Mme. Perov entered the smallish, violet-lighted drawing-room where her friend, a stout, noisy lady with an amethyst diadem, was fluttering heavily from guest to guest, her attention was immediately attracted by a tall man with a clean-shaven, lightly powdered face who stood leaning his elbow on the case of the piano, and entertaining with some story three ladies grouped around him. The tails of his dress-coat had a substantial looking, particularly thick silk lining, and, as he talked, he kept tossing back his dark, glossy hair, at the same time inflating the wings of his nose, which was very white and had a rather elegant hump. There was something about his entire figure benevolent, brilliant, and disagreeable.

"The acoustics were terrible!" he was saying, with a twitch of his shoulder, "and everybody in the audience had a cold. You know how it is: let one person clear his throat, and right away several others join in, and off we go." He smiled, throwing back his hair. "Like dogs at night exchanging barks in a village!"

Mme. Perov approached, leaning slightly on her cane, and said the first thing that came into her head:

"You must be tired after your concert, Mr. Bachmann?"

He bowed, very flattered.

"That's a little mistake, madame. The name is Sack. I am only the impresario of our Maestro."

All three ladies laughed. Mme. Perov lost countenance, but laughed too. She knew about Bachmann's amazing playing only from hearsay, and had never seen a picture of him. At that moment the hostess surged toward her, embraced her, and with a mere motion of the eyes as if imparting a secret, indicated the far end of the room, whispering, "There he is—look."

Only then did she see Bachmann. He was standing a little away from other guests. His short legs in baggy black trousers were set wide apart. He stood reading a newspaper. He held the rumpled page close up to his eyes, and moved his lips as semiliterate people do when reading. He was short, balding, with a modest lick of hair athwart the top of his head. He wore a starched turn-down collar that seemed too large for him. Without taking his eyes off the paper he absentmindedly checked the fly of his trousers with one finger, and his lips began to move with even greater concentration. He had a very funny small rounded blue chin that resembled a sea urchin.

"Don't be surprised," said Sack, "he is a barbarian in the literal sense of the word—as soon as he arrives at a party he immediately picks up something and starts reading."

Bachmann suddenly sensed that everybody was looking at him. He slowly turned his face and, raising his bushy eyebrows, smiled a wonderful, timid smile that made his entire face break out in soft little wrinkles.

The hostess hurried toward him.

"Maestro," she said, allow me to present another of your admirers, Mme. Perov."

He thrust out a boneless, dampish hand. "Very glad, very glad indeed."

And once again he immersed himself in his newspaper.

Mme. Perov stepped away. Pinkish spots appeared on her cheekbones. The joyous to-and-fro flicker of her black fan, gleaming with jet, made the fair curls on her temples flutter. Sack told me later that on that first evening she had impressed him as an extraordinarily "temperamental," as he put it, extraordinarily high-strung woman, despite her unpainted lips and severe hair-do.

"Those two were worth each other," he confided to me with a sigh. "As for Bachmann, he was a hopeless case, a man completely devoid of brains. And then, he drank, you know. The evening they met I had to whisk him away like on wings. He had demanded cognac all of a sudden, and he wasn't supposed to, he wasn't supposed to at all. In fact, we had begged him: 'For five days don't drink, for just five days'—he had to play those five concerts, you see. 'It's a contract, Bachmann, don't forget.' Imagine, some poet fellow in a humor magazine actually made a play on 'unsure feet' and 'forfeit'! We were literally on our last legs. And moreover, you know, he was cranky, capricious, grubby. An absolutely abnormal individual. But how he played . . ."

And, giving his thinning mane a shake, Sack rolled his eyes in silence.

As Sack and I looked through the newspaper clippings pasted in an album as heavy as a coffin, I became convinced that it was precisely then, in the days of Bachmann's first encounters with Mme. Perov, that began the real, world-wide—but oh, how transitory!—fame of that astonishing person. When and where they became lovers, nobody knows. But after the soirée at her friend's house she began to attend all of Bachmann's concerts, no matter in what city they took place. She always sat in the first row, very straight, smooth-haired, in a black, open-necked dress. Somebody nicknamed her the Lame Madonna.

Bachmann would walk onstage rapidly, as if escaping from an enemy or simply from irksome hands. Ignoring the audience, he would hurry up to the piano, and, bending over the round stool, would begin tenderly turning the wooden disk of the seat, seeking a certain mathematically precise level. All the while he would coo, softly and earnestly, appealing to the stool in three languages. He would go on fussing thus for quite a while. English audiences were touched, French, diverted, German, annoyed. When he had found the right level, Bachmann would give the stool a loving little pat and seat himself, feeling for the pedals with the soles of his ancient pumps. Then he would take out an ample, unclean handkerchief and, while meticulously wiping his hands with it, would examine the first row of seats with a mischievous, yet timid twinkle. At last he would bring his hands down softly onto the keys. Suddenly, though, a tortured little muscle would twitch under one eye; clucking his tongue, he

(Continued on page 212)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Translated from the German by the author and his son Dmitri Nabokov, "Bachmann" was written in Berlin in 1924. Nabokov's next novel,* Look at the Harlequins, *will be published in the fall of 1974 by McGraw-Hill.*

F. Scott

FITZGERALD

"ECHOES OF THE JAZZ AGE": A VIEW AFTER THE CRASH

By the man whose life blazed through the 'twenties, whose work recorded them

It is too soon to write about the Jazz Age with perspective, and without being suspected of premature arteriosclerosis. Many people still succumb to violent retching when they happen upon any of its characteristic words—words which have since yielded in vividness to the coinages of the underworld. It is as dead as were the Yellow Nineties in 1902. Yet the present writer already looks back to it with nostalgia. It bore him up, flattered him and gave him more money than he had dreamed of, simply for telling people that he felt as they did, that something had to be done with all the nervous energy stored up and unexpended in the War.

The ten-year period that, as if reluctant to die outmoded in its bed, leaped to a spectacular death in October, 1929, began about the time of the May Day riots in 1919. When the police rode down the demobilized country boys gaping at the orators in Madison Square, it was the sort of measure bound to alienate the more intelligent young men from the prevailing order. We didn't remember anything about the Bill Of Rights until Mencken began plugging it, but we did know that such tyranny belonged in the jittery little countries of South Europe. If goose-livered business men had this effect on the government, then maybe we had gone to war for J. P. Morgan's loans after all. But, because we were tired of Great Causes, there was no more than a short outbreak of moral indignation, typified in Dos Passos' *Three Soldiers*. Presently we began to have slices of the national cake and our idealism only flared up when the newspapers made melodrama out of such stories as Harding and the Ohio Gang or Sacco and Vanzetti. The events of 1919 left us cynical rather than revolutionary, in spite of the fact that now we are all rummaging around in our trunks wondering where in hell we left the liberty cap—"I know I *had it*"—and the moujik blouse. It was characteristic of the Jazz Age that it had no interest in politics at all.

It was an age of miracles, it was an age of art, it was an age of excess, and it was an age of satire. A Stuffed Shirt, squirming to blackmail in a lifelike way, sat upon the throne of the United States; a stylish young man hurried over to represent to us the throne of England. A world of girls yearned for the young Englishman; the old American groaned in his sleep as he waited to be poisoned by his wife, upon the advice of the female Rasputin who then made the ultimate decision in our national affairs. But such matters apart, we had things our way at last. With Americans ordering suits by the gross in London, the Bond Street tailors perforce agreed to moderate their cut to the American long-waisted figure and loose-fitting taste, something subtle passed to America, the style of man. During the Renaissance, Francis the First looked to Florence to trim his leg. Seventeenth-century England aped the court of France, and fifty years ago the German Guards officer bought his civilian clothes in London. Gentlemen's clothes —symbol of "the power that man must hold and that passes from race to race."

We were the most powerful nation. Who could tell us any longer what was fashionable and what was fun? Isolated during the European War, we had begun combing the unknown South and West for folkways and pastimes, and there were more ready to hand.

The first social revelation created a sensation out of all proportion to its novelty. As far back as 1915 the unchaperoned young people of the smaller cities had discovered the mobile privacy of that automobile given to young Bill at sixteen to make him "self-reliant." At first petting was a desperate adventure even under such favorable conditions, but presently confidences were exchanged and the old commandment broke down. As early as 1917 there were references to such sweet and casual dalliance in any number of the *Yale Record* or the *Princeton Tiger*.

But petting in its more audacious manifestations was confined to the wealthier classes—among other young people the old standard prevailed until after the War, and a kiss meant that a proposal was expected, as young officers in strange cities sometimes discovered to their dismay. Only in 1920 did the veil finally fall—the Jazz Age was in flower.

Scarcely had the staider citizens of the republic caught their breaths when the wildest of all generations, the generation which had been adolescent during the confusion of the War, brusquely shouldered my contemporaries out of the way and danced into the limelight. This was the generation whose girls dramatized themselves as flappers, the generation that corrupted its elders and eventually overreached itself less through lack of morals than through lack of taste. May one offer in exhibit the year 1922! That was the peak of the younger generation, for though the Jazz Age continued, it became less and less an affair of youth.

The sequel was like a children's party taken over by the elders, leaving the children puzzled and rather neglected and rather taken aback. By 1923 their elders, tired of watching the carnival with ill-concealed envy, had discovered that young liquor will take the place of young blood, and with a whoop the orgy began. The younger generation was starred no longer.

A whole race going hedonistic, deciding on pleasure. The precocious intimacies of the younger generation would have come about with or without prohibition—they were implicit in the attempt to adapt English customs to American conditions. (Our South, for example, is tropical and early maturing—it has never been part of the wisdom of France and Spain to let young girls go unchaperoned at sixteen and seventeen.) But the general decision to be amused that began with the cocktail parties of 1921 had more complicated origins.

The word jazz in its progress toward respectability has meant first sex, then dancing, then music. It is associated with a state of nervous stimulation, not unlike that of big cities behind the lines of a war. To many English the War still goes on because all the forces that menace them are still active—Wherefore eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die. But different causes had now brought about a corresponding state in America—though there were entire classes (people over fifty, for example) who spent a whole decade denying its existence even when its puckish face peered into the family circle. Never did they dream that they had contributed to it. The honest citizens of every class, who believed in a strict public morality and were powerful enough to enforce the necessary legislation, did not know that they would necessarily be served by criminals and quacks, and do not really believe it to-day. Rich righteousness had always been able to buy honest and intelligent servants to free the slaves or the Cubans, so when this attempt collapsed our elders stood firm with all the stubbornness of people involved in a weak case, preserving their righteousness and losing their children. Silver-haired women and men with fine old faces, people who never did a consciously dishonest thing in their lives, still assure each other in the apartment hotels of New York and Boston and Washington that "there's a whole generation growing up that will never know the taste of liquor." Meanwhile their granddaughters pass the well-thumbed copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* around

(Continued on page 213)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This autobiographical article, first printed in* Scribner's *magazine in 1931, was among the Fitzgerald works collected by critic Edmund Wilson in a book named for another such essay:* The Crack-up.

On the next eight pages, see-able echoes of the real Jazz Age and of Fitzgerald's masterpiece 'twenties novel "The Great Gatsby" as a film

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The Gatsby File

The razzmatazz life and times of the great Gatsby, Fitzgerald's 'twenties hero, culled from Vogue's on-location shots of the upcoming movie and from 'twenties magazines, photos, reminiscences, and F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby"

What's the movie that's caused the greatest pre-production excitement since *Gone With the Wind*? The twice-previously lensed *The Great Gatsby*. "Posilutely," as they used to say back in Gatsby's halcyon decade. There wasn't an actress who didn't want to be Daisy Buchanan: Mia Farrow got it. Robert Redford's her mystery-lover Jay Gatsby. And surrounding this golden duo in Paramount's *Gatsby:* zoom-star Sam Waterston, new screen-face Lois Chiles, star-sturdy Karen Black, an army of significant pros, high-society extras, all maestro-directed by London's Jack Clayton, written by Hollywood's Francis Ford Coppola, produced by Broadway's David Merrick palatially. We sent photographer Duane Michals on location to Newport, R. I., Manhattan streets, London: his photos are on these two pages and, in the six following, they are the tinted ones in our *Gatsby* collage. Here is the movie view of the 'twenties, the 'twenties view of itself—its razzle-dazzle, its swank attitudes, its rowdydow argot, its spiffy look. Is everybody happy? Sheiks and Shebas, ain't we got fun?

—LEO LERMAN

DUANE MICHALS

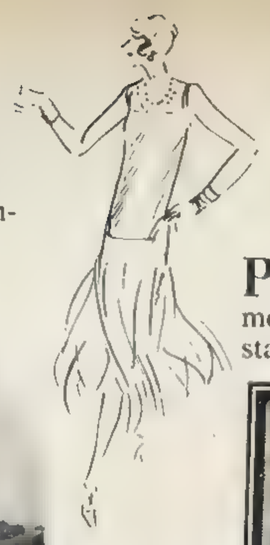
They loved desperately

JAY GATSBY, ROBERT REDFORD

DAISY BUCHANAN, MIA FARROW



Gatsby's first appearance, April 11, 1925: rah-rah reviews, but moola, alas, no.





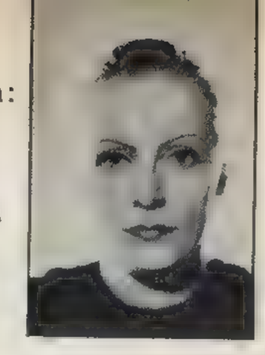
Pash-man John Barrymore, U.S.'s greatest stage, screen actor.

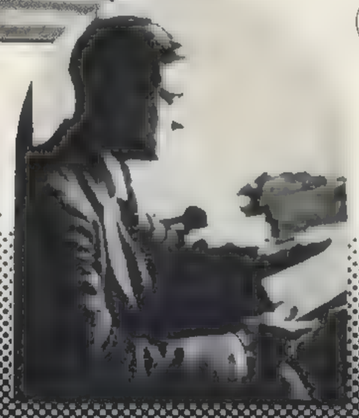


The daring sunbathed; the mad painted themselves with iodine. Ladies stunned in batik pyjamas under batik umbrellas along the Riviera.



Daisy/Mia: "Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it," wrote Fitzgerald.





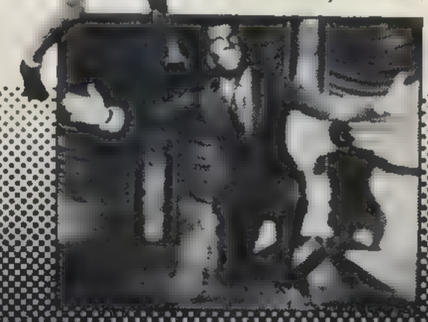
Bright young man Fitzgerald, *Vanity Fair*, '22.



Gatsby/Redford in his swimming pool. Only the rich rich had them.

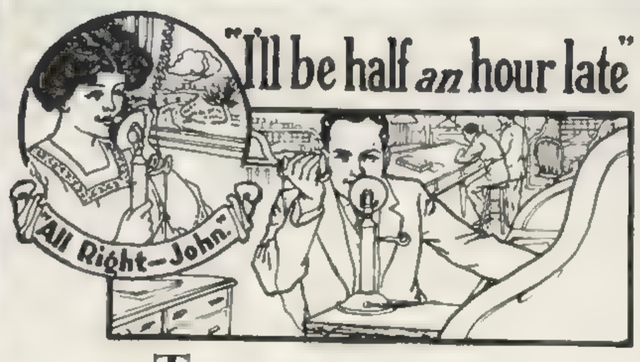
BONWIT TELLER & CO.
The Specialty Shop of Originations
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

They had It: Jack Dempsey, *left;* Greta Garbo, *above;* Al Jolson, *below.*





Gatsby was a mystery man who threw the whoop-de-dos of the year.



There wasn't a show, a party without its twins. *Below*, the *Gatsby* duo.

A Gatsby brawl as this movie sees it—500 extras in scenes of high-society splendor. Jazz it! Jazz it!



The Plaza on Fifth Ave. was the hotsy-totsy place, kiddo. That's where Daisy and Gatsby are going.

The summer of '22 was Gatsby's summer, '23 was the Fitzgeralds' on Jay's own Long Island North Shore. John Held, Jr., saw it all, drew it blithely.



© 1927, 1955 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

COTTON CLUB
"The Aristocrat of Harlem"
presents
DAN HEALY'S New Revue
2 Distinctly Different 2
SHOWS NIGHTLY
CAST OF FIFTY!
Beautiful Girls
Music and Lyrics by
JIMMIE McHUGH and
DOROTHY FIELDS
(Authors of "Blackbirds")
Dance to the Tunes of
DUKE ELLINGTON'S
RECORDING ORCHESTRA
Lenox Avenue at 142d St.
Reservations
Bradhurst 7767-1087



BEE'S KNEES!

About Myrtle, Tom's sweet patootie (Karen Black, *below*), Fitzgerald says: "no...beauty...perceptible vitality...smouldering."





Everyone ha-ha'd at *Life*, 'specially when Held drew his rowdy-dow view of it like this cover: "The Long and the Short of It," meaning, should she bob or shouldn't she?



She's being bobbed! "Short cut to chic," said Vogue. Naughty but NICE!

TOODLE-OO!





The Buchanans were posh East Egg; Gatsby was *très nouveau* West Egg.

Art Déco time! See the highly stylized lady, *right*, from a Lucien Lelong ad, Vogue, May 15, 1925.



Quotations from THE GREAT GATSBY by F. Scott Fitzgerald, © 1925, by Charles Scribner's Sons, are reprinted with the permission of the publisher.

The '20's went bananas over hooch, money, fast autos. Here's Gatsby's swanky yellow Rolls-Royce.

HELLO SUCKERS!



DUANE MICHALS

They all did the Valentino tango. Was he handsome! Was I drunk! Did my father give me Hell-o!

Please see page 215 for photo credits.

They raced through life

NICK, SAM WATERSTON, JORDAN, LOIS CHILES, TOM, BRUCE DERN

The Gatsby File

"I'd seen it. Everybody had seen it [Gatsby's car]. It was a rich cream color, bright with nickel, swollen here and there in its monstrous length with triumphant hat-boxes and supper-boxes and tool-boxes, and terraced with a labyrinth of windshields that mirrored a dozen suns. Sitting down behind many layers of glass in a sort of green leather conservatory, we started to town."

F. Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*

Life was long, rich, summer afternoons

DAISY, MIA FARROW; JORDAN, LOIS CHILES

"The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored balloon. They were both in white, and their dresses were rippling and fluttering as if they had just been blown back in after a short flight around the house."

F. Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*





Smart women sported lounging pyjamas for leisure time at home.



Nick Carraway is Fitzgerald's voice in *Gatsby*. *Above*, Nick/Waterston.



Daisy, baby Pammy, Nanny on a rich, hot summer afternoon.



Daisy, all dressed up to kill: she did.

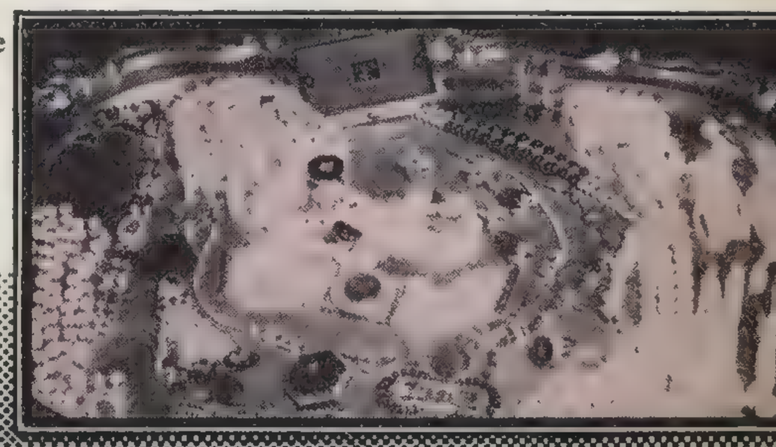
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN! NONE OF YOUR BEESWAX!



Baubles from Cartier, $1,000,000 worth adorn this Gatsby movie.



Gatsby put on the ritz for Daisy, *left:* she didn't care—she was the ritz.





Vogue, May '25, featured "Smart Fashions at Moderate Cost." Did Daisy care?





Who *was* Gatsby? He had a bodyguard even at home. *See above.*

GO FLY A KITE! NUTS TO YOU! TA!TA!

Jazz-time togs Theoni V. Aldredge designed for Daisy/Mia. These glad rags cost thousands.



There were shoals of It-girls, but Clara Bow *was* It. Proof: 5 '25 flicks.

DUANE MICHALS



Daisy/Mia, Jordan/Lois: they had everything, gave nothing save the beautiful spectacle of themselves.

There was an inexhaustible supply of family retainers.



DON'T BE A FLAT TIRE! NERTS TO YOU! EVERYTHING'S JAKE!



Designer Aldredge used some genuine '20's dresses: Chanel-y Shebas in original Chanels.





Charleston! Charleston! Everybody's doing that Charleston, even on the cover of the brightest magazine in town, *right*. And everybody's blotto. *Left*, champagne glasses on the ready for *Gatsby*.



Does she pet? You bet! Does she neck? Heck!

HARMONY AMONG ACCESSORIES IS A PRELUDE TO CHIC.



Si-reen Carmel Myers movie-vamped. This is how, *Ben Hur*, '25.

"Harlem's Finest Nite Club"
THE SARATOGA CLUB
575 Lenox Avenue
Offers Clean Entertainment and Courteous Service
Amidst Luxurious and Refined Surroundings
A SUPERB REVIEW NIGHTLY
Wibert De Paris and His Saratogains Furnish Peppy Music — The Last Word in Syncopation
Spend a Pleasant Evening Here Once — You Will Come Again and Again
NO COVER CHARGES
Caspar Holstein, President

Harlem was hot-time land—the hottest jazz, the coolest frails. Speakeasy!

SEZ YOU!



They took to the suburbs, riding the rails, joy riding their jalopies to the country. The whole country was on the up-and-go.



Mr. & Mrs. Tom Buchanan arrive at a Gatsby party. "They were careless people, Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things...," says Fitzgerald.



About golfer-girl Jordan (Lois Chiles): "I noticed that she wore her evening-dress, all her dresses, like sports clothes...." Also Fitzgerald tells us, "She was incurably dishonest."
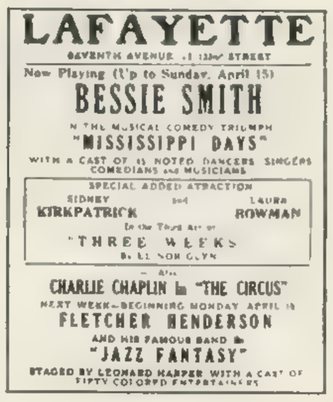


Love nests headlined the tabloids—so did sugar daddies, their poopsies, cuties, a whole mixed bag of scheming lalapaloozas. *Above*, sugar-daddy Tom Buchanan with his honey, Myrtle, snugbug in their very middle-class Manhattan love nest.



About halfway between West Egg and New York, Myrtle (Karen Black) lived in a wasteland, "a valley of ashes."

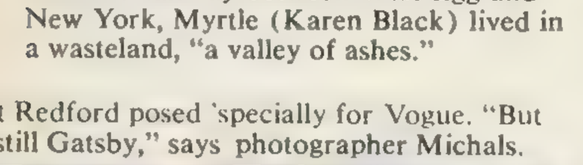
OH YOU KID!



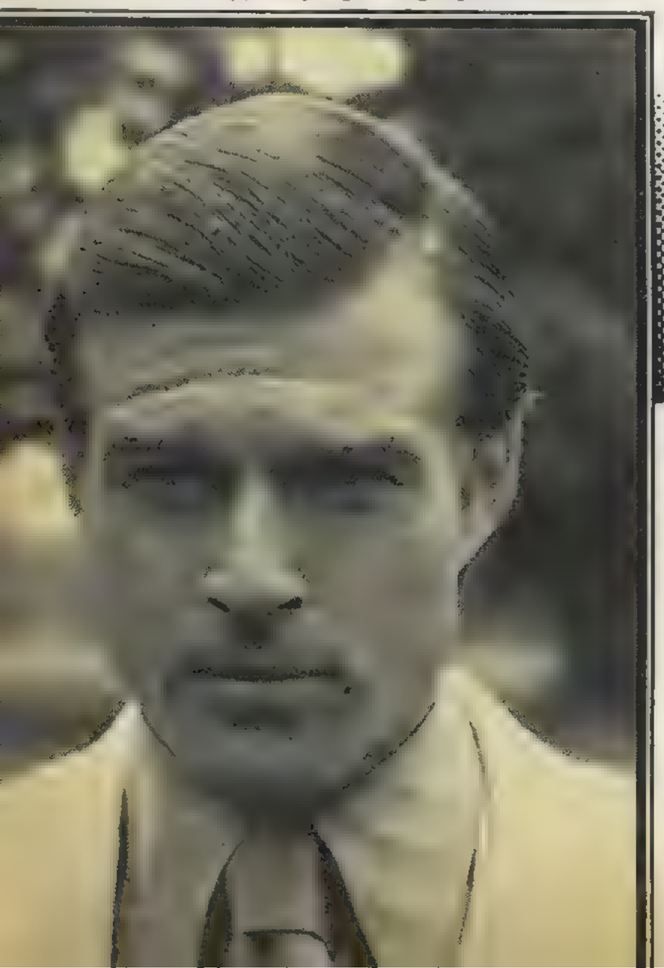
Bessie sang her heart out, her life away: her '20's sound was bluest.

A man without a car was a clod: Jay Gatsby had several, including that glorious, yellow, lethal Rolls. Others rolled, too—in their Tin Lizzies.





Robert Redford posed 'specially for Vogue. "But he was still Gatsby," says photographer Michals.

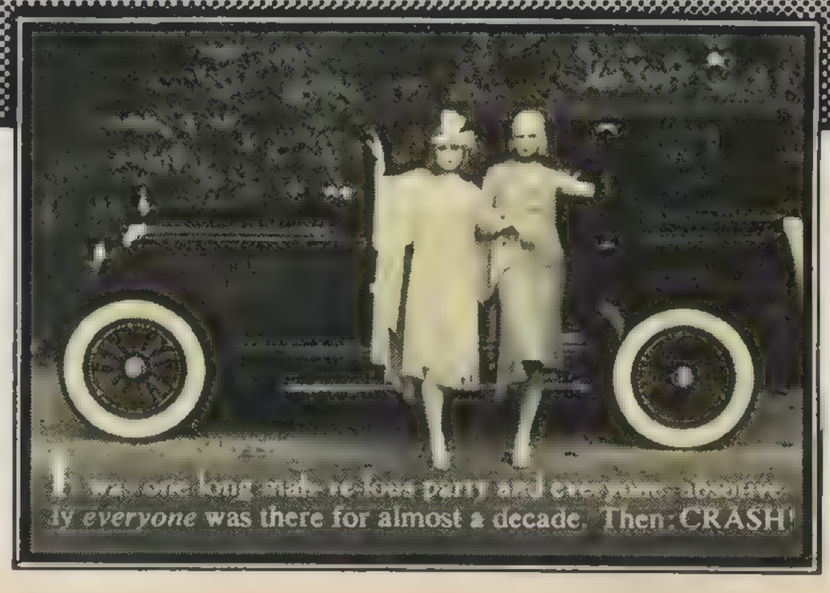




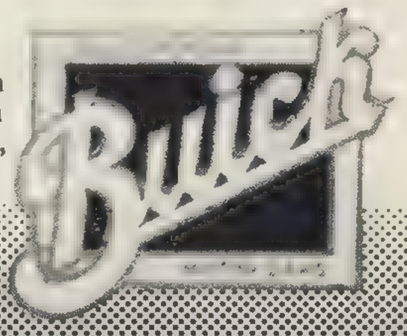
"At his [Gatsby's] lips' touch she blossomed for him like a flower and the incarnation was complete." Fitzgerald



Hot stuff: also Pierce-Arrow.



And many skedaddled in Buicks. From an ad, Vogue, May 15, '25.



"There was dancing now on the canvas in the garden; old men pushing young girls backward in eternal graceless circles, superior couples holding each other tortuously, fashionably, and keeping in the corners—and a great number of single girls dancing individualistically or relieving the orchestra for a moment of the burden of the banjo or the traps. By midnight the hilarity had increased. A celebrated tenor had sung in Italian, and a notorious contralto had sung in jazz, and between the numbers people were doing 'stunts' all over the garden, while happy, vacuous bursts of laughter rose toward the summer sky."

F. Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*

It was whoopee all the way

Whether or not you're heading south—to Brazil or any other sun country—you're going to want the fashion on these twenty pages. In a nutshell: the best new warm-weather looks. And this is the time to grab them—while the getting is good. Come spring, they have a way of disappearing. More than that—you can start wearing some of them right now: super-striped knits to put under a coat, big evening looks to slip under furs, or to wear at home. . . . Whatever: from the meagerest little maillot to a sensational knockout pyjama, all the fashion you're going to see is feminine, rounded, soft. And there's softness in the way you wear things—with a silk scarf wrapped at the waist . . . a feather boa at night. With an all-out makeup and beautiful hair. With everything . . . in everything: total glamour. Worn that way in Brazil by two of the most attractive Americans, Beverly Johnson and Cheryl Tiegs. . . . For more on Brazil, see page 114.

The best clothes going...in

BRAZIL!

Twenty pages of nonstop glamour photographed by Kourken Pakchanian in Brazil, the land of nonstop beat. A dynamic, vibrant country filled with amazing contrasts, textures, patterns. Opening here on one of its most fantastic: the serpentine mosaic walk designed by Roberto Burle Marx to curve along Copacabana Beach, Rio de Janeiro.

BRAZIL!

The fantastic rain forest near Manaus—

the largest in the world. Once, inaccessible, mysterious; now, opening to every possibility with the coming of a 7,000-kilometer-long Trans-Amazonian highway....

The best clothes going...

A collector's item—the dress you want in every color, every fabric

Anne Klein's super hit dress: loose on top, then lean—it touches right on the hip. Here, in a brilliant deep-grape silk wrapped at the waist with a soft scarf....The local color in the picture: a native's *jiboia* (boa constrictor). Dress, about $130. At Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Marshall Field; Swanson's; Makoff; Bullock's. ...Brilliant makeup: Lemon and Lavender Dazzle shadows; Burgundy Ice lipstick. All, Helena Rubinstein. Hair and makeup, these 20 pages, Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN


BRAZIL

BRAZIL! Focus on change

a close up at Copacabana Beach, Rio, with its exuberant waves of mosaic—part of a new design that includes more beach, more expressway, more plants and trees. Everything in the country is growing . . . moving. . . .



KOJIKEN FAKCHANIAN

The best clothes going...

A white linen suit—the all-time warm-weather look

This time in silk, *far left*, from Donald Brooks—the jacket cut like a beautiful shirt and held by three golden loose-leaf rings, with a narrow matching skirt, slit in front. Wear it this way, skin showing, or wear the pieces with other pieces—each can stand on its own. Ludwig Berliner fabric. About $275. At Lord & Taylor; O'Neil's; Claire Pearone; Swanson's.

The perfect little white dress

In satin-striped crêpe, *left*, Nat Kaplan's cool, uncluttered shirtdress, pleated from the hip. Sun places—it goes late day...and later (and it could go under furs now for evenings where it's cool). Of acetate and nylon. About $130. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Jacobson's; L.S. Ayres; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; Goldwaters....To keep everything smooth: Princess Marcella Borghese's La Riviera After Sun Balm. Accessories, next to last page.

BRAZIL! Perfect contrast:

In Brasília, this page, newest city in Brazil, statues of Saints Mark and Matthew.... Opposite, in Salvador, Bahia, the oldest city, one of its 300-plus churches rising above a brilliant hill of sulphur....



The best clothes going...

Stripes: new slant on a two-piece dress

Diagonal stripes, *left*, from Pascual in red and white on a lean, little, short-sleeved pullover top, with a ribby white knit skirt. You can try the same stripes with white linen pants—and the white skirt with just about everything. Both, of acrylic. About $35 each. At Nan Duskin. Edith Imre wig, of Imrelon.

Stripes—in a big way!

Anne Klein's wonderful, roomy oversized top, *right*, with oversized sleeves and stripes of red, gold, black, and white. Perfect, here, over narrow white pants. Ditto with a long white skirt at night...or short white pleats. Top, of rayon, about $66. Pants, of viscose, about $64. Early January, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's; Makoff; I. Magnin. Hair and makeup, these pages, Rick Gillette. Accessories on the next to last page of this issue.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



BRAZIL! Going to "Samba school"...

... here, the Portela "school," one of Rio's famous song-and-dance clubs that rehearse all year for four nights of Carnival—then the noise, the music, the color, the costumes, and the exuberant beat-beat-beat of Carnival send everyone dancing in the streets



The best clothes going...

On the beach now—the newest jeans are a skirt!

Samba! Long denim-y beach skirts with the look of jeans, the fit of jeans, and more: they've . . . got . . . glamour! With bare feet, T-shirts, a tan—*the* way to be dressed on the beach this year. . . . *Left:* Long weathered-blue-denim skirt and pulled-out denim-y T-shirt, stripes of navy and red at the waist, the cuffs. By Tan Giudicelli for Mic Mac; cotton-and-rayon skirt, cotton shirt. Both, Bloomingdale's; Eleganza; Nan Duskin; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Stanley Korshak; Halls Crown Center; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. . . . *Right:* That great St. Tropez spiral—here, in soft, swirly faded-blue-denim blue—and a little red camisole top. Skirt, by The Company; polyester and acrylic. About $38, junior sizes. Honeybee; Swanson's. Partout cotton top, $8. At Lord & Taylor. Accessories, next to last page. . . . One way to help hair under the sun stay shiny, dancing: Wella Balsam Instant Conditioner.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



The best clothes going...

Great news!—a great new look for day

The longer bias skirt, *left*, in blue-and-white seersucker stripes from Blassport and a meager little navy camisole top, the waist wrapped for softness. With bare tanned legs, a flat sandal—sensational! Cotton skirt (Pomezia fabric), about $66. Acrylic top (with matching cardigan, not shown), about $50. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's; L.S. Ayres; I. Magnin.

The best maillot

Bright red outlined in black, *right*, with a deep plunging back—Elio Berhanyer's super-sleek, super-thin maillot—it fits better than a second skin. And there's more hold than you'd expect from something this light. Of Lycra; about $75. To order, Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page. . . What goes with every maillot: good sun protection. Here, Pier Augé's Ental Solaire Suractive.

KOUPEN PARTMAN AN

Salvador, Bahia, the country's first capital **BRAZIL!**

and still considered the heart of its heritage. Here, above the sea, the ancient fortress of Monte Serrat, two churches tucked inside....

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

The newest bikini—the look of separates

The bikini leads a separates life, *below*—today, blue-dotted bottoms with a red-dotted halter... tomorrow, the colors go the other way around... or all-the-same. You get a lot of mileage—and a lot of fashion—from two bikinis that separate, then go together. By Jantzen, of Antron nylon and Lycra; each suit, $18. At Lord & Taylor. Straw beach mat, from Chica de Silva on Avenue Copacabana in Rio.

Another little twist on color...

The girl at Ipanema Beach, *left*, gets the most sun, the most color from a slicked-on blue bikini with its own knotted red bandeau—two separates you get together, wear together... or with pieces of other suits. Bi-color bikini, by Monika for Elon, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. $24. At Henri Bendel. Accessories, next to last page.



BRAZIL! Curved around Rio, broad sandy beaches—

Leme, Copacabana, Ipanema—where the action never stops... acrobats, vendors, boaters, kites, endless sunners, volleyball, and soccer—Brazil's national passion, played here and everywhere, anytime.

The best clothes going...

The top of the year, a great skirt

Saint Laurent's beautiful, feminine little shirt-top, *left*—soft tie, ruffles, almost bare shoulders. In black-and-white silk dots, with a long, button-front white skirt—very good to have for afternoons at the beach—here, in Bahia. Both, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Shirt, about $175. Cotton skirt, about $95. At Bloomingdale's, Hutzler's, Sakowitz, I. Magnin. The third, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche—his delicious Body Spray Parfum.

For glamour at night—a pyjama

And this one is a killer! *right*, from Bill Blass in strapless white crêpe de Chine. With a soft sash to wrap the waist, a cardigan to slip on for cover, and the most ravishing print: huge scarlet poppies spaced over tiny, tiny black pin dots. Photographed at Costa Brava, a private club south of Rio. Pyjama, of Gandini silk. About $735. Late December, at Martha; Halle's; Jacobson's; Maison Blanche; Swanson's; I. Magnin. A glamour makeup at night; A Different Red lipstick; Heather shadow for eyes; Glossy Nail Enamel in Brandied Red. All from Clinique. Hair and makeup, Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last page.

The beaches never end...the music never stops. **BRAZIL!**

From the toast sands of Bahia, opposite, with its rhythms of candomblé (mysterious Afro-Brazilian ritual)...to Rio, below, and the soft, sensual music of Vinicius Moraes who writes the sambas that sway the whole country....

BRAZIL!

Three centuries apart, Brasília and Bahia:

the ultra-modern white and greenery of Brasília's Itamaraty Palace, above—the new capital's foreign ministry—and the seventeenth-century fortress of São Diogo with its blue-and-white tiles, opposite, in Bahia

The best clothes going...

The newest pyjama —glamorous separates

You collect pieces of silk, of color, *above*, and wear them for resort evenings as a bare glamour-pyjama. Here, a long flower-print jacket opened over a bare bikini bra—and silky white pants, resort essentials. Other times, the bikini goes to the beach . . . the jacket goes north, leashed over a long clingy black skirt. By Leonard Fashion. Jacket (about $350), of knitted silk; pants (about $100), of Tergal-and-polyester jersey; two-piece bikini (about $50), of nylon and Lycra. Bergdorf Goodman; Halle's; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Stanley Korshak; Swanson's. . . . Silvergray/Seafrost eye shadows, collected in Aziza's Soft Touch Shadow Duo.

The newest one-shoulder dress, wrapped on the body

In a year of great one-shoulder dresses, a thriller, *right*—silky, bias, coral-red jersey, pulled across the body and tied to show all your lean curved lines. Wear it at a resort, with nothing but the glamour of a soft feather boa . . . or wear it now, snuggled under furs. By Hubert Latimer for Mollie Parnis, of Chinon (Beaunit fabric). About $395. At Martha; B. Forman; Montaldo's; Joseph Horne; Stanley Korshak; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz. Boa by Gregory. Other accessories, both pages, next to last page. . . . Bleu Ombres Douces eye shadow and highlighter, by Lancôme—as is the French Lipstick, a shade called Sari.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



The best clothes going...

Night stripes! ...and the big-evening boa

Silky navy-and-white stripes, *right*, on a narrow straight-falling dress you can really move in!—the skirt's stitched smooth to the top of the knee, pleats from there. With a tiny camisole top, a feather boa—the softest, most glamorous accessory in the world. Dress, by Kasper for Joan Leslie, of Qiana nylon. About $120. Late January, Lord & Taylor; B. Forman; Montaldo's; Hudson's; Harzfeld's; Bullock's. Boa by Gregory. Edith Imre wig, of Imrelon.

Pale sequins, soft feathers

The one-shoulder dazzler, *opposite*—a shimmer of opalescent sequins on chiffon . . . like liquid mother-of-pearl brushing the body. Wear it with glamorous hair, a beautiful makeup, thin silvery sandals . . . with a boa where it's warm, with furs where it's not: it's the dress for all seasons. About $750. To order at Halston Ltd., of silk chiffon (Kabat Textile fabric). Accessories, both pages, next to last page. All hair and makeup on these twenty pages, by Rick Gillette.

BRAZIL! Nightlights...

Left, view from the balcony of "On the Rocks," Rio's Hitchcock-ian nightclub, spectacular and spooky in a deserted building...
Below, the towers of Congress, slim stark lines of light on Brasilia's night vista



KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

The Private World of the Pocketbook

BY SHIRLEY LORD

If you think tea leaves can give a life story away, what about the contents of a pocketbook? In shipwreck and storm, fire and flood, a woman may leave her jewels behind, yet risk her life to go back for her pocketbook. Why? Because it holds the things that relate to her own private world, all integral parts of the puzzle that makes up her life.



This black Hermès bag is known as a "date" bag, the contents having been tranferred from an "everyday" bag: a sandalwood comb, nail file, Bic pen, "reminder" lists, Coppertone Noskote (to wear instead of lipstick—the owner doesn't like lipstick), breath spray, Aliage perfume, Kleenex, wire-rim glasses (for reading), leather Texas-boot key case—"I like to be reminded of Texas," a $10 OTB ticket, a New York Public Library card, a Learn-How-To-Paint card from the New School for Social Research, 2 candy bars.

1



The gold lizard evening bag here was specially designed "with a zip so nothing falls out." Irene perfume is portable in solid form "so it doesn't leak" and being prepared is carried further with packets at hand of Sip 'N Rinse, an instant mouth rinse. Other essentials: a Bulgari pillbox for vitamins, two eye pencils, a gold money clip holding 3,000 lire, a Minolta miniature camera that works without flashbulbs (so "I can take pictures wherever I go").

2

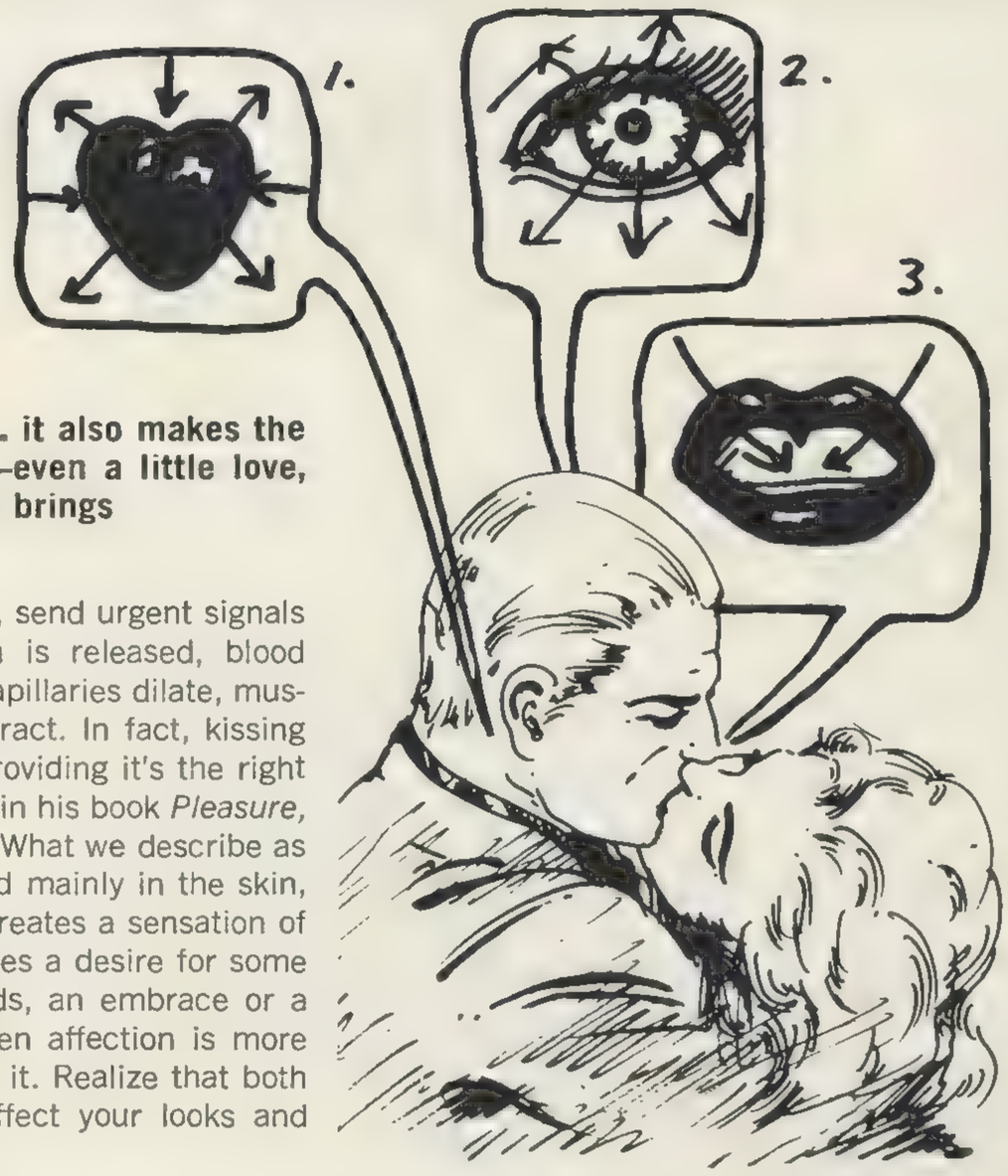
Guessing Game for Christmas

We persuaded five famous people to spill out the contents of their pocketbooks . . . to see if the contents gave their identities away. Can you guess who the owners are?

Pocketbook Owners:

1. Karen Graham
2. Princess Irene Galitzine
3. Mary Tyler Moore
4. Joan Fontaine
5. Wilt Chamberlain

What Goes On Under the Mistletoe?



CHRISTIAN PIPER

Love makes the world go round . . . it also makes the world of difference to your looks—even a little love, the bonus we hope your Christmas brings

Lips, alive with sensory nerve endings, send urgent signals to the brain when kissed: adrenalin is released, blood pressure rises, the face blushes, the capillaries dilate, muscles are soft and relaxed, pupils contract. In fact, kissing can provoke a physical revolution—providing it's the right man. As psychiatrist Alexander Lowen in his book *Pleasure, a Creative Approach to Life* explains, "What we describe as the *warmth* of affection is experienced mainly in the skin, which, strongly suffused with blood, creates a sensation of physical warmth—that in turn produces a desire for some physical contact, a clasp of the hands, an embrace or a kiss." So this season of goodwill, when affection is more generously spread around, appreciate it. Realize that both receiving and giving affection *can* affect your looks and help your makeup do its job.

Diet by Computer

If you're tired of straining your willpower in an endeavor to lose weight, take heart. The New Year will bring a friendly computer to your aid. Under the auspices of Time Pattern Research Institute (who already has computerized horoscopes to the satisfaction of many), a personalized computerized diet has been worked out by Dr. Georgina Faludi, an authority on obesity and diabetic problems, director of the Obesity and Diabetic Clinic at the Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital in Philadelphia. After paying a fee of about $20, you are sent a detailed questionnaire about your eating habits, compiled by Dr. Faludi, plus a list of food that you are asked to mark according to whether you "like to eat this often, occasionally, eat if you have to, absolutely dislike or are allergic to." Answers are fed into a computer that feeds back a custom-made diet based on the amount of weight you should lose, eating the food you like, at the times you like to eat. We hope it's well balanced (check with your doctor), but no computer can guarantee no cheating. Willpower remains half the battle (if not all of it).

BEAUTY NOW



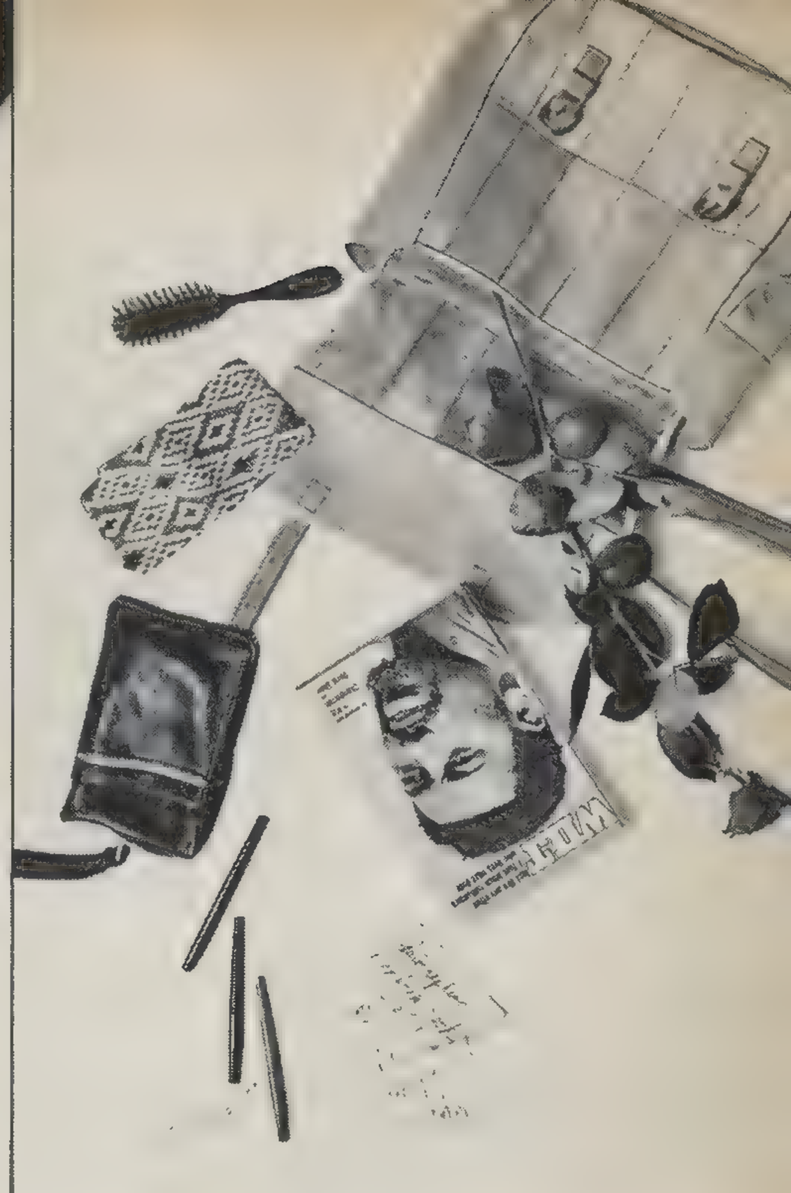
A needlepoint coin purse is at the top of this roomy Gucci bag, green and decorated with yellow bumblebees, needlepointed by the owner. Bazooka chewing gum is there in quantities to help cut down smoking, also ballet shoes and a leotard for lunch-hour ballet lessons. Note pads, sea glass (collected from the beach at weekends), and a calorie counter make up the rest of the contents—the counter well-thumbed, as the owner likes to keep all meals between 1,500 and 2,000 calories a day.

3



Well-traveled, this lizard bag expands to hold a comb/brush, keys on a chain with whistle attached "for hailing cabs," printed calling cards, Clorets mints, a white linen handkerchief, a script—"I'm always in the middle of memorizing some lines," a recent invitation, a gold-and-silver case for credit cards and driver's license, a Swiss knife (that unfolds scissors, nail file, corkscrew, blades), checkbook, Miss Dior Parfum, jewelry repair kit with pockets to hold tiny screwdrivers, glasses, loose dollar bills, gold pen.

4



This shoulder bag works day and night, sometimes packed with impedimenta, other times carrying essentials: a needlepoint wallet, a comb and hairbrush, three or four pens. A book sometimes goes along in the bag—this one, *Wilt—Just Like Any Other Seven-Foot Black Millionaire,* Wilt Chamberlain's autobiography (Macmillan). When available, a rose is tucked in the strap—earmarked for the office desk "to make the day brighter." Who owns which bag? The answers are below on the left.

5

MIKE SALISBURY

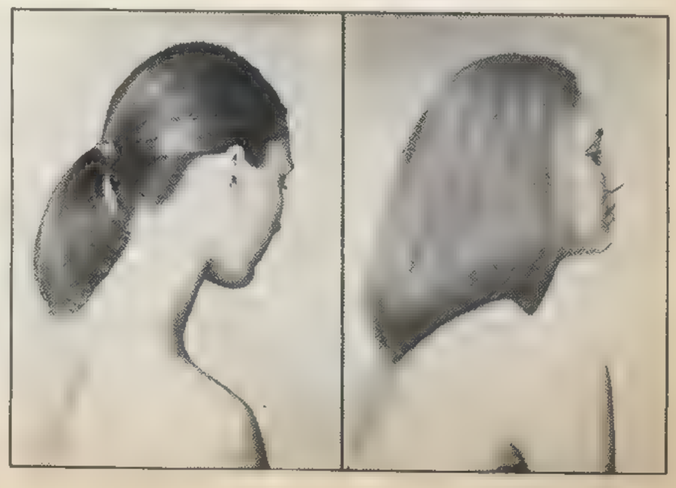
Everybody's Doing It...

. . . cutting their hair for winter, clearing their collar bones, checking in with the new crisp feeling in the air. So far the score reads: Mrs. William Paley, Hanae Mori, Mrs. Charles Percy, Mrs. Samuel Reed, Mrs. Anne Ford Uzielli (by Suga), Apollonia, Berry Berenson Perkins, Dionne Warwicke, Betty Friedan, Lorna Luft (by Davian), Mrs. Oscar de la Renta, Mrs. John McKendry (by Monsieur Marc), Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Barbara Peterson (by Andre at Cinandre), Maria Callas, Marilyn Horne (by Adolfo, at Elizabeth Arden, New York), Arlene Dahl (by Albert, at Elizabeth Arden, Beverly Hills).



Sandro, at Charles of the Ritz, who recently cut Paulette Goddard's hair into a neat shorter cap, believes far more goes into a cut than just a handy pair of scissors. "People who think they should cut their hair because they read that other people have cut theirs or because they see their friends' new cuts have to realize a hairstyle should fit *their* heads, not the headlines." To that end, Sandro likes to know something about his clients' ways of life, whether they need a length that can switch to a variety of styles or whether they can wear something that is literally wash (under the shower) and wear. Here Suzanne Cseh, one of his youngest clients, learns how Sandro achieves a perfectly balanced cut. **1.** The most important step—Sandro measures the length of the hair when wet, combing it straight out of any curl to its furthermost point. **2.** He lifts the side hair up, attaching it at the crown . . . **3.** enabling him to see the exact shape of the head. **4.** He ties the back hair into a loose ponytail at the point he thinks he will cut it. **5.** Knowing that Suzanne will still want to put her hair up sometimes, he lifts back hair up to the crown to double check the length he has chosen. **6.** He starts to cut the back hair to a length that reaches the crown when lifted up, falls to the shoulder blades when let down. **7.** Separating the hair into layers, he pins top layers to the crown, starts cutting the bottom layer. **8.** Letting the sides down, he cuts layer by layer to the same length as the back. **9.** Finally, combing front hair forward over the face, he cuts it to the same length as sides and back to achieve maximum **versatility.**

Sandro uses a blow dryer before finishing the cut—dry hair differs from wet in the way the length "settles." He then evens off back, sides, and front, styling it first with a side parting, tying it back into a little knotted "ponytail," then quickly into a luxuriant pageboy to show the length's versatility. Then, he showed Suzanne how to whip her hair up into a mini chignon on top—despite the fact that 4" to 5" had been cut off. "My head feels so much lighter," she exclaimed. "I feel so **romantic.**"



BOB STONE

LAUREN HUTTON

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH

Today's great bathing beauties: Lauren and some of the hottest little bikini and maillot numbers around! The suits, in neon stripes and solids. The girl, in a vibrant, glamour makeup that lives up to the color. And adds a lot of its own—the whole trick to wearing suits like these. Remember: you don't have to paint the town with this much color... but try it on the beach. It's sensational!

Color! Brilliant grass green, *left*—the halter bikini, soft and rounded. . . . And a halter of stripes, *right*—the sleekest little maillot in orange, gold, blue, violet, and black. What goes with them, goes with other fashion now: the wrapped scarf, stripes of bangles (they don't go in the water). Bikini, by Catalina. JRS. Of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. About $18. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Liberty House, Hawaii. Maillot, by Ungaro, of Lycra. About $75. Mid-December, to order, at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page.

And the color that keeps it going—your make-up in a rich, glowing, all-over bronze color. Without it, you'll get lost in the stripes. With it, everything else works. What it takes: a little help from the gels—a good bronzing gel make-up slicked on everywhere, face and body, over your sensible sunblock . . . the shiniest gel lipstick for a brilliant mouth . . . and nails to match. On these four pages, the color's from Transparent Gel Creme Makeup in Copper Bronze; C.H.R. Extraordinary Gel Lipstick in Wild Rose; Vermillion nail makeup. All by Charles Revson for Ultima II. Hair, these four pages, by Ara Gallant.



AVEDON

LAUREN HUTTON:

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH

On with color!—for your bathing suit, accessories, makeup—it's this year's big new splash.

Head over heels in color, *right*—Lauren in a lithe, little cherry-red halter bikini, grass green tied on for the fun of it. Bikini, from Brigance Waterclothes, of Antron nylon and Lycra (United Elastic fabric). About $17. At Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's; Garfinckel's; Montaldo's; Kaufmann's; Marshall Field; Bullock's.

Pin-up-girl stripes, *far right,* held up by the girl inside: a smooth, strapless maillot in razzledazzle colors—yellow, orange, red, violet, blue, black. Pick up a few—in the scarf, the bangles. That and a knockout makeup will get you everywhere. Maillot by Gottex of Israel. Of nylon and Lycra. About $36. At Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

AVEDON



TATUM TAKES OFF

When Vogue showed *Paper Moon* actress Tatum O'Neal, the hottest movie girl-child since Shirley Temple and now a self-described "tomboy" of ten (she's in her own hat and denims on this page), a trunkful of star-style clothes, she switched on immediately. She costumed and made up herself, longed to wear her dress-ups into the street: "Would people think they're real?" Instead, she posed for Irving Penn. Tatum's real.

PENN

TATUM O'NEAL AS

RAQUEL WELCH

Wigged and eyelash-ed,
Tatum used toy balloons
for out-front assets.
Where would Raquel be sexy?
"On a rock," she said.



TATUM O'NEAL AS

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

[illegible] little-girl snappiness in putting the shoes on the wrong feet gave Tatum the Little Tramp stance. The rest came right from her skill as an actress – and the effects of an itchy black-felt moustache (apposite).

DAVID BOWIE

[illegible] she grew most squeals – she's vocal [illegible] from normal to the high and flutey [illegible] rock singers gear from Grassy Knoll to Iron Butterfly. Bowie [illegible] coming up the class in rock, can't be a baritone Streisand.



Pauline de Rothschild,
the legendary châtelaine of Mouton,
decorates her tables
with mysterious "landscapes"...
intended "to give the impression
of imaginary woods"

"TABLE LANDSCAPES" AT MOUTON

At Mouton—Baron and Baroness Philippe de Rothschild's château among the Médoc vineyards of Southwestern France—the arts of hospitality and friendship, books and conversation, food and wine, flourish with a special brilliance. Last summer saw the triumphant outcome of Philippe de Rothschild's long struggle to obtain official classification of his famous wine, Château Mouton Rothschild, as one of the *premiers grands crus* of the Bordeaux region. Mouton's unique museum, the *Musée du Vin dans l'Art*, draws an increasing number of visitors every year. And—at Mouton—daily life itself seems a work of art; every detail has its own perfection, enchantment. . . . The table decorations shown on these four pages are cases in point: woodland fantasies, exquisite "landscapes" done in flowers, plants, grasses—haunting, mysterious. It all starts early in the morning, when Pauline de Rothschild—shown, *above*, in her bedroom—decides on the menus for

(Continued on next page)

Right: *In the Grande Pièce at Mouton, an enchanting "table landscape." Heights vary—from tall pampas grass to low sprigs of wild rose, wild orchis, in tiny Japanese pots. It was all gathered by Marie Gyselinck—shown,* opposite, *foraging in the water-garden at Mouton. . . . Persian cotton tablecloth; Creil plates; vermeil service.*

HORST



"TABLE LANDSCAPES" AT MOUTON

(Continued from page 196)
the day, and chooses, from two huge household books full of photographs and swatches, the china, silver, tablecloths, and napkins to be used. (There were 170 varieties of china to choose from, at last count—and about the same number of table linens.) This information is relayed to various staff members, among them Marie Gyselinck, sister of one of Mouton's gardeners, whom Pauline de Rothschild has trained and encouraged to work with her on the table decorations.

Marie makes a preliminary plan—based on what's available in the gardens and greenhouses, and what she thinks she can collect in the surrounding countryside—and discusses it with Pauline de Rothschild by telephone. Then, she sets out to assemble the various twigs, sprigs, sprays, and snippets that will be needed. Sometimes—wearing a pale-blue knitted Balaclava helmet, and riding a motorcycle with pale-blue saddlebags—Marie goes as far as fifty kilometers afield in search of wild flora. . . . Later, when she's arranging her trophies on the lunch or dinner table, Pauline de Rothschild joins her. When both are satisfied, they submit the "landscape" to a final test: Sitting vis-à-vis on chairs around the table, they make sure that no guest's view of any other guest will be obscured by vegetation. General conversation is difficult if sightlines are blocked, and Pauline de Rothschild only enjoys general conversation at table. For this reason, she prefers to entertain an uneven—rather than even—number of guests at any meal. The "two by two," Noah's Ark principle is anything but sacrosanct at Mouton.

HORST

"Sparse woods with spacious clearings"... visionary apple orchards, cherry groves . on Pauline de Rothschild's tables



Above: *On a lunch table set for five—Pauline de Rothschild prefers an odd number of guests—branches of apple and pear, with growing fruit; white achillea, a wild plant; white candytuft. Pale apple-green tablecloth; early nineteenth-century Bordeaux plates with pale-green borders, black-and-white designs. In the background, a sixteenth-century Italian jointed figure used by artists.* Left: *Marie Gyselinck, Pauline de Rothschild's unflinching ally in planning and executing the Mouton "table landscapes," at work in her flower room. Plants and cuttings stand in water on the oilcloth-covered table until Marie can plant them in Japanese pots or low, moss-covered stands. This done, she carries them in baskets to the room where lunch or dinner will take place—which may be anywhere; at Mouton, all meals are movable feasts.* Right: *A cherry orchard on the lunch table—branches of wild cherry, with fruit, in blue-and-white or scarlet Japanese pots. White Porthault cloth embroidered with butterflies, flowers; white napkins and china. The seventeenth-century Italian wooden horse has a real horsehair tail.*







JUDY LANGDON

BY W. B. HARRIS

WHEN WE SAW GIANTS

A renowned plantsman tells how with his wife he first caught sight of these incredible flowers, staggering in size, remarkable in shape and color. They are tuberous begonias, begun from seed as fine as dust

When my wife, the late Jane Grant, and I, a pair of entranced, ignorant gardeners, first saw the Chelsea Flower Show in London, in 1939, we were amazed, for none of our British or American friends who had urged us to go had in any way prepared us for its beauty; they had said only that it was better than American flower shows, which we, up to then, had thought very good. In size alone the Chelsea show is spectacular; it is housed in a great tent surrounded by gardens of nearly every conceivable theme, carefully put in place weeks in advance by organizations as diverse as the Parks Department of London and English landscape nurseries. When we entered, the long aisles were flanked by exhibits holding a goodly portion of the decorative plants the British have searched the earth for during the past five hundred years, all, as I later found out, vastly improved. After awhile we stopped exclaiming to each other as we passed each exhibit, for we couldn't think of adjectives good enough for them. Then, in the distance, we saw a display more spectacular than the others.

"Do you see what I see?" Miss Grant said. I told her I didn't believe the flowers. "Let's go over and ask the man if we can touch," she said. It would take some maneuvering to do this. We were in a crowd; no, we were in an orderly, exquisitely polite mob. Our position was on the left of a broad main aisle. The huge blossoms were located about seventy-five feet ahead to our right. All traffic, as you know, flows left in Britain. To get to them we had to work our way to the center of the aisle, pass the display, then enter the opposite traffic movement, and edge left to get in close. I should note that on this first day of Chelsea, reserved for Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society, was the day Her Majesty appeared, and no Fellow not totally incapacitated would think of staying away (several appeared in wheelchairs). We guessed The Queen had been admitted well before the gates were opened to her fellow Fellows and had left by the back door.

Being an R.H.S. Fellow is no honorarium, nor does it indicate any degree of excellence in horticulture. One pays dues; then, a member, you can add "Fellow, R.H.S." to the other titles you tack after your name. Exhibitors pay nothing to exhibit; they (Continued on page 210)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *White Flower Farm, in Litchfield, Connecticut, a rally point for in-the-know gardeners, produces a twice-yearly catalogue (it costs $3) called* The Garden Book *with wise and literate editorial pages signed "A. Pettingill." In 1971, Alfred A. Knopf published* The-White-Flower-Farm Garden Book, *a volume that blew author Pettingill's pen name: he is W. B. Harris, a former senior editor of* Fortune *magazine, now the gardener's gardener and grower of these remarkable begonias.*



Katharine Graham, left, *in her office at* The Washington Post—*at the heart of the capital, the nation. Framed behind her, the University of Missouri's Honor Award for Distinguished Service in Journalism inscribed to* The Washington Post, *April 6, 1973. Mrs. Graham in the library,* right, *of her Georgetown house. On the wall, the vivid Morris Louis painting "Number 4"; on the bookshelves, a framed photograph of her father, Eugene Meyer.*

Katharine Graham

BY JEAN STAFFORD

this year's great news-breaker...magnet of the volatile "Washington Post"

There are few scenes of action as immediately stirring as the newsroom of a big metropolitan daily and, at this point in time—if you'll pardon the expression—that of *The Washington Post* cannot be matched for its emanation of heady dash. In looking the length and breadth of the rows of three-walled cells, each of them occupied by someone concentrating (or, for the time being, helplessly woolgathering) at a typewriter, you cannot wait to see what names will get top billing in tomorrow's show and which characters will reenter, after being at liberty and near oblivion, playing different roles from those they played in earlier acts of *The Perils of Pauline.* The physical location of this particular chamber, five blocks from the White House, in the troubled heart of the nation's capital, further quickens the observer's pulse, and so does his recollection of the rare day in June 1972 when *The Post* broke open Watergate to release a phenomenal and noisome flood that has not subsided or grown less fetid.

Bitterly reviled by the Administration and its adherents, the paper has been accused of the ruthless vivisection of political figures, when undeniable facts have shown that it has been performing legitimate autopsies and that the characters it has presumably assassinated had some time since committed suicide.

For its airing of the scandal, by far the most sweeping and intricate in living memory (perhaps, before it's finished, in the recorded history of the New World), it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize medal for Meritorious Public Service in 1973, and anti-Administration motorists from Newport News to Nome can advertise their jubilation on bumper stickers reading GOD BLESS THE WASHINGTON POST. Loyalists, on the other hand, charging the paper with mischievous sabotage and unbridled bias, can proclaim from the rear of *their* cars. NOBODY DROWNED AT WATERGATE, the innuendo implying that *The Post* and other influential papers, following in its lead, played down the tragedy at Chappaquiddick through protective patronage of the remaining Kennedy brother. The fact that the Democratic Senator received as much attention at the time as Spiro Agnew later received has been crankily forgotten.

The late Philip L. Graham, publisher of *The Washington Post* from 1946 until his death in 1963, said once, "Let us be about our task of providing a first draft of a history that will never be completed, about a world we can never understand." American domestic history just now is being made at such breakneck speed and in such pandemonium and by such a mob of alleged crooks and convicted (Continued)

HORST





Katharine Graham...

Mrs. Graham has been labeled the most powerful woman in America...she has also been labeled shy.

(Continued) crooks and unaccredited martyrs and Samaritans without portfolio that it is hard to keep an eye on our own three-ring bear garden, let alone to watch what is going on in those abroad and to guess which of our bears will be swapped for foreign bears to be baited amid universal hullabaloo. It is, indeed, a world we cannot understand; and the older it grows and the older we grow, the more enfeebled becomes our grasp, the hazier our sight.

Liked for what it says or not and believed for what it says or not, the press and its spawn of news magazines, radio, and television has come to be requisite to anyone who exercises the vote and unavoidable to everyone but troglodytes in distant caves. Its task is Herculean and its responsibility is (or should be) as burdensome as Atlas's; however, because its deputies are not heroic but are mortals of mortal size, it falters and fails, it bears false witness, it may be wanting in lateral vision and dogtrot straight ahead in the rut of its choice which is the only rut it chooses to know. Although very many years of disenchantment have schooled me to be cynical and wary, I would like to think that the throng of men and women I saw a few weeks ago at their typewriters in Washington at *The Post* were serious in their intention to report with as much allegiance to the facts as restless history allows. I did not go so far, in my prejudice in their favor, as to bestow on them piety in their vocation or infallibility in their production—the world has grown too small and evil to nourish such grandeur of the soul and mind—but I did credit them with seeking accuracy and concealing their idiosyncratic inflammations of outrage or scorn or enthusiastic approbation.

Katharine Graham, chairman of the board of The Washington Post Company and publisher of *The Post,* escorting me around the periphery of the hive, greeted those reporters whose eyes had strayed from their copy in moments of aphasia; and her greeting, friendly and specific, was returned with such fraternal pleasure that I felt rather as if I were in a clubhouse where intramural bonhomie prevailed: I wished I'd been there when word came that they had won the Pulitzer Prize and that Dave Broder, chief political correspondent, had also won. Mrs. Graham's gift for remembering names and for assigning the proper journeys, broken bones, hunches that paid off to the proper owners of the names is partly the gift of a gifted politician; but it is even more the hallmark of an attentive chatelaine whose genuine interest in her gardener's work (and in his children and his rheumatism) will make her garden bloom and fructify the more abundantly.

The estate within the fourth estate she husbands is immense and various and prosperous, and its boundaries are expanding to encompass further fertile fields. Besides *The Post,* the Company owns radio and television stations in Washington, Miami, and Jacksonville, a radio station in Cincinnati and, pending the approval of the FCC, will own WTIC-TV, a CBS affiliate in Hartford. Together with *The New York Times* and John Hay Whitney Communications, it owns *The International Herald Tribune,* published in Paris, now a respectable newspaper after years of being little more than a perfunctory digest of American news for Americans abroad, and the Bowater-Mersey paper mill; and with the *Los Angeles Times,* co-owner of a news service. The most glittering star in this galaxy is *Newsweek,* second in weekly circulation only to *Time* and second only to *The New Yorker* in weekly advertising. It is truly international, having, besides its domestic edition, European and Asian editions; the last two, reorganized about a year ago, carry news stories of especial concern to the inhabitants of the continents where they are published, and their advertising space is bought by the banks and airlines, the automobile, engineering, and shipbuilding industries of Tokyo, Berlin, New Delhi, Sydney, London, Hong Kong. Increasingly, more and more, the back of the book will be devoted to the cinema, theater, literature, and sports, acted and written and played for audiences whose tastes derive from cultures and customs different from those of the United States. It is not sensible to imagine that Secretariat or John Mitchell or *Bonnie and Clyde* or the Mets be the cynosure of every eye in the world or that busing be of urgent interest to citizens of Bucharest. More and more, as these foreign progenies of *Newsweek* mature, their sights will be trained on events directly affecting the economy and the commonweal and on vogues and personages and scandals capturing the fancy of nations in the Eastern hemisphere.

Clearly no one woman can be the overseer of this massive enterprise, but insofar as time and strength allow, Mrs. Graham is continually and studiously in touch with her counselors and delegates, meeting with her fellow businessmen and editors at headquarters in Washington and meeting with the *Newsweek* team a couple of days every other week or so in their New York City offices. She plays her role with stylish assurance, but beneath her serenity there seem to be small riffles of surprise that she can carry it off each day: these are undertones so faint that it is possible they are audible only to my covetous ear—covetous of so much aplomb.

While she was brought up in a world of big business and Washington politics and journalism, it was only after her husband's death, when she was in her middle forties and had reared four children, that Katharine Graham emerged as a figure prominent enough to be excoriated in high places as a menacing quisling, the jezebel leader of a gang of blood-thirsty hooligans; and in other places equally high but numbering fewer constituents in power, to be heralded as the revenant of Jeanne d'Arc. She is impervious to the catcalls of the first, and she is embarrassed by the hosannas of the second, because she is not—and could not be—solely and personally responsible for the policy of her publications. Although she held the purse strings and was determined to continue the company as a family property, she did not, in the beginning, know a word of Business English, an abstruse language and one not picked up casually—she did not even know the alphabet. But she studied hard with men of impressive credentials and experience; her earliest tutor, to whom perhaps she owes the most, was the late Frederick Beebe. It is evident that she has learned to speak fluently with scarcely a trace of accent and she speaks it with Larry Israel, president; Mark Meagher, vice-president; thirteen corporate staff members; with Joel Chaseman who has broadcasting; with Osborn Elliott, chairman of the board of *Newsweek.* All these men work autonomously within the corporate structure which, like any company, projects plans, directs policies, determines rates of growth. Two years ago the Company went public; and although the family still owns the controlling shares, it is now responsible to many stockholders.

Mrs. Graham has mastered the rules and the lingo of this big game; and, enthralled by it, she is keener on playing it than she is on being involved with the editorial side of the coin. No. No, this is not true: she is torn between her fascinated interests. She and the staff of corporate executives whose offices are on the eighth floor of the huge Post building, are impelled to make money and more money and even more money than that to maintain the best possible stable of editors and writers in the newsroom downstairs on the fifth floor where, appropriately, the announcement of the Pulitzer Prize awarded by the trustees of the Columbia School of Journalism hangs daily to congratulate the workingmen. There is an unusual rapport between management and labor in this shop, the former holding the reins loosely but prepared to tighten them at the first sign of a runaway. The primary house rule, enforced by Benjamin Bradlee, the executive editor, is that the sources of all information be double checked for reliability before stories are printed; and when a piece of news is potentially explosive, they are (Continued on page 218)

Top left: *Mrs. Graham in the easy, comfortable living room of her house in Georgetown. . . . The living room again,* center, *with Philadelphia Chippendale chairs, a Coromandel screen split and hung on facing walls, lacquered tables, a pleasant lacing of family furniture and memorabilia—some Chinese tomb jade inherited from her mother. . . .* Left: *The library, precise but cozy, lived-in; over the fireplace, a Diego Rivera; on the mantel, a Japanese Noh mask of carved and polychromed wood. A mix of modern art, mostly English furniture, everything reflecting a tribal tradition of taste, a degree of eccentricity.*

HORST



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Agriculture, still our largest industry, and just how affluent the farmers are. . . . Sparkling sales in **diamonds,** up over last year by as much as 50 percent in some cases. . . . A bright green VW stickered "Sailors Have More Fun!"

People Are Talking About . . . Jonathan Livingston Seagull caught in a bad downwind on his way to becoming a movie—in which, of course, he is rescued by "an-gulls" of mercy. . . . *Catholics,* a small, nourishing novel by **wry, daunting Brian Moore** about a future in which an aged monk on the Isle of Muck (just off Ireland) tangles with a newfangled priest in fatigues because he celebrates the mass in Latin—and is far too popular. . . . **Marilyn Rowe** as Queen of the Dryads in the movie, *Don Quixote,* starring ballet-lion Nureyev; one looker was so in thrall her legs ached afterwards.

People Are Talking About . . . A curious little book called *self encounter* with quizzes to score your "feelings, attitudes, and values" by checking true, false, uncertain for such statements as **"I prefer taking a shower to taking a bath."** . . . ABC-TV diving into its fifth season under water with **Jacques Cousteau** and "South to Fire and Ice," the first of four chilling explorations of Antarctica.

People Are Talking About . . . *An Accident of Love,* the new novel by Mary Ellin Barrett (she, of *Castle Ugly)* with a well curried plot about how tough it can be to marry rich. . . . The Joffrey's exquisite new production of Ashton's **ballet "The Dream,"** drenched in illusion with heavenly rustics and all the forest fantasies blithely brought off by assured footwork. . . . On B'way, *Crown Matrimonial* with **Eileen Herlie** "most gratifying" as Queen Mary, played with more spunk than toque, explaining that "in the family we cannot allow ourselves the luxury of a private grief or of private joys," and **Patrick Horgan** truly splendid as the stricken, intensely private man who suddenly discovers he's King, replacing his brother Edward VIII.

People Are Talking About . . . Lee Horwin, a smashy new singer at **WhenWeWin** singing, deep and sweet, good night-clubby songs. . . . In Asnières, just outside of Paris, a miniscule restaurant, **Le Pot au Feu,** where tables are booked as much as months in advance, which must mean something about the food. . . . The growing stream of **unwed couples** seeking the still waters of the marriage counselor; meanwhile, the Museum of the City of New York offers them culture in the form of residence memberships—no rings needed.

(More on the next page)

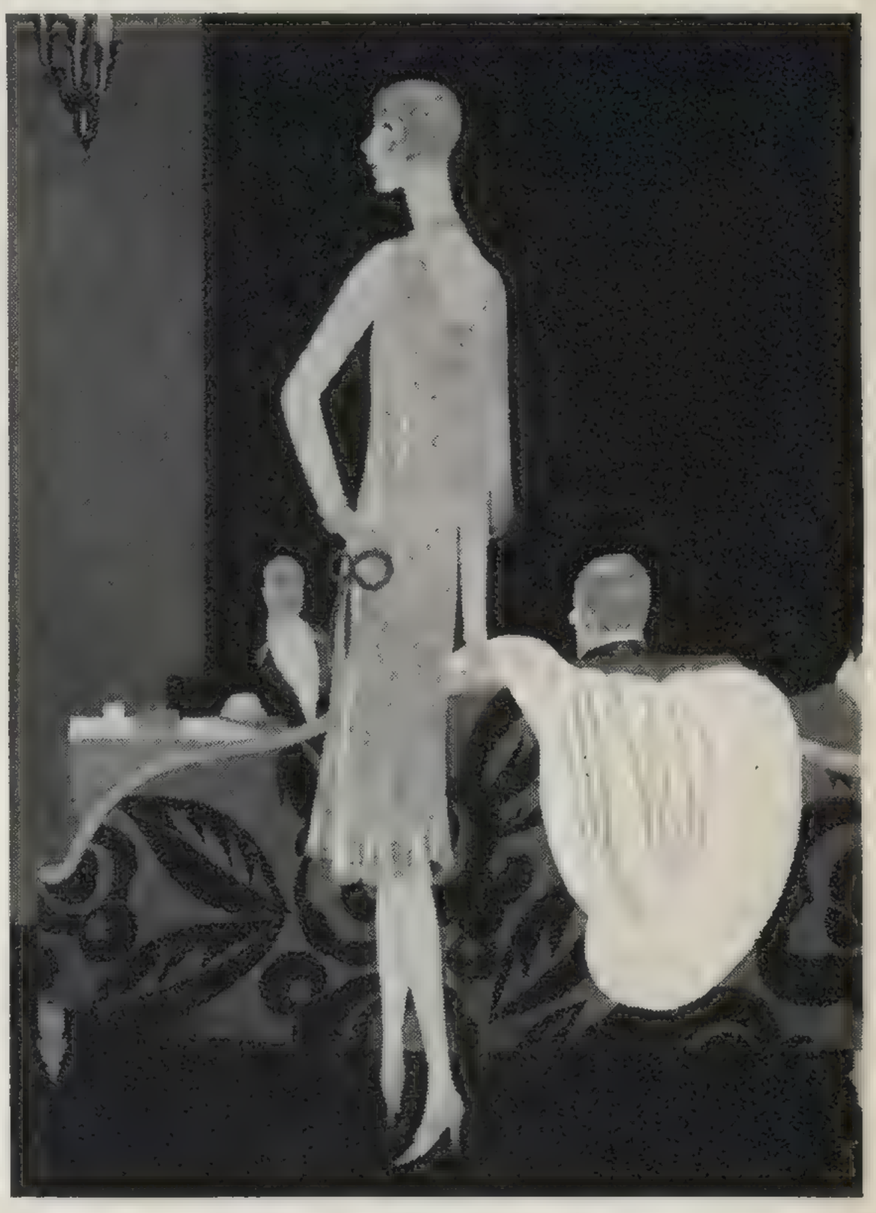
H.R.H. Princess Anne, Captain Mark Phillips

A modern Princess, quick, adventurous, incredibly feminine, and a dashing Captain of the Queen's Dragoon Guards described by his friends as a "regular regular soldier"—they were photographed, opposite, in the Long Gallery at Windsor Castle shortly before their wedding in Westminster Abbey November 14. She wore, at Windsor, with Royal diamonds, a Zandra Rhodes dress—her sense of fashion is intuitive and her legs are absolutely marvelous. . . . Most amazing about this romantic pair is the fact that they are quite oblivious to the transatlantic excitement they've stirred up, unaware that they look "enormously in love."

Benito Revisited, *right*

Neat and spare as a whip, Benito is, at 80, one of the freshest rediscoveries of the current Art Déco revival. This elegant artist of the 1920's dreamed of women slim and attenuated as giraffes, soignée, and impossibly glamorous. He painted them time and time again (notably for Vogue and Vanity Fair). Following his fantasy, real women willed their bodies into Art Déco attitudes to become living embodiments of his art. Looking now at Benito's paintings and drawings, the sounds of jazz bands and Hispano-Suiza motorcars, the scents of tuberoses and stone-cold gin "just off the boat" seem almost palpable. . . . In New York: a dual retrospective of his work. At the Spanish Institute, a show of Vogue covers, lent by Vogue, will run from Feb. 6-March 12; at the New York Cultural Center, paintings and drawings, from Feb. 4-March 12.







NORMAN PARKINSON/CAMERA PRESS LONDON

HELMUT NEWTON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

Americans in Versailles

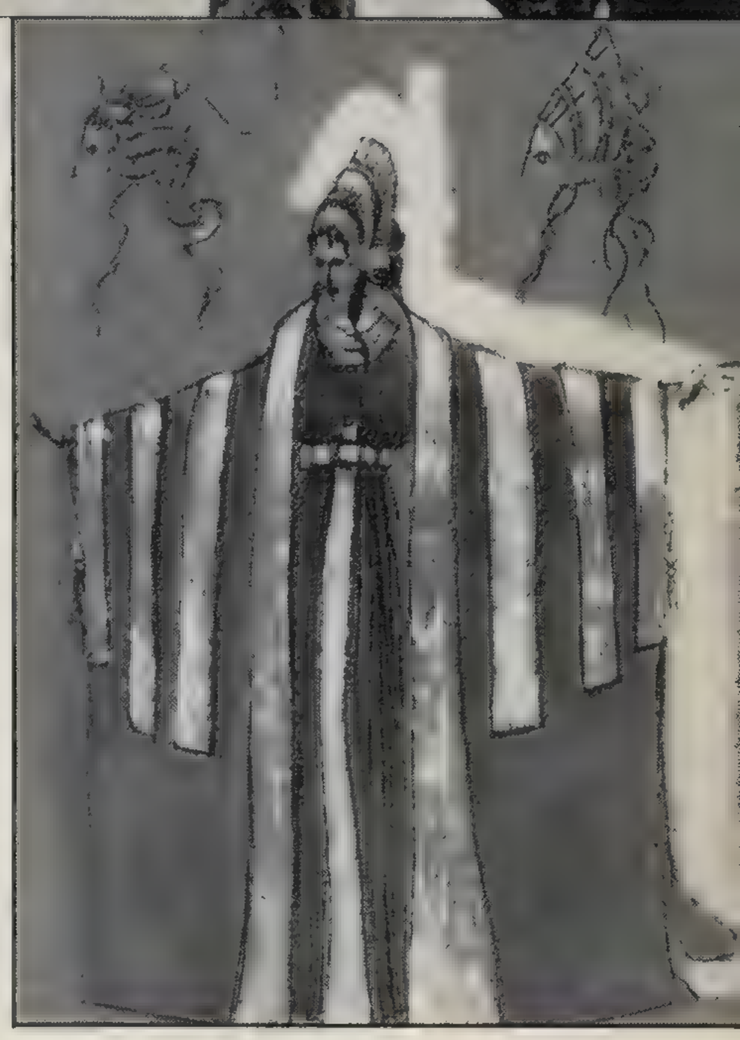
News from the Palace of the Sun King: the château at Versailles brilliantly aglow for a Franco-American fashion gala. The party, a one thousand-franc-per-person benefit for the restoration of the palace. What the guests saw: clothes by the cream of the French couture and by five major American designers in a hands-across-the-sea *divertissement* on the stage of the jewel-box theater at Versailles. Then, a *souper galant* in the King's apartments. Above, Patrick Honoré of the Comédie Française plays king for a night on the Queen's staircase with models in five of the American designs. From the top: Halston's pale sea-green sequins with short butterfly sleeves; Bill Blass's grey sequins bordered in sable; Oscar de la Renta's bright parrot-green charmeuse double pyjama; Anne Klein's scarlet silk jersey; Stephen Burrows' red sequins with a citrine jacket trimmed in parti-colored coq feathers.

People Are Talking About . . . "The Contractor," an early play by David Storey (man who wrote *The Changing Room)* in which he is again concerned with the day-to-day grind of men working as a team—this time they rather tediously put up a wedding tent for their tippling boss and then take it down again; much happens along the way—all an interlocking puzzle that shows a certain bravery in the least of beings. . . . Alex, **the thirteen-foot whale** at the New York Aquarium at Coney Island who can tell the difference between black and white. . . . **Audrey Topping's** intriguing book, *Dawn Wakes in the East,* tracing a lifelong love of China, comparing the Old to illuminate the New, with astonishing photographs in color of such delights as the **Jade Mountain** which took ten years to carve—one section apparently represents the carvers at work—and a marble boat forever moored on K'un Ming Lake where it was built on the whim of the horrendous Dowager Empress T'zu Hsi using money she had been given to build a navy.

People Are Talking About . . . An astonishing book, *The Secret Life of Plants* by Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird, who tell of the emotional and spiritual relationships between people and growing things; one electronics egg-

Five hours at the Met

The grandest of the grand, Berlioz' surging, high romantic opera "Les Troyens" was star-staged at New York's Met for the first time from start to finish. Right, designer Peter Wexler's Dido, the ardent queen of Carthage, sung by Shirley Verrett who also sang Cassandra and was the brightest star of the night.



head has **trained his pet philodendron** to open his garage door on picking up his "mental signal" —all making for a very freaky feeling when you crunch into a salad. . . . The Metropolitan Museum's show—a first—"Masterworks from the Museum of the American Indian," which includes such joys as a **Hopi paint-**



TOSCANI

The contagious joy of the Pointer Sisters

For Ruth, Anita, Bonnie, and June (above), it's always party time, Saturday night. The audience, invited along, responds with yelps of glee to the singing, real-life sisters: the inspired mingling of costume styles (Adrian, Orry-Kelly, Minnie Mouse); perfect V-E Day hair-dos and makeup; lanky, loose-jointed jiving and those rich, pliant voices singing hot, driving scat with the tightest all-girl rhythm to be heard since before the girls were born (Ruth, the eldest, is 27; June, orthodontic braces still in place, is 19). The Pointer party got under way last summer with their first bookings as complete unknowns from Oakland. Stars now, the sisters are still "doing what we want to do —singing and having fun." The point of the Pointers: "To make people smile and get off . . . put some laughter in their hearts."

ing, "The Delight Makers," filled with clown-like figures making very merry. . . . **Bazooka Joe** comics packaged with the bubble gum of the same name, printed in Spanish and English: "Learn Spanish the Easy Way."

People Are Talking About . . . The growing number of excellent Japanese musicians performing Western music and the welcome return of the American Symphony Orchestra under the baton on **Kazuyoshi Akiyama** who succeeded Stokowski as its music director. . . . Chris Jagger, baby-faced brother of Mick, singing, playing his new LP "Handful of Dust."

People Are Talking About . . . Gato Barbieri, a thirty-six-year-old musician/composer from the Argentine playing to SRO audiences at Carnegie Hall; **Barbieri** is given to Saint Laurent velvet pants, played sax for *Last Tango in Paris*. . . . Sexy **Christopher Plummer** turning the tough cheek of his charm in a passing strange movie, *The Pyx,* all shot in the northern light of Montreal, with Plummer one of those subtle detectives, sardonic but smart. . . . *The Gift,* a small novel by **Pete Hamill** probing the Brooklyn Irish with his informed beer-can opener. . . . Just in time for Christmas: the first **teddy bear with a heartbeat**—his name is "Dear Heart" and should be changed on arrival.

People Are Talking About . . , Twyla Tharp's new ballet, *As Time Goes By,* striking, funny, and ravishing to look at: all the dancers in Chester Weinberg's jerseys of coffee, taupe, cream —an event in balletworld with **Joffrey dancers.** . . . The **Marcel Duchamp** retrospective show organized by The Museum of Modern Art and The Philadelphia Museum of Art, now at MOMA, slated for Chicago's Art Institute in March—**an astonishing assembly** of 292 of his idiosyncratic, often enigmatic works which prove out Gertrude Stein's words, "Having done anything you naturally want to do it again and if you do it again . . . then it is not interesting." Duchamp didn't.

The New Sydney Opera House

Multimillions of Australian dollars, amassed by lottery, sent this pristine meld of Danish and Australian architecture winging into the harbor on a small peninsula backed by rare trees. In this complex of theaters, officially opened by Queen Elizabeth II in October, the concert hall—slated to attract the world's major performers—seats people in front and in back of the orchestra.



"Even after you have seen these eight-inch-wide varieties of tuberous begonias, it is hard to believe them"

Giant begonias

(Continued from page 201)

apply, but really are invited by the Society. They are required to put on a "good show" and to keep it in its original condition right down to the last day, or they don't get invited back. At U.S. flower shows exhibitors pay large sums for space, which is sold to purveyors of plants, as well as to those who sell swimming pools, mattresses, or rugs.

"Damn!" Miss G. said, as we worked our way toward the sensational exhibit, "I can't see as well as I could from the other side." Miss Grant, whose desk for years at *The New York Times* was separated only by a thin partition from the sports department, was well versed in profanity and used mild forms when overly frustrated. A phalanx of men and women, four to five rows deep, all of whom wore hats, stood before the counter that separated them from the plants; and all Grant could see from her five-foot height were some of the flowers at the top of the display. People in the front row were talking to the attendants and placing orders, we learned later, for delivery the following spring; those in back were waiting with a degree of patience to move up to the counter. The flowers were tuberous begonias but had only a faint resemblance to those we had seen at home.

"I'm dead. Let's find a place to sit down," Grant said, "and if you want to continue to be a hero, find me some tea." The show had opened at two o'clock; it was then about four. We had arrived at Chelsea nearly two hours before the gates opened. About three thousand other people had had the same idea.

The begonias are hard to describe; the picture on page 200 helps, but adjectives get out of hand. When we saw them almost thirty-five years ago, blooms were up to six inches in diameter, the largest flowers I had ever seen on a plant. (No, football-game chrysanthemums don't compare; there were five or six such blooms on these plants—big 'mums grow on single stems.) The begonias' originators were Blackmore & Langdon, a famous nursery founded in 1901 in the delightful city of Bath, still owned and operated by the families of the founders, and about which more later.

Very large things, whether they be motorcars or flowers, tend to be gross; these flowers were not—they were simply unbelievable. (Today's varieties measure up to eight inches across.) The blooms were so double no center could be seen on any of them, but not so double that the perfectly curved petals got lost in each other. There were varieties in rose and camellia forms. No matter what their shape, the blooms stood at perfect attention on strong, unsupported stems; none drooped untidily. The color range was as broad as that of roses or rhododendron and had a luminosity not found in many flowers. There were no blues (and perhaps never will be), but there were no magentas, either. The orange shades ranged from brilliant to soft; pinks from delicate little-girl hues to strong dusties; yellows were soft buttermilks to ochre; reds ran from scarlets to bloods; there was not even a suggestion of green at the throats of the whites. We discussed these unbelievable (there's that word again) characteristics as we had the tea and sandwiches I had found a half a mile away. After awhile Miss G. said, "I'm ready." I asked where she wanted to start. "At the begonia stand, kind sir," she said, knowing well that was the answer I wanted.

As the week went on, the crowds thinned in early afternoons; and we got acquainted with the men handling the display, particularly with the ruddy, tweedy gentleman who appeared to be in charge. He was wonderfully patient answering questions that, in retrospect, embarrass me. I told him of my attempts to grow begonias: two or three blooms when I first planted them in the shade, then the buds dropped and the plants slowly died. He told me begonias liked all the light possible—without direct sunlight—and warned that drainage had to be perfect. These plants had been produced from cuttings, he told us, not from seed, and he advised learning how to grow seedling tubers in pots before trying these "precious things." Precious they were. A few were priced at three pounds sterling (then, about $15); a half dozen would have kept us in bed and board for a couple of days. "Harris," Miss G. said, as she saw me getting back a bit of change from a ten-pound note on the last day of the show, "you're a spendthrift. What happens to those lovely plants on Wednesdays?" I knew, of course, that weekend gardeners can't care for plants on Wednesdays, but I'd planned to hire a sitter. It turned out that I did not have to meet that problem. By spring of 1940, Britain was fighting for her life and I didn't get a chance to use my credit for begonias until May of 1947, when we again went to the Chelsea Flower Show.

Begonias, a large genus containing over 350 species and no one knows how many varieties, came to the attention of gardeners rather late in the history of horticulture; for the first species wasn't found until 1770 and reached Great Britain that year. This, and the many other species soon discovered in tropical America, all had fibrous or rhyzomic roots—the tuberous form was not found until 1865, when the first such species was discovered in Bolivia by a plant hunter sent out by the then famous English nursery called Messrs. James Veitch & Sons of Chelsea. Six other tuberous species, the ancestors of all tuberous strains today, were found a few years later; and it is of interest that three of them came from the Andes at altitudes above ten thousand feet. You'd never know they had an ounce of hardy blood flowing in their veins today, unless their desire for cool nights is a remnant.

Let an English plantsman find a genus with more than one species, and it takes no longer for him to start crossing them than it takes to find the pollen to do it. No matter how this first hybrid turns out, he continues; and this is what happened in just a few years with those first seven tuberous species from South America. Their blooms were hardly more than two inches in diameter, all of them singles. Their colors were pleasant (the whites came from early hybrids). Foliage was pleasing. Veitch offered the first hybrid in 1870: the flower was rosy-red, two and a half inches across; and although it was a sensation in the 1869 show (it sold for just under one pound), the variety became extinct in 1895, the victim of a flood of new hybrid singles with four-inch flowers.

These tuberous-roots moved quickly to the Continent, where such famous hybridizers as Lemoine, Crousse, and Van Houtte actually took the lead away from the English nurseries. The British did not win the lead back for a number of years. Breeding programs in Britain and on the Continent were large—growers would plant 100,000 seedlings or more annually from which to make selections for named varieties. These were by far the most profitable plants, even though it took three years under glass to develop tubers from cuttings (it still does). In such vast quantities of seedlings, oddities were noticed—semi-double flowers with more than one row of petals. As all hybridizers know, the chance of getting double flowers is very good when these semi-doubles are crossed. The fully double form came along fast after the first one was shown by Lemoine in 1876. Ten years later more than 120 doubles, all named, were in commerce; and, after the first small doubles became larger and larger in size, the singles gradually disappeared. The last single tuberous begonia was discontinued by Blackmore & Langdon in 1951; a variety the firm had hung on to sentimentally for years, it had been a triumph in earlier days.

Charles Langdon, a head gardener employed by a rich vicar, and James Blackmore, a substantial innkeeper, were both amateurs living close to Bath. Each had taken up the hybridizing of tuberous begonias and had done so well at the shows that they had built fairly substantial small businesses. Langdon was in partnership with his wealthy employer and no longer head gardener. When these two men started their small family firm at the beginning of the century, they cut their ties with the past; Blackmore sold his inn and Langdon got his share of the capital from his venture with the vicar. They prospered from the beginning; and when the company turned away from growing food after World War II, it found itself practically alone in the business of growing named tuberous begonias.

Millions of begonia tubers are grown annually from seed—largely in Belgium and in the vicinity of Capitola, California, the home of Brown Bros., the world's largest producer. Belgian strains have been developed to produce uniform colors and large tubers, little else. Brown's hybridizers pay sharp attention to flower quality. I have read of an excellent Australian strain.

Over the years Blackmore & Langdon have bred tuberous begonias for color, size, and form of blossom; for flower stems that have the strength to hold the huge blooms without support;

"I have a perfect system for growing begonias: set and keep all signals at 'go,' then do little and worry all the time"

for ruggedness of the main stem; for leaf size and its color; and for varieties which keep so well when in bloom on the plant that ten to fifteen great blossoms show at one time. Selected seedlings with infertile pollen are discarded, and those with female flowers having large, elongated lobes can't be used for propagating because they, too, are infertile. I suppose B. & L. can be faulted for having paid too little attention to scent, although a few varieties do have faint perfume. One, with the awful name of "Yellow Sweetie," has a marked scent.

The huge double blooms are the tuberous begonia's male flowers; the females are two small single flowers that break from behind the male—and which exhibitors pinch off to make the male grow more impressively. The big male never shows a center as it ages and produces no pollen—it just drops off when it tires. Pollen is gathered from semi-double male flowers produced by first-year cuttings just before they go dormant. Some varieties are so extremely double that they are sterile. Tuberous-begonia seed is so extremely fine that it can't be told from dust by the unpracticed eye. An ounce is worth about $2,500—Blackmore & Langdon produces about eight ounces annually, from which they grow over 100,000 seedling tubers. Fewer than 250 are selected the first year as possible named varieties. All but fifty are discarded at the end of the second year, and if three or four turn out to be good enough to name and propagate, the firm considers itself lucky. As you can see, trying to develop a strain of named tuberous begonias is no job for amateurs.

As soon as possible after World War II, Miss G. and I again attended the Chelsea show. This time we skipped the day set aside for Fellows. We made a fairly straight line to the Blackmore & Langdon exhibit and put in a small order. I'd bought a couple of dozen seedling tubers from California in the spring of 1941 and had learned to grow them in pots well enough to keep a few going to the end of the war —and I had not had much trouble with Wednesdays. My plants in 1948 obviously did not equal the ones at the Chelsea show, but they were pretty good.

Late that year our small property in Connecticut expanded from a little over an acre with a barn made into a house to about seventy acres with two old New England houses and several large outbuildings. The additional property, contiguous to our acre, suddenly came up for sale; and we bought it to "protect" ourselves. At that time, many of our city friends and some of our affluent Litchfield neighbors were buying land to indulge in farming at the expense, in large part, of the Internal Revenue Service; but I had been on a ranch in Colorado for a few years after World War I, and I did not wish to see another four-legged animal. As something had to be done with all this real estate, we decided, after one drink of bourbon too many one evening, to start a nursery. The formula on which the nursery was based has not been too hard to follow: grow and offer plants that are hard to find elsewhere.

The B. & L. strain of begonias is such a plant: I doubt if we earn a copper out of them (I become a bit British when speaking of begonias). But one 110-foot greenhouse about forty feet wide, which holds nearly three hundred Blackmore & Langdon mother plants from which the cuttings are taken, is a lovely sight in full bloom. I make as many excuses as I can think of to stroll out to that greenhouse just to watch the faces of visitors when they first see the begonias. And I also tend to stroll there when the nursery is closed and not even an employee is around. It's a soul-satisfying sight. Each time I see them, my feeling is the same as that day in May in 1939 —I don't believe them.

Tuberous-begonia culture

Use these instructions to pot-grow any strain.

1. Tuber diameter is not critical —one and one-half to two inches —but it should be one-half to one inch thick.
2. Use same compost for starting and growing. Buy Pro-Mix A and agricultural vermiculite (any garden center), use half of each, plus two ounces of calcium carbonate (agricultural lime) for each bushel. Mix thoroughly. Dampen so that *no* water can be squeezed out of it.
3. Start all tubers in late February or early March. Use a flat—an old wood peach or grape crate will do. Fill flat two inches with compost, do not firm it. Place tubers on top, press botton sides down gently (bottom has rough exterior, top is usually slightly indented and smooth). Then fill with compost and vibrate flat (bounce it up and down two or three times). Water lightly (remember, as the compost is nicely damp, only enough water is needed to seat the bulbs). Place a thin magazine on a radiator and put the flat on it. (Heating pad, protected with sheet of plastic, is good, if bottom heat can be held to about 80 degrees.)
4. When top growth reaches three to four inches, move to four- to five-inch clay pots (plastic are too difficult to water). First, soak the pots, drain, put crock (broken pottery) in bottom for drainage, and partially fill with compost; lift tubers with care, fully entangled with compost and pot them. Note that some tubers will be slower than others in showing growth. When shoots reach six to seven inches, knock plant carefully out of pot and examine roots—if the tiny white roots press against the side of the pot, repot to seven- to eight-inch sizes. Later pot up to ten- to twelve-inch pots (or clay "pans"). (Never start with large ones—you will overwater *and* overfeed). When first potted, add a weak solution (half strength) of water-soluble fertilizer with about a 20-20-20 formula, plus trace elements (there is no nutrient in the compost). Use level spoons. Fish emulsion is good, too, but follow directions exactly with any fertilizer.
5. Feeding should always follow watering. Frequency is ten days to two weeks. If overfed, the first sign is leaf curl.
6. Watering: T.B.'s require constant moisture to keep roots growing, must not be waterlogged or they rot. Excellent drainage assures this, so when the surface appears dry, water amply, but be sure excess drains out. If you use a saucer, fill it to the top with pebbles to keep bottom of pot out of standing water.
7. Light: It is not true that T.B.'s like shade; they require full light but *no* direct sunlight.
8. Maybe you can't bring yourself to do it, but pinch off the first two or three buds that form. You will get a bushier plant. And pinch off the female side buds that form directly in back of the big male bloom (it will grow larger).
9. Wintering: By late September the plant will start to go dormant (leaves turn a lighter green, some fall off, blooms are smaller, it looks leggy). Withdraw water gradually. When stems yellow, cut them back to six-inch stubs; the bulbs now need no water. When stems break from the tuber with a slight jar (snap hardish with your finger), unpot. Examine tuber for any part of stem left on it, scrape off with care. Let cure for not more than two days in the sun. Examine again for remnants of stem. Wash in a 10 percent solution of Benomyl (from good garden centers), let dry thoroughly. Store in silver sand (ordinary sand put through a fine sieve) dampened slightly (it should still flow freely). Store at 45° to 50°. Examine once or twice. Tubers should not shrivel —or rot. Now start them again in late February. Tubers four or five years old are large, flowers from them small. Discard. Use old named variety tubers as long as possible to produce cuttings.

To take cutting from tuberous begonias: Use a razor and slice the offshoot so that you get it *and* a small piece of the stem's heartwood (it's a lighter green). Put this cutting (it should be about three inches tall) in a three- or four-inch pot of starting compost. Water it. Place under a glass or plastic bell to keep humidity high in three-quarters sunlight. Fog leaves daily or when needed. When in growth, remove it from dome and keep growing. It will produce a very small tuber at its end. This plant will start going dormant in late December, withhold water. When stem drops off, store it in its pot at 45° to 50°. Three weeks after storing, to keep this tiny tuber from shriveling, put a teaspoon of water around, but not on, the tuber. Bring out in late February, unpot, and start carefully, being sure it is not buried too deeply in the compost or overwatered. It should grow to about an inch its second year and throw lovely blooms. Now treat it like any bulb.

If the foregoing sounds difficult, be heartened in knowing that millions of tubers are produced every year and that hundreds of thousands of gardeners grow them successfully. I have a perfect system. I try to set and keep all signals at "go," then I do little and worry all the time, as NASA officials do over a moonshot. It works. ▽

"Her husband, of course, like everybody else, knew about her rapturous and faithful passion"

Vladimir Nabokov

(Continued from page 156)

would climb off the stool and again begin rotating its tenderly creaking disk.

Sack thinks that when she came home after hearing Bachmann for the first time, Mme. Perov sat down by the window and remained there till dawn, sighing and smiling. He insists that never before had Bachmann played with such beauty, such frenzy, and that subsequently, with every performance, his playing became still more beautiful, still more frenzied. With incomparable artistry, Bachmann would summon and resolve the voices of counterpoint, cause dissonant chords to evoke an impression of marvelous harmonies and, in his Triple Fugue, pursue the theme, gracefully, passionately toying with it, as a cat with a mouse: he would pretend he had let it escape, then, suddenly, in a flash of sly glee, bending over the keys, he would overtake it with a triumphant swoop. Then, when his engagement in that city was over, he would disappear for several days and go on a binge.

The habitués of the dubious little taverns burning venomously amid the fog of a gloomy suburb would see a small stocky man with untidy hair around a bald spot and moist eyes pink like sores, who would always choose an out-of-the-way corner, but would gladly buy a drink for anybody who happened to importune him. An old little piano tuner, long since fallen into decay, who drank with him on several occasions, decided that he followed the same trade, since Bachmann, when drunk, would drum on the table with his fingers and, in a thin, high voice, sing a very exact A. Sometimes a hardworking prostitute with high cheekbones would lead him off to her place. Sometimes he tore the violin out of the tavern fiddler's hands, stamped on it, and was thrashed, in punishment. He mixed with gamblers, sailors, athletes incapacitated by hernias, as well as with a guild of quiet, courteous thieves.

For nights on end Sack and Mme. Perov would look for him. It is true that Sack searched only when it was necessary to get him in shape for a concert. Sometimes they found him, and sometimes, bleary-eyed, dirty, collarless, he would appear at Mme. Perov's of his own accord; the sweet, silent lady would put him to bed, and only after two or three days would she telephone Sack to tell him that Bachmann had been found.

He combined a kind of unearthly shyness with the prankishness of a spoiled brat. He hardly talked to Mme. Perov at all. When she remonstrated with him and tried to take him by the hands, he would break away and hit her on the fingers with shrill cries, as if the merest touch caused him pain, and presently he would crawl under the blanket and sob for a long time. Sack would come and say it was time to leave for London or Rome. and take Bachmann away.

Their strange liaison lasted three years. When a more or less reanimated Bachmann was served up to the audience, Mme. Perov would invariably be sitting in the first row. On long trips they would take adjoining rooms. Mme. Perov saw her husband several times during this period. He, of course, like everyone else, knew about her rapturous and faithful passion, but he did not interfere and lived his own life.

"Bachmann made her existence a torment," Sack kept repeating. "It is incomprehensible how she could have loved him. The mystery of the female heart! Once, when they were at somebody's house together, I saw the Maestro with my own eyes suddenly begin snapping his teeth at her, like a monkey, and you know why? Because she wanted to straighten his tie. But in those days there was genius in his playing. To that period belong his *Symphony in D Minor* and several complex fugues. No one saw him writing them. The most interesting is the so-called 'Golden Fugue.' Have you heard it? Its thematic development is totally original. But I was telling you about his whims and his growing lunacy. Well, here's how it was. Three years passed, and then, one night in Munich, where he was performing . . ."

And as Sack neared the end of his story, he narrowed his eyes more sadly and more impressively.

It seems that the night of his arrival in Munich Bachmann escaped from the hotel where he had stopped as usual with Mme. Perov. Three days remained before the concert, and therefore Sack was in a state of hysterical alarm. Bachmann could not be found. It was late autumn, with a lot of rain. Mme. Perov caught cold and took to her bed. Sack, with two detectives, continued to check the bars.

On the day of the concert the police telephoned to say that Bachmann had been located. They had picked him up in the street during the night and he had had an excellent bit of sleep at the station. Without a word Sack drove him from the police station to the theater, consigned him like an object to his assistants, and went to the hotel to get Bachmann's tailcoat. He told Mme. Perov through the door what had happened. Then he returned to the theater.

Bachmann, his black felt hat pushed down onto his brows, was sitting in his dressing room, sadly tapping the table with one finger. People fussed and whispered around him. An hour later the audience began taking their places in the huge hall. The white, brightly lit stage, adorned by sculptured organ pipes on either side, the gleaming black piano, with upraised wing, and the humble mushroom of its stool—all awaited in solemn idleness a man with moist, soft hands, who would soon fill with a hurricane of sound the piano, the stage, and the enormous hall, where, like pale worms, women's shoulders and men's bald pates moved and glistened.

And now Bachmann has trotted onstage. Paying no attention to the thunder of welcome that rose like a compact cone and fell apart in scattered, dying claps, he began rotating the disk of the stool, cooing avidly and, having patted it, sat down at the piano. Wiping his hands, he glanced toward the first row with his timid smile. Abruptly his smile vanished and Bachmann grimaced. The handkerchief fell to the floor. His attentive gaze slid once again across the faces—and stumbled, as it were, upon reaching the empty seat in the center. Bachmann slammed down the lid, got up, walked out to the very edge of the stage and, rolling his eyes and raising his bent arms like a ballerina, executed two or three ridiculous *pas*. The audience froze. From the back seats came a burst of laughter. Bachmann stopped, said something that nobody could hear, and then, with a sweeping, arclike motion, showed the whole house a fico.

"It happened so suddenly," went Sack's account, "that I could not get there in time to help. I bumped into him, when, after the fig—instead of the fugue—he was leaving the stage. I asked him, 'Bachmann, where are you going?' He uttered an obscenity and disappeared into the greenroom."

Then Sack himself walked out on the stage, to a storm of wrath and mirth. He raised his hand, managed to obtain silence, and gave his firm promise that the concert would take place. Upon entering the greenroom he found Bachmann sitting there as though nothing had happened, his lips moving as he read the printed program.

Sack glanced at those present, and, raising a brow meaningfully, rushed to the telephone and called Mme. Perov. For a long time he could get no answer; at last something clicked and he heard her feeble voice.

"Come here this instant," jabbered Sack, striking the telephone book with the side of his hand. "Bachmann won't play without you. It's a terrible scandal! The audience is beginning to—What? —What's that?—Yes, yes, I keep telling you he refuses. Hello, Oh, damn!—I've been cut off . . ."

Mme. Perov was worse. The doctor, who had visited her twice that day, had looked with dismay at the mercury that had climbed so high along the red ladder in its glass tube. As she hung up—the telephone was by the bed—she probably smiled happily. Tremulous and unsteady on her feet, she started to dress. An unbearable pain kept stabbing her in the chest, but happiness called to her through the haze and hum of the fever. I imagine for some reason that when she started pulling on her stockings, the silk kept catching on the toenails of her icy feet. She arranged her hair as best she could, wrapped herself in a brown fur coat, and went out, cane in hand. She told the doorman to call a taxi. The black pavement glistened. The handle of the car door was wet and ice-cold. All the way during the ride that vague, happy smile must have remained on her lips, and the sound of the motor and the hiss of the tires blended with the hot humming in her temples. When she reached the theater, she saw crowds of people opening angry umbrellas as they tumbled out into the street. She was almost knocked off her feet, but managed to squeeze through. In the greenroom Sack was pacing back and forth, clutching now at his left cheek, now at his right.

"I was in an utter rage!" he told me. "While I was struggling with the telephone, the Maestro escaped. He said he was going to the toilet, and slipped away. When Mme. Perov arrived I pounced on her—why hadn't she been sitting in the theater? You under- (Continued on page 217)

"One day in 1926 we looked down and found we had flabby arms and a fat pot and we couldn't say boop-boop-a-doop..."

F. Scott Fitzgerald

(Continued from page 157)

the boarding-school and, if they get about at all, know the taste of gin or corn at sixteen. But the generation who reached maturity between 1875 and 1895 continue to believe what they want to believe.

Even the intervening generations were incredulous. In 1920 Heywood Broun announced that all this hubbub was nonsense, that young men didn't kiss but told anyhow. But very shortly people over twenty-five came in for an intensive education. Let me trace some of the revelations vouchsafed them by reference to a dozen works written for various types of mentality during the decade. We begin with the suggestion that Don Juan leads an interesting life (*Jurgen,* 1919); then we learn that there's a lot of sex around if we only knew it (*Winesburg, Ohio,* 1920), that adolescents lead very amorous lives (*This Side of Paradise,* 1920), that there are a lot of neglected Anglo-Saxon words (*Ulysses,* 1921), that older people don't always resist sudden temptations (*Cytherea,* 1922), that girls are sometimes seduced without being ruined (*Flaming Youth,* 1922), that even rape often turns out well (*The Sheik,* 1922), that glamorous English ladies are often promiscuous (*The Green Hat,* 1924), that in fact they devote most of their time to it (*The Vortex,* 1926), that its a damn good thing too (*Lady Chatterley's Lover,* 1928), and finally that there are abnormal variations (*The Well of Loneliness,* 1928, and *Sodom and Gomorrah,* 1929).

In my opinion the erotic element in these works, even *The Sheik* written for children in the key of *Peter Rabbit,* did not one particle of harm. Everything they described, and much more, was familiar in our contemporary life. The majority of the theses were honest and elucidating—their effect was to restore some dignity to the male as opposed to the he-man in American life. ("And what is a 'He-man'?" demanded Gertrude Stein one day. "Isn't it a large enough order to fill out to the dimensions of all that 'a man' has meant in the past? A '*He*-man'!") The married woman can now discover whether she is being cheated, or whether sex is just something to be endured, and her compensation should be to establish a tyranny of spirit, as her mother may have hinted. Perhaps many women found that love was meant to be fun. Anyhow the objectors lost their tawdry little case, which is one reason why our literature is now the most living in the world.

Contrary to popular opinion, the movies of the Jazz Age had no effect upon its morals. The social attitude of the producers was timid, behind the times and banal—for example, no picture mirrored even faintly the younger generation until 1923, when magazines had already been started to celebrate it and it had long ceased to be news. There were a few feeble splutters and then Clara Bow in *Flaming Youth;* promptly the Hollywood hacks ran the theme into its cinematographic grave. Throughout the Jazz Age the movies got no farther than Mrs. Jiggs, keeping up with its most blatant superficialities. This was no doubt due to the censorship as well as to innate conditions in the industry. In any case, the Jazz Age now raced along under its own power, served by great filling stations full of money.

The people over thirty, the people all the way up to fifty, had joined the dance. We graybeards (to tread down F.P.A.) remember the uproar when in 1912 grandmothers of forty tossed away their crutches and took lessons in the Tango and the Castle-Walk. A dozen years later a woman might pack the Green Hat with her other affairs as she set off for Europe or New York, but Savonarola was too busy flogging dead horses in Augean stables of his own creation to notice. Society, even in small cities, now dined in separate chambers, and the sober table learned about the gay table only from hearsay. There were very few people left at the sober table. One of its former glories, the less sought-after girls who had become resigned to sublimating a probable celibacy, came across Freud and Jung in seeking their intellectual recompense and came tearing back into the fray.

By 1926 the universal preoccupation with sex had become a nuisance. (I remember a perfectly mated, contented young mother asking my wife's advice about "having an affair right away," though she had no one especially in mind, "because don't you think it's sort of undignified when you get much over thirty?") For a while bootleg Negro records with their phallic euphemisms made everything suggestive, and simultaneously came a wave of erotic plays—young girls from finishing-schools packed the galleries to hear about the romance of being a Lesbian and George Jean Nathan protested. Then one young producer lost his head entirely, drank a beauty's alcoholic bath-water and went to the penitentiary. Somehow his pathetic attempt at romance belongs to the Jazz Age, while his contemporary in prison, Ruth Snyder, had to be hoisted into it by the tabloids—she was, as *The Daily News* hinted deliciously to gourmets, about "to cook, and *sizzle, AND FRY!*" in the electric chair.

The gay elements of society had divided into two main streams, one flowing toward Palm Beach and Deauville, and the other, much smaller, toward the summer Riviera. One could get away with more on the summer Riviera, and whatever happened seemed to have something to do with art. From 1926 to 1929, the great years of the Cap d'Antibes, this corner of France was dominated by a group quite distinct from that American society which is dominated by Europeans. Pretty much of anything went at Antibes—by 1929, at the most gorgeous paradise for swimmers on the Mediterranean no one swam any more, save for a short hang-over dip at noon. There was a picturesque graduation of steep rocks over the sea and somebody's valet and an occasional English girl used to dive from them, but the Americans were content to discuss each other in the bar. This was indicative of something that was taking place in the homeland—Americans were getting soft. There were signs everywhere: we still won the Olympic games but with champions whose names had few vowels in them—teams composed, like the fighting Irish combination of Notre Dame, of fresh overseas blood. Once the French became really interested, the Davis Cup gravitated automatically to their intensity in competition. The vacant lots of the Middle-Western cities were built up now—except for a short period in school, we were not turning out to be an athletic people like the British, after all. The hare and the tortoise. Of course if we wanted to we could be in a minute; we still had all those reserves of ancestral vitality, but one day in 1926 we looked down and found we had flabby arms and a fat pot and we couldn't say boop-boop-a-doop to a Sicilian. Shades of Van Bibber!—no utopian ideal, God knows. Even golf, once considered an effeminate game, had seemed very strenuous of late—an emasculated form appeared and proved just right.

By 1927 a wide-spread neurosis began to be evident, faintly signalled, like a nervous beating of the feet, by the popularity of cross-word puzzles. I remember a fellow expatriate opening a letter from a mutual friend of ours, urging him to come home and be revitalized by the hardy, bracing qualities of the native soil. It was a strong letter and it affected us both deeply, until we noticed that is was headed from a nerve sanitarium in Pennsylvania.

By this time contemporaries of mine had begun to disappear into the dark maw of violence. A classmate killed his wife and himself on Long Island, another tumbled "accidently" from a skyscraper in Philadelphia, another purposely from a skyscraper in New York. One was killed in a speak-easy in Chicago; another was beaten to death in a speak-easy in New York and crawled home to the Princeton Club to die; still another had his skull crushed by a maniac's axe in an insane asylum where he was confined. These are not catastrophes that I went out of my way to look for—these were my friends; moreover, these things happened not during the depression but during the boom.

In the spring of '27, something bright and alien flashed across the sky. A young Minnesotan who seemed to have had nothing to do with his generation did a heroic thing, and for a moment people set down their glasses in country clubs and speak-easies and thought of their old best dreams. Maybe there was a way out by flying, maybe our restless blood could find frontiers in the illimitable air. But by that time we were all pretty well committed; and the Jazz Age continued; we would all have one more.

Nevertheless, Americans were wandering ever more widely—friends seemed eternally bound for Russia, Persia, Abyssinia and Central Africa. And by 1928 Paris had grown suffocating. With each new shipment of Americans spewed up by the boom the quality fell off, until toward the end there was something sinister about the crazy boatloads. They were no longer the simple pa and ma and son and daughter, infinitely superior in their qualities of kindness and curiosity to the corresponding class in Europe, but fantastic neanderthals who believed some-

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F. Scott Fitzgerald

(Continued from page 213)

thing, something vague, that you remembered from a very cheap novel. I remember an Italian on a steamer who promenaded the deck in an American Reserve Officer's uniform picking quarrels in broken English with Americans who criticised their own institutions in the bar. I remember a fat Jewess, inlaid with diamonds, who sat behind us at the Russian ballet and said as the curtain rose, "Thad's luffly, dey ought to baint a bicture of it." This was low comedy, but it was evident that money and power were falling into the hands of people in comparison with whom the leader of a village Soviet would be a gold-mine of judgement and culture. There were citizens travelling in luxury in 1928 and 1929 who, in the distortion of their new condition, had the human value of Pekinese, bivalves, cretins, goats. I remember the Judge from some New York district who had taken his daughter to see the Bayeux Tapestries and made a scene in the papers advocating their segregation because one scene was immoral. But in those days life was like the race in *Alice in Wonderland,* there was a prize for every one.

The Jazz Age had had a wild youth and a heady middle age. There was the phase of the necking parties, the Leopold-Loeb murder (I remember the time my wife was arrested on Queensborough Bridge on the suspicion of being the "Bob-haired Bandit") and the John Held Clothes. In the second phase such phenomena as sex and murder became more mature, if much more conventional. Middle age must be served and pajamas came to the beach to save fat thighs and flabby calves from competition with the one-piece bathing-suits. Finally skirts came down and everything was concealed. Everybody was at scratch now. Let's go—

But it was not to be. Somebody had blundered and the most expensive orgy in history was over.

It ended two years ago [1929], because the utter confidence which was its essential prop received an enormous jolt, and it didn't take long for the flimsy structure to settle earthward. And after two years the Jazz Age seems as far away as the days before the War. It was borrowed time anyhow—the whole upper tenth of a nation living with the insouciance of grand ducs and the casualness of chorus girls. But moralizing is easy now and it was pleasant to be in one's twenties in such a certain and unworried time. Even when you were broke you didn't worry about money, because it was in such profusion around you. Toward the end one had a struggle to pay one's share; it was almost a favor to accept hospitality that required any travelling. Charm, notoriety, mere good manners, weighed more than money as a social asset. This was rather splendid, but things were getting thinner and thinner as the eternal necessary human values tried to spread over all that expansion. Writers were geniuses on the strength of one respectable book or play; just as during the War officers of four months' experience commanded hundreds of men, so there were now many little fish lording it over great big bowls. In the theatrical world extravagant productions were carried by a few second-rate stars, and so on up the scale into politics, where it was difficult to interest good men in

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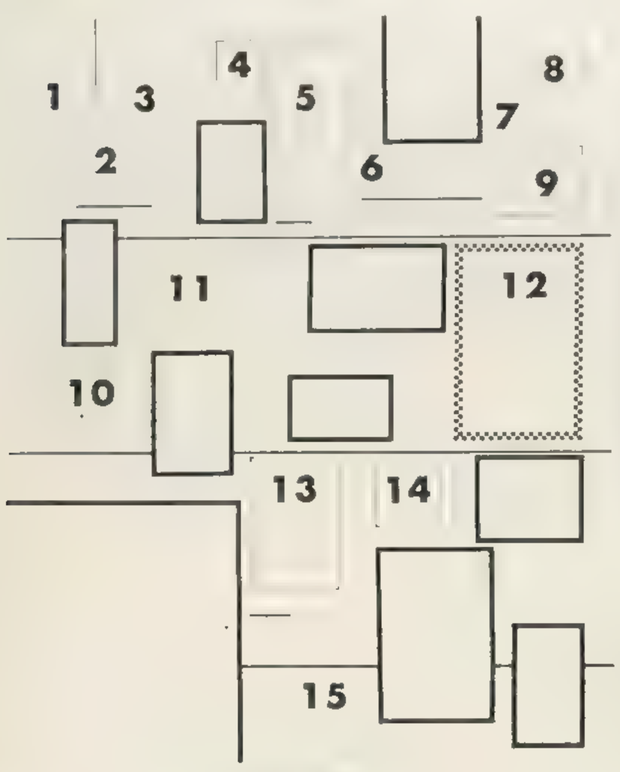
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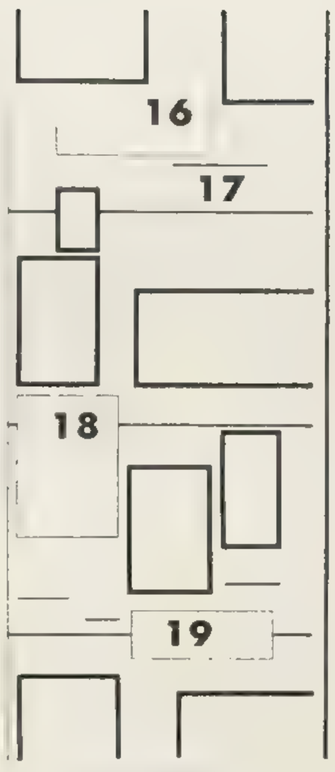
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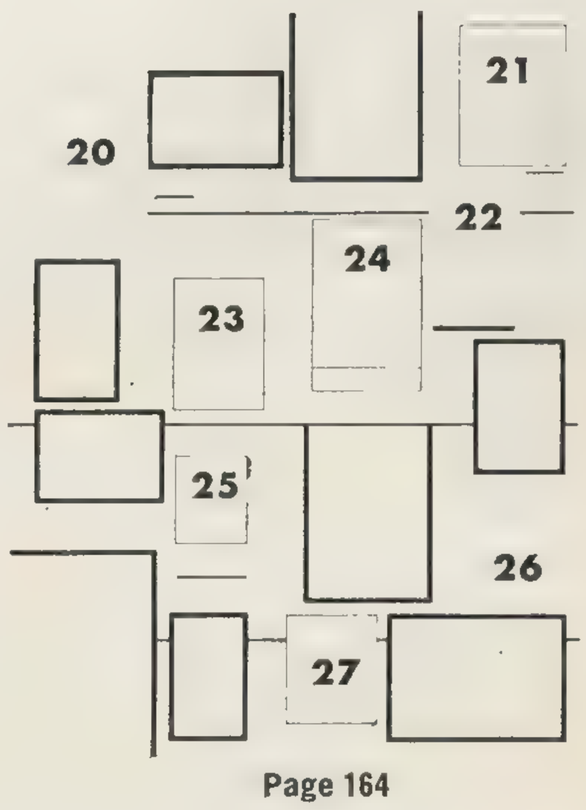
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Page 160: 1. The dust jacket for *The Great Gatsby,* 1925, reproduced with the permission of Charles Scribner's Sons. 2. Photograph of F. Scott Fitzgerald, *Vanity Fair,* February, 1922. 3. Fashion sketch, Vogue, April 1, 1925. 4. Photograph of John Barrymore by Baron Adolphe DeMeyer, *Vanity Fair,* January, 1920. 5. From the book THE DECORATIVE TWENTIES, by Martin Battersby, published by Walker & Company, Inc., New York, New York. © 1969 by Martin Battersby. 6. From a Bonwit Teller advertisement, Vogue, August 15, 1925. 7. Brown Brothers. 8. Bettmann Archive. 9. United Press International. 10. Photo Files. 11. Advertisement for telephones, c. 1900. American Telephone & Telegraph Co., New York. 12. "Map of Great Neck" by John Held, Jr., *The New Yorker,* July 16, 1927. Copyright 1927, 1955 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. By permission of Mrs. John Held, Jr. 13. "The Long and the Short of It," by John Held, Jr., cover from the old *Life* magazine, December 18, 1924. 14. United Press International. 15. From a Lucien Lelong advertisement, Vogue, May 15, 1925.

Page 163: 16. Fashion sketch from Vogue, June 15, 1925. 17. Photograph by Edward Steichen, Vogue, August 15, 1925. 18. Vogue, May 15, 1925. Cover design by Pierre Brissaud. 19. Culver Pictures.

Page 164: 20. "The Dance Mad Younger Set," by John Held, Jr. By permission of Mrs. John Held, Jr. 21. From *Vanity Fair,* December, 1927. Cover design by Fish. 22. Photo Files. 23. "Northward" (travel poster for the New Haven R.R.) by John Held, Jr. By permission of Mrs. John Held, Jr. 24. Carmel Myers in *Ben Hur,* M-G-M, 1925. 25. From *Jazz The New York Scene,* Record Research Archives, courtesy Len Kunstadt. 26. Buick advertisement, Vogue, May 15, 1925. 27. Pierce-Arrow advertisement, Vogue, April 15, 1925.



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More Art Than Money

In New York, Christmas presents worth collecting, $5 to $2,500

Now that you know you can't afford to give a Jackson Pollock for Christmas since the National Gallery in Canberra, Australia, purchased Pollock's "Blue Poles" for two million dollars, the question is: what can you buy for a reasonable price at this point that is worth collecting because it is authentic, has some intrinsic quality, and is becoming rarer? The answer is that the new fields opening up to budget collectors are not in the so-called "fine arts" of painting and sculpture but in the minor arts of graphics, photography, and the crafts, including jewelry, pottery, textiles, carpets, weaving, even antique costumes.

If you would like to give a collectors' item for Christmas, the first thing to keep in mind is that the value of any object is in direct proportion to its rarity. So anything that is disappearing—such as handcraft of any kind—is going to become more valuable, simply because it will very soon no longer exist. Because the demands for fine masterpieces have put them out of the reach of any except the very rich, a new class of connoisseurs of prints and drawings, photography, jewelry and carpets, quilts, weaving and embroideries (especially from exotic, remote lands) is growing up. Although virtually all modern Western art (including graphics and photographs) is signed, the crafts of American Indian, African, and nomadic tribal cultures or the small artifacts of ancient Oriental cultures are *anonymous,* which means their market can never be as certifiable and certain as that for signed pieces. This means prices are on a much lower scale than that of signed, authenticated painting and sculpture.

Many of the craft objects for sale in New York, and increasingly throughout America, are brought back by the new jet-age gypsies: travelers who sell the treasures they have bargained for with native chieftains to pay for their travel expenses with a low profit margin, because they are anxious to turn over stock so they can set out on another travel-buying trip. The following is a list of some sources of authentic, sometimes ancient, reasonably priced folk arts and crafts, all in New York:

Swinburne, 1225 Madison Avenue, has a variety of jewelry, boxes, ceramics, etc. For example: A sixteenth-century Indonesian terra-cotta head for $70; a good selection of Tantric and Indian miniatures for $30 to $40; antique Indian chests with brass fittings, suitable for jewelry cases, for $95 to $125; a Japanese makeup stand that would make any geisha happy for $95; a nineteenth-century Russian icon in a brass *repoussé* frame for $200; and small bronze and clay statues from many ancient cultures for under $100. A heavy silver choker with carnelians for $75 caught my eye; but the *pièce de résistance* was a necklace of Islamic beads (circa 1200 A.D.) on which was hung a large Luristan bronze cult figure (2000 to 2500 B.C.) at Swinburne's top price of $450.

The Pillowry at 929 Madison Avenue is full of surprises. Their specialty is brightly colored, decorative rugs in geometric patterns, mainly from Turkey, Iran, and North Africa; but they also have a lot of old American Indian rugs. The American Indian rugs ranged from $55 to $2,500, depending on size, quality, and condition. The shop also recycles antique Oriental rugs, turning them into directors' chairs, folding stools, hassocks, belts, and, yes, even dog collars. Pillows, however, are their principal product. These ranged in size from 12″ x 14″ to 18″ x 30″ and in price from $30 to $165. The Pillowry also frames scraps of ancient textiles and sells such costumes as an antique embroidered Chinese silk pyjama outfit for $150. Some of their embroideries with sharp colors and simple primitive designs remind one of the folkloric source of much modern abstract art. Their latest shipment was of genuine "Turkish towels"—hand-embroidered linens used on the wedding night to prove a marriage had been consummated. This shop takes phone orders (212-535-2604) in case you're really rushed.

Another source for fine textiles, wall pieces, and embroideries from Central Asia is **Artweave Textile Gallery** at 986 Second Avenue. The shop is run by three young people who like to travel to Turkey, Afghanistan, and parts of Russia where folk art is dying and to buy rare dyed and embroidered textiles.

Although handcraft is being gradually eradicated with the irrevocable advance of the industrial age, two tribal cultures continue to practice traditional crafts with care and devotion. Contemporary American Indian and African textiles and jewelry can often match the level of workmanship of their ancestors. At the **American Indian Arts Center,** 1042 Madison Avenue, Navajo necklaces, rings, and bracelets, both antique and contemporary, are for sale. Silver and turquoise are increasingly expensive and escalating prices for Indian jewelry reflect this. An antique bracelet with heavy solid turquoises the size of eggs was $550. An old conch belt was $575. The more elaborate Zuñi inlay necklaces combining coral with other stones were $1,200 and $1,500. Navajo rugs, mostly modern (although they also have a few increasingly rare antique blankets), ranged in price from $100 to $2,200. Profits in excess of operating costs of the Center are used to purchase new stock from reservation Indians.

Ashanti Bazaar at 872 Lexington Avenue has modern as well as antique African tribal jewelry. The necklaces are heavy and dramatic, often combining many-colored trading beads or shells with bronze or brass traditional Ashanti heads or figures. For $200 there was a necklace of Ethiopian turquoise, silver, and shells and another piece that combined amber, trading beads, and a large silver Ethiopian cross for $125. Other antique necklaces ranged between $80 to $200. They also sell caftans and various African fashions in brilliant African print fabrics that are machine made, but with high standards of workmanship.

Works on paper: If your taste is still for modern Western art, the answer may be drawings, prints, or photographs. Good sources for nineteenth- and early twentieth-century American watercolors and drawings are the **William Zierler Gallery,** 956 Madison Avenue; **Noah Goldowsky Inc.,** 1078 Madison Avenue; the **Zabriskie Gallery,** 29 West 57th Street; **Washburn Gallery,** 820 Madison Avenue. These galleries have works by well-known and not so well-known Americans ranging in price from $100 up into the thousands for a watercolor by a major artist.

Photography is the last field where you can still buy a signed masterpiece for under $1,000. At a recent **Robert Schoelkopf Gallery** show on photography from 1842 to 1949, prices ranged from $50 for a (circa 1878) woodburytype of Sarah Bernhardt to $1,200 for Man Ray's portrait of his wife Juliette. In between there was a Muybridge collotype of a "Nude Jumping" for $100; a beautiful portrait of "Rachel" by Julia Margaret Cameron for $600. For $200 you could buy a 1910 gravure of Lower Manhattan, by one of the giants of photography, Alfred Stieglitz.

Other reliable places to browse for minor arts, ancient artifacts, and modern works on paper are **The Brooklyn Museum Gallery Shop,** where small reproductions from the collection are sold regularly, and **The Art Lending Service of The Museum of Modern Art,** which always has an interesting selection of new prints and drawings at reasonable prices. The new **Rosa Esman Gallery** at 24 East 80th Street specializes in drawings; a recent show featured drawings by Hans Hofmann, Milton Avery, Stuart Davis, and Willem de Kooning, including works under $1,000. More ancient baubles and bangles as well as painted manuscript pages were available at **Ezair,** 922 Madison Avenue. For lovers of Islamic art there was a typical twelfth-century painted tile with Kufic decoration for $150. A Persian lusterware vase of the thirteenth century was $250. For $120, you could pick up a Roman glass bottle of considerable size. There was also an extensive collection of Indian and Persian miniatures from the seventeenth to the twentieth century for around $100 or less apiece. The biggest bargain: $5 for a modern Persian miniature on old paper, charming even if new. ▽

Vladimir Nabokov

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stand, I absolutely did not take into account the fact that she was ill. She asked me, 'So he's back at the hotel now? So we passed each other on the way?' And I was in a furious state, shouting, 'The hell with hotels—he's in some bar! Some bar! Some bar!' Then I gave up and rushed off. Had to rescue the ticket seller."

And Mme. Perov, trembling and smiling, went to search for Bachmann. She knew approximately where to look for him, and it was thither, to that dark, dreadful quarter that an astonished driver took her. When she reached the street where, according to Sack, Bachmann had been found the day before, she let the taxi go and, leaning on her cane, began walking along the uneven sidewalk, under slanting streams of black rain. She entered all the bars one by one. Bursts of raucous music deafened her and men looked her over insolently. She would glance around the smoky, spinning, motley tavern and go back out into the lashing night. Soon it began to seem to her that she was continuously entering one and the same bar, and an agonizing weakness descended upon her shoulders. She walked, limping and emitting barely audible moans, holding tightly the turquoise knob of her cane in her cold hand. A policeman who had been watching her for some time approached with a slow, professional step and asked for her address, then firmly and gently led her over to a horse cab on night duty. In the creaking, evil-smelling murk of the cab she lost consciousness and, when she came to, the door was open and the driver, in a shiny oil-skin cape, was giving her little pokes in the shoulder with the butt of his whip. Upon finding herself in the warm corridor of the hotel, she was overcome by a feeling of complete indifference to everything. She pushed open the door of her room and went in. Bachmann was sitting on her bed, barefoot and in a nightshirt, with a plaid blanket humped over his shoulders. He was drumming with two fingers on the marble top of the night table, while using his other hand to make dots on a sheet of music paper with an indelible pencil. So absorbed was he that he did not notice the door open. She uttered a soft, moan-like "ach." Bachmann gave a start. The blanket started to slide off his shoulder.

I think this was the only happy night in Mme. Perov's life. I think that these two, the deranged musician and the dying woman, that night found words the greatest poets never dreamed of. When the indignant Sack arrived at the hotel the next morning, Bachmann sat there in an ecstatic, silent smile, contemplating Mme. Perov, who was lying across the wide bed, unconscious under the plaid blanket. Nobody could know what Bachmann was thinking as he looked at the burning face of his mistress and listened to her spasmodic breathing; probably he interpreted in his own fashion the agitation of her body, the flutter and fire of a fatal illness, not the least idea of which entered his head. Sack called the doctor. At first Bachmann looked at them distrustfully, with a timid smile; then he clutched at the doctor's shoulder, ran back, struck himself on the forehead, and began tossing to and fro and gnashing his teeth. She died the same day, without regaining consciousness. The expression of happiness never left her face. On the night table Sack found a crumpled sheet of music paper, but no one was able to decipher the violet dots of music scattered over it.

"I took him away immediately," Sack went on, "I was afraid of what would happen when the husband arrived, you can understand. Poor Bachmann was as limp as a ragdoll and kept plugging his ears with his fingers. He would cry out as though someone was tickling him, 'Stop those sounds! Enough, enough music!' I don't really know what gave him such a shock: between you and me, he never loved that unfortunate woman. In any case, she was his undoing. After the funeral Bachmann disappeared without leaving a trace. You can still find his name in the advertisements of player-piano firms, but, generally speaking, he has been forgotten. It was only six years later that Fate brought us together again. For an instant only. I was waiting for a train at a small station in Switzerland. It was a glorious evening, I recall. I was not alone. Yes, a woman—but that's a different libretto. And then, what do you know, I see a small crowd gathered around a short man, in a shabby black coat and black hat. He was thrusting a coin into a music box; and sobbing incontrollably. He would put in a coin, listen to the tinny melody, and sob. Then the roll or something broke down. The coin jammed. He began shaking the box, wept louder, gave up, and went away. I recognized him immediately, but, you understand, I was not alone, I was with a lady, and there were people around, sort of gaping. It would have been awkward to go up to him and say *'Wie geht's dir,* Bachmann?' " ▽



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USE ZIP CODES

Katharine Graham

(Continued from page 205)

even more painstakingly scrutinized. The two young reporters, Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward, who broke the Watergate story—scooping the envious *New York Times*—worked for months accumulating evidence and testing it for flaws before Bradlee was sufficiently convinced to detonate the flabbergasting bomb. If it had backfired, the paper would have suffered sorely; it might, indeed, have suffered to death.

Mrs. Graham has been labeled the most powerful woman in America. And she has also been labeled shy. She denies the first denomination and anyone talking with her would deny the second, because, although she is reluctant to appear on television or to be interviewed or in any other way to be publicly on display, her manner is as lissome and as confident as is her graceful, long-legged gait. The laugh is one of the most trustworthy of all standards by which to measure intelligence and equipoise: hers is forthright and instinctive. Her voice, which has no accent save that of an educated woman, is low and her address is deliberate and amiably colloquial.

She was the fourth of five children born to parents of prodigious drive and wealth and influence. Her father, Eugene Meyer, was an astute investment banker who made an imposing fortune in the first two decades of this century and had the perspicacity to quit the market before the blue ruin of 1929. During the First World War, he went with his friend Bernard Baruch to Washington as a dollar-a-year man and thereafter served in a number of public capacities until Franklin Roosevelt took office. He withdrew then because he did not like That Man, but he continued to live on with his family in The District and at his country place in Mount Kisco. His wife, née Agnes Ernst, was a spectacularly beautiful tall blond German whose wonderful looks her great friend Steichen many times photographed. She devoted that part of her attention not taken up by her children to worthy causes, to the study of Chinese art, to collecting French Impressionists (in Mrs. Graham's house in Georgetown there hangs the small peaceable Renoir, "Man Lying on a Sofa"; he is in a musing mood), to translating Thomas Mann—her daughter remembers him as a distant man, not comfortable with children, who, therefore, could not be comfortable with him.

The house in Washington was huge, mistaken, often, for a federal building and in it, beneath the Cézannes and the Manets, dining, arguing, exploring a hundred avenues and a thousand back lanes and bypaths were ambassadors, legislators, merchant princes, patrons and perpetrators of the arts, scientists, publishers, educators, and all the other representatives of all other vocations and disciplines who pause in Washington in their migration to some place else or remain to roost and watch the endlessly unreeling picture show, extravagantly grand, satanically devious, flamboyantly squalid, sometimes sonorously noble, braggart, unctuous, but almost never tedious.

I have been told by friends who were guests of the Meyer children in their youth at Mount Kisco in the summer and at the house in Washington at other times of year that, in spite of the formidable traffic, there was at the core of both houses a strong, substantial, and reassuring family feeling. Overpowering as the heads of the household might have seemed to outsiders, they were evidently not so to their son and daughters; or, if they were, they had handed down their stamina and this would later compensate for timidity or self-doubt.

In 1933, Eugene Meyer bought the foundering *Washington Post* at auction and he transformed it from a frivolous tattler (probably no other national capital relishes gossip so much as Washington or makes such telling use of it) into a creditable newspaper aimed to give the news. He was its active publisher, going daily to his office, until 1948 when he sold all the voting stock to Katharine and her husband, Philip Graham.

Katharine had gone to Vassar for two years and then had taken a degree in American History at the University of Chicago and afterward had worked for a year on a San Francisco paper. Graham, who came from Florida and had studied the law at Harvard, was clerking for Mr. Justice Frankfurter of the Supreme Court when he met Miss Meyer, lovely and tall and lean and far brighter than most of the belles of the Washington balls. Like her, he was handsome and, like her was tall and lean, brilliantly intelligent, brilliantly energetic, and brilliantly charming; and when they were married in 1940, they were among the very most attractive and spirited couples in town at a time when the town was thronged with spirited and attractive young couples.

When Graham went to the Pacific in World War II, Katharine stayed behind, doing some reporting for *The Post* but fetching up on the complaint desk. After-

ward, on his return when he became associate publisher of his father-in-law's paper and then publisher, she abandoned the idea of a career which had never been robust enough to count as an ambition and relaxed into the role of housewife and mother; following in her own mother's footsteps, she was active in welfare work. The Grahams did not mingle much in Capitol Hill society, and Mrs. Graham does not mingle much in it now. That is, she often dines out or has dinner parties altogether for fun or altogether to garner grist for her mill. Her ruling principle is work; she rewards herself with play. Perhaps twice a year she will give a sit-down dinner for fifty; at other times she seats six or eight at her table. Sometimes she entertains friends and associates at her farm in Virginia—she loves tennis and she must have partners—and at the house in Georgetown, in her apartment in New York and, in the future, perhaps will ask people to her newly acquired house on Martha's Vineyard. But she has neither the time nor the inclination to be a professional hostess or a quotidian merrymaker; cocktail parties make her nervous as they do anyone of sense and sensibility. She spoke to me of having once had tuberculosis when her children were still growing up and I asked her how she had spent the hours abed; she said she had read Proust, and we agreed that the best time to revel in dazzling parties, spying and eavesdropping on the Duchesse de Guermantes and observing the *arriviste* gaucheries of Mme. Verdurin is when illness stops one in one's tracks: intrigue watched from a sickbed is unendangering.

It is not possible that Mrs. Graham is immune to the remembrance of things past. Her husband's long illness, ending in suicide, must have been grievously debilitating, but she has absorbed the experience privately; and if its signature is inevitably written in the lineaments of her face, it does not intrude. She dwells within her abundant present life.

Her son Donald, who was president of *The Crimson* when he was at Harvard and whose wife is a lawyer, is now in the executive branch of *The Post* and is heir apparent to the Company. Her daughter, Lally Weymouth, an honor graduate of Radcliffe where she studied history and literature (and while studying, bore the first of her two daughters), is the editor of *Thomas Jefferson, The Man, His World, His Influence,* a collection of essays by such distinguished scholars as Dumas Malone, Henry Steele Commager, Christopher Lasch, Kenneth Clark, which will be published in the spring. None of the twelve treatises, dealing with Jefferson's multiple interests and concerns, has appeared before; Mrs. Weymouth not only commandeered all this talent but she had it embellished with superb illustrations. Stephen, the youngest of the Grahams, is still at Harvard where he is deeply immersed in American writing of the 'twenties; his destiny, like his siblings', is probably clear.

I met William, the third of the children, at the end of a gold September day when Mrs. Graham had taken me to her house in Georgetown for a drink. She had told me that Bill had taken his law degree at UCLA in June and that he is burning to earn his colors as a trial lawyer. That day he had gone to Newark to hear Edward Bennett Williams, the courtroom virtuoso, fire the opening guns in a criminal trial of whom the principals were New Jersey politicians whose names and faces are seldom missing from the newspapers but whose torts and misdemeanors are hard to differentiate from one another —New Jersey and Louisiana politics have much in common.

We had finished our drinks in the mellow room where elegant surfaces were burnished by the light beginning to perish among the tall trees and the flowers in the garden behind the house to which the door was open; the furniture in the library where we sat was English for the most part and it was cordially the real thing, reflecting a tribal tradition of taste and, in its appointments, of eccentricity—a Diego Rivera hung above the mantel; a large proud scarlet Chinese horse stood on a table below.

The fledgling lawyer came in with his pretty girl. They were so exuberant over the pyrotechnics that they had heard and beheld in raffish Newark, and Mrs. Graham was so delightedly responsive that we were all relieved when my taxi was announced. I did not feel that my welcome had been abruptly terminated, but rather that my errand had reached its logical conclusion; and my hostess, tired of talking about herself and her business, wanted now to turn wholeheartedly to her son and his business which is just beginning.

I collected my gear and stood up to glance once again at the early Picasso watercolor of flowers and the two Marin watercolors that hung over the sofa where I had been sitting and I looked again at the wall-size Morris Louis. As Mrs. Graham took me to the door, she paused to show me "Maiastra," the Brancusi bird before flight which had belonged

(Continued on page 221)

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Katharine Graham

(Continued from page 219)

to her mother: it is awesome because it is perfect.

It cannot be easy to grow up under the aegis of strong parents of high repute; the very emancipation of their minds may drive the children, fearing adventure, to safe, bland sanctuaries or, on the other hand, impel them, in rancor, to compete. My sanguine feeling is that as Katharine Graham received from her parents those qualities best suited to fashion her individuality, so will be the inheritance of her children from her and from their father. The commixture of independence and of the sense to know when help is needed and where it can be found has made her Company an impregnable integer and her hearthside social order whole.

The children all come home for Christmas, Lally bringing her two daughters, Don and Mary this year bringing for the first time their infant daughter. They have a Christmas tree. While I am myself down on Christmas, I like to think of families annually forgathering under a tree, Druidic or Christian but certainly a conifer. Christmas has come to be—apart from jubilee for the merchants and soap operas for Tiny Tim (the Scrooge variety, not that other one)—a ritual to honor or, at any rate, to *recognize* the family, the household; and while the kiss beneath the mistletoe may be perfunctory, and while there may be schisms within the order and disaffections amongst the specimens, there should be a truce at least once a year to remind the fractious fractions of the integer from which they derived. We can transplant ourselves from home and native ground, but our bloodroot cannot be extirpated. Whether we're glad or sick at heart about the matter, we were *born* and we were born by some woman and to some man. Our feelings about these two and any other creatures they may have created can be as various and as shifting as the sands and as fragile or tough, or lovely or teratoid as the shells upon the seashore. But not a blessed thing can alter the fact of our origin; we can be, and in time we will be, obliterated by death, but we cannot, while we live, be eradicated. The Grahams have a whale of a time at Christmas, playing guitars, ebulliently singing corny old songs and demented new songs, going off skiing together, making up esoteric running jokes that no outsider could begin to understand.

By the time I got back to my hotel, I was exhausted. I was exhausted to consider how Katharine Graham puts in her day and does it day after day and week after week and year after year. She gets up about seven and over her breakfast reads *The Post, The New York Times, The Wall Street Journal.* She drives (she is a good driver and I am a good judge of drivers because I do not drive and I am an edgy passenger) to *The Post* each morning, getting there sometimes at nine, never later than ten. Her big, airy office is altogether different from her house: the furniture is modern and the pictures are abstract. Ficus trees and palms grow out of tubs and thrive in the sun when the sun shines. In the forenoon she meets with the money men or the editors; almost every day there is a lunch on the premises. Sometimes these lunches are held for the purpose of interviewing someone in government or a publisher from Nigeria or someone of competence in advertising or finance. On some days at this meal, homage is paid to a staff member who is retiring. In the afternoon, she reads reports, she meets again with her colleagues on the paper or with heads of other divisions of the Company, or with out-of-towners whom, for one reason or another, it is important for her to see. Quitting time may be six o'clock or it may be seven. Her evenings alone are rare and when they do occur, she treasures them. But she treasures the others too, those when she is being convivial with friends and those when she is learning something new and newsworthy.

Then, about every two or three weeks, she spends two or three days in New York at *Newsweek.* She goes throughout the year to board meetings in Miami and Jacksonville, for broadcasting is an organ as vital to the corpus as the printed word.

She aims to spend every other weekend at the farm, walking and reading and, if there are guests, playing tennis. She does not know how to take a holiday on the spur of the moment, but she does manage occasionally to get away from her several desks. A few times she has gone with Joe Alsop and Polly Wisner to health resorts for sprees of wholesome food served at proper hours and not preceded by cocktails or accompanied by wine. One year this triumvirate of long-standing went to such a place in Austria, at other times they have gone to Hot Springs.

I asked her a silly question: "How do you get through your day?" I said, and I think I sighed with profound vicarious fatigue. Her answer was immediate: she said, "I survive it," paused a moment, then laughed and said, "I survive it because I adore it." ▽

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1. Location of known office of Publication is 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York, 10017.

2. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers is 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York, 10017.

3. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor are: Publisher, Richard A. Shortway, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017; Editor, Grace Mirabella, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017; Manager Editor, Rosemary Blackmon, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

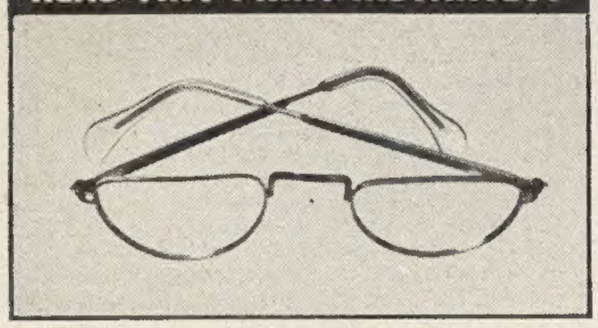
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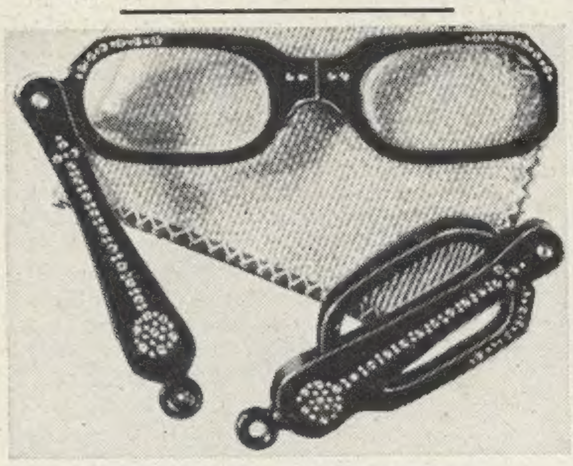
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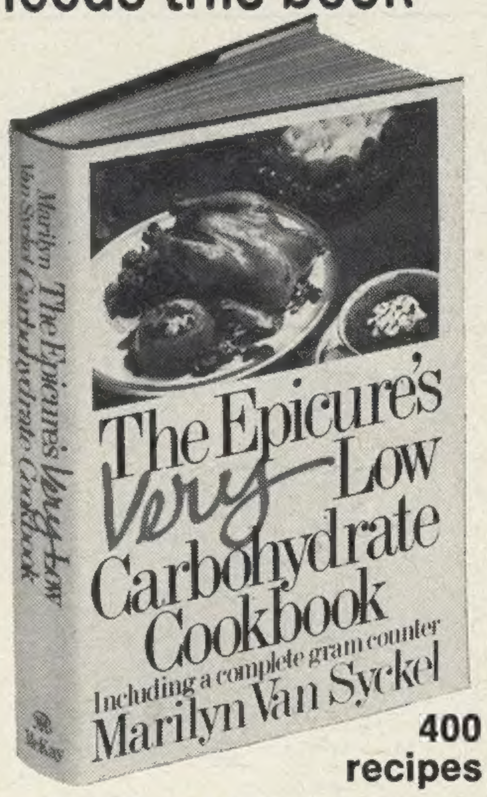


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Movies

(Continued from page 94)

eyelashes long enough to whip someone with. This movie was written and directed by a man who obviously gets his kicks by imagining Lesbians to be the most exotic creatures in the world.

Marlene, the slave (or assistant) of Petra, the beautiful and successful designer, when offered equality, or at least a voice (she does not utter a sound during the entire picture), packs up and leaves. Some people just can't stand having it good. Petra is left longing for her true love Karin (a younger bisexual woman) who is not longing for anyone and who has rejoined her husband. Moral: Even a master can become a slave. Petra crushes a glass in her hand in desperation when Karin does not return for Petra's birthday party.

The cast is all women, though men are mentioned, (1) to explain why Petra is a Lesbian (her husband disgusted her), (2) to explain the absence of Karin one evening (she slept with a Black man with an intelligent face and a big . . . ! because she needed a man once in awhile).

This is a tight fright of a film. Takes place in one room which is also occupied by bald, expressionless mannequins . . . symbolizing what? As Petra said: "People are hard and brutal, they don't need anyone." Does director/writer Fassbinder need an audience?

Just Before Nightfall is a talky, ridiculous movie by director Claude Chabrol. A wealthy businessman has an affair with the wife of his best friend, an architect. The affair is unnatural, sado-masochistic in character. The businessman goes too far and chokes his mistress to death in the spirit of sexual "play." When his wife and the best friend find out about the murder, they are reluctant to turn the murderer in . . . a bourgeois reluctance to rock the boat, make waves, or raise the voice above a whisper.

The murderer, after drinking too much, becomes commode-huggin' drunk and throws up. This is the extent of his remorse, although he makes half-hearted attempts to get others to punish him. Finally his wife puts him out of his misery by giving him an overdose of laudanum (sold by prescription only).

The acting stinks; it is grand-opera or supra-calm throughout, as if the actors were on downers half the time and on uppers the rest of the time. Life is lived in the sterile surroundings of modern decor as if it were readying itself for major surgery. Pretty people, pretty clothes, pretty houses, pretty children . . . and a merry Christmas to all in spite of the death of a "close" friend. Death leads to death, but who cares? Nobody in this movie. French cool is precariously close to frozen . . . again, who cares? ▽

F. Scott Fitzgerald

(Continued from page 215)

positions of the highest importance and responsibility, importance and responsibility far exceeding that of business executives but which paid only five or six thousand a year.

Now once more the belt is tight and we summon the proper expression of horror as we look back at our wasted youth. Sometimes, though, there is a ghostly rumble among the drums, an asthmatic whisper in the trombones that swings me back into the early twenties when we drank wood alcohol and every day in every way grew better and better, and there was a first abortive shortening of the skirts, and girls all looked alike in sweater dresses, and people you didn't want to know said, "Yes, we have no bananas," and it seemed only a question of a few years before the older people would step aside and let the world be run by those who saw things as they were—and it all seems rosy and romantic to us who were young then, because we will never feel quite so intensely about our surroundings any more. ▽

ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 146: Earrings by Wille Woo. Michael Danyon necklace.

Pages 148-149: Willie Woo earrings. Christian Dior tights. Shoes: Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Pages 168-169: Jules van Rouge for Hattie Carnegie earrings, at Lord & Taylor. Sash: Far Eastern Fabrics (belt that comes with dress, not shown). David Evins sandals (dyed purple).

Page 170: Napier earrings. Belt by Red Cobra. Herbert Levine sandals, at Lord & Taylor.

Page 171: Chain by Puig Doria for Barcelona Designs. Bag by Morle Handbags. Herbert Levine sandals, at Lord & Taylor.

Page 172: Earrings by Puig Doria for Barcelona Designs. Handbag at Mark Cross. Belt by Imperial Belt Co. Sandals by Herbert Levine, at Lord & Taylor.

Page 173: Hat: Jean Charles Brosseau for Don Marshall. Belt by Chica de Silva; Rio de Janeiro. Herbert Levine sandals, at Lord & Taylor.

Page 174: Bracelets by Accessocraft and Catherine Stein.

Page 175: Head scarf by Echo Scarfs. Trifari bracelets at Macy's.

Page 176: Earrings by K.J.L. Bracelets by K.J.L., at Lord & Taylor. White scarf by Doro, at Bonwit Teller. Hat at Serendipity III. Sandals by Charles Jourdan Shoe Salon, N.Y.

Page 177: Donald Stannard necklace.

Page 178: Necklaces by Alexis Kirk.

Page 179: Bracelets by Eva Graham for Graco Imports.

Page 180: Jewelry at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, N.Y. Sandals from Mario Valentino.

Page 181: Stanley Hagler earrings. Ivory bangle by Kai-Yin Lo for Dreyfus International, at Bloomingdale's. Wide red bangle by Catherine Stein. Herbert Levine sandals, at Lord & Taylor.

Page 182: Donald Stannard earrings. Sandals by Herbert Levine, at Lord & Taylor.

Page 183: Earrings by Napier. Capri bracelets.

Page 184: Trifari earrings. K.J.L. bracelets. Sandals from Mario Valentino.

Page 185: K.J.L. earrings. Rossi sandals at Delman Shoe Salon, Bergdorf Goodman.

Page 188: Scarf by Echo Scarfs. Bracelets: Alexis Kirk at Bloomingdale's.

Page 189: Scarf by Echo Scarfs. Sandals by Herbert Levine.

Page 190: Scarf by Echo Scarfs. Bracelets by Michael Danyon at Macy's, N.Y.

Page 191: Scarf by Echo Scarfs. Capri bracelets.





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